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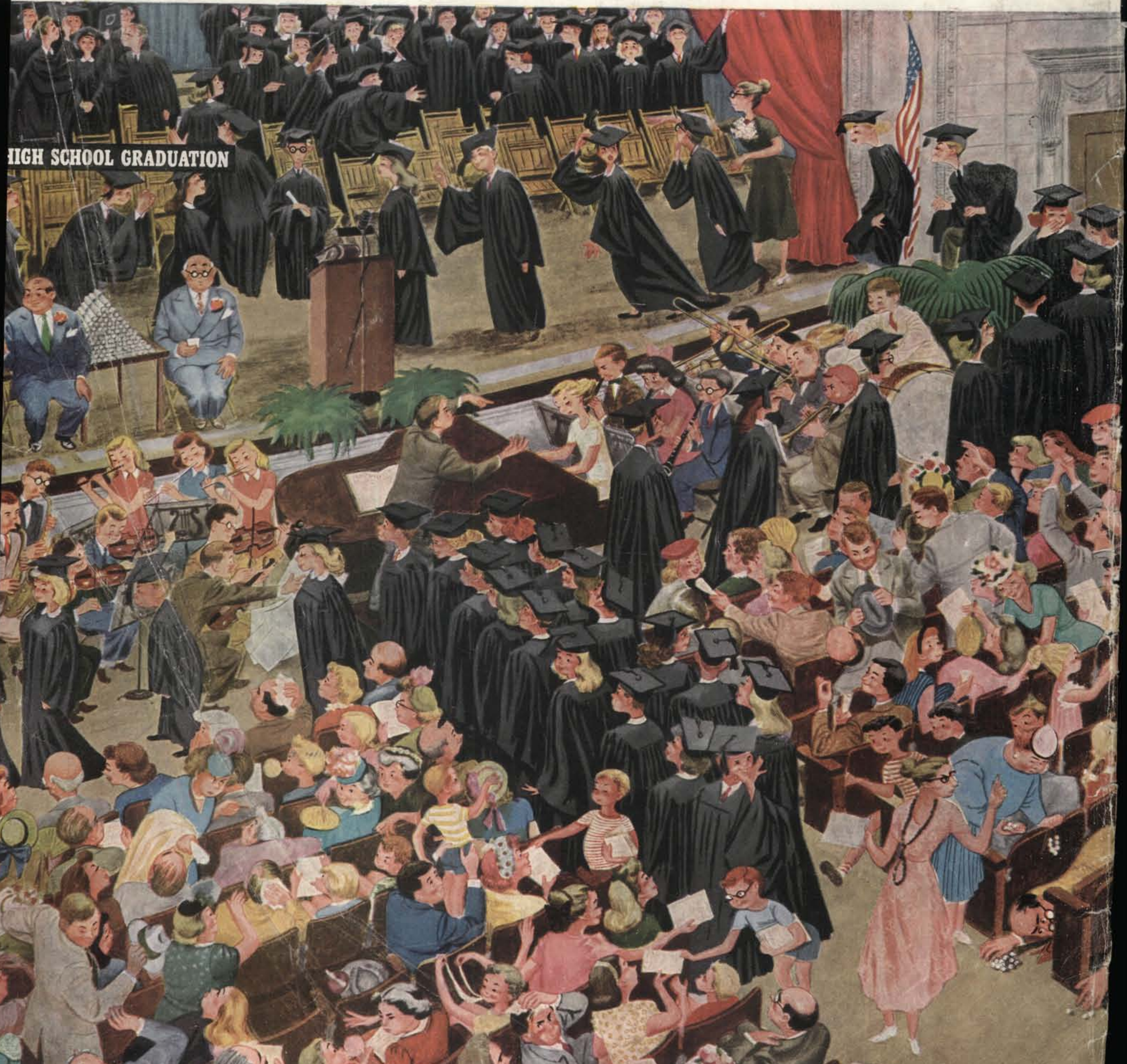

IGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

BLUEPRINT FOR DISASTER • By WALT

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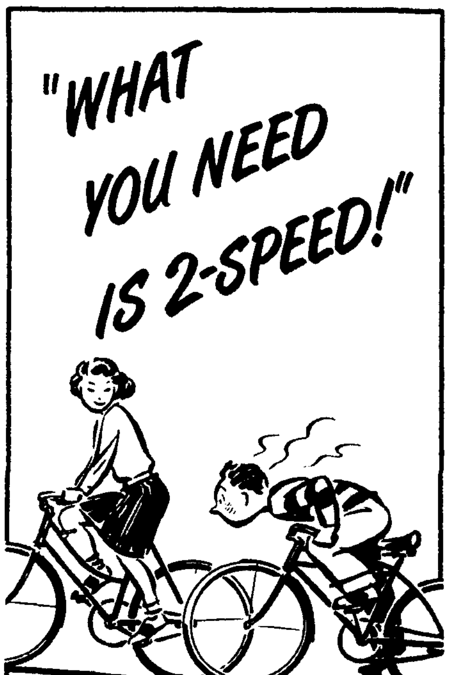
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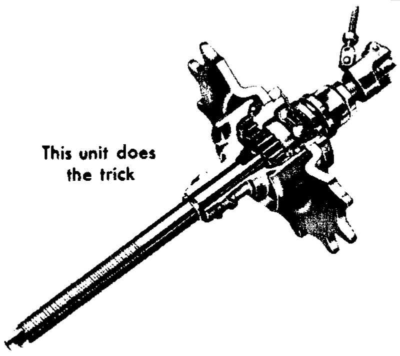
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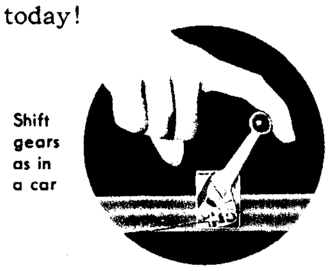
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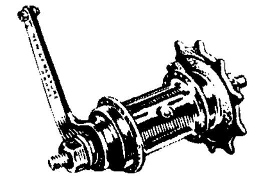

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▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

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Week's Mail

Take Heart

Editor: Thank you for publishing Charles Yale Harrison's Thank God for My Heart Attack! (May 7th). I am a cardiac case, and that article gives hope to me and many others. God knows we need that extra lift! What Mr. Harrison says will contribute more to the recovery of thousands than any medicine. I have clipped the article out, and it will always be one of my prized possessions.

Walter Bergum, Seattle, Wash.

Behold the Bouquets

Editor: I have just finished your splendid articles, Behold, the Universe and The Men of Palomar (May 7th), and I would like to congratulate you for giving them to your readers. It's nice to know that *all* the money in the world—or should I say the U.S.?—isn't being spent on guns, warships, etc.

Here's hoping the men of Palomar, and other observatories, will be able to continue their good work.

Richard E. Christie, Wakefield, Mass.

. . . For ages I've wondered when pictures taken through the 200-inch Palomar telescope would be released, and I'm glad Collier's was first with them.

I'm curious to know if many women are interested in astronomy. Or is it strictly a man's world? Are the astronomers' wives interested? And other wives like me? Maybe your mail will give you the answers.

Ruth Gross, Long Island City, N. Y.

The Ships Are In

Editor: During the war I served for three and a half years in the Merchant Marine. During that time I sailed on two Liberty ships, and I'd rather ship out on one of them than any other cargo vessel afloat. The idea of using Liberties as "floating mail-order houses"—as suggested by Pat Frank in his New Jobs for Liberty Ships, in your April 30th issue—is worth some thought by enterprising people interested in shipping.

J. A. Rademacher, Fargo, N. D.

. . . While Mr. Frank has come up with the Idea of the Year, he probably has no idea of the costs involved. In the first place, it is still very difficult to get steel for shipwork of an extensive nature. In the second, before any conversion work is done, those ships must all be reinforced considerably before they can be used, by order of the American Bureau of Ships. This in itself is a very costly operation. The total expenditures would be out of all proportion to the possible income which might be derived from the Liberties.

Donald M. Fay, Jersey City, N. J.

Answer to Our Problems

Editor: We all must do everything possible to get the people back to the Ten Commandments. You can help by printing them on the front cover of your magazine, so that they can be cut out by the people and saved, so they can be put on the walls of every possible place everywhere.

My only interest in this is that I believe that the Ten Commandments are the answer to the terrible problems that confront us.

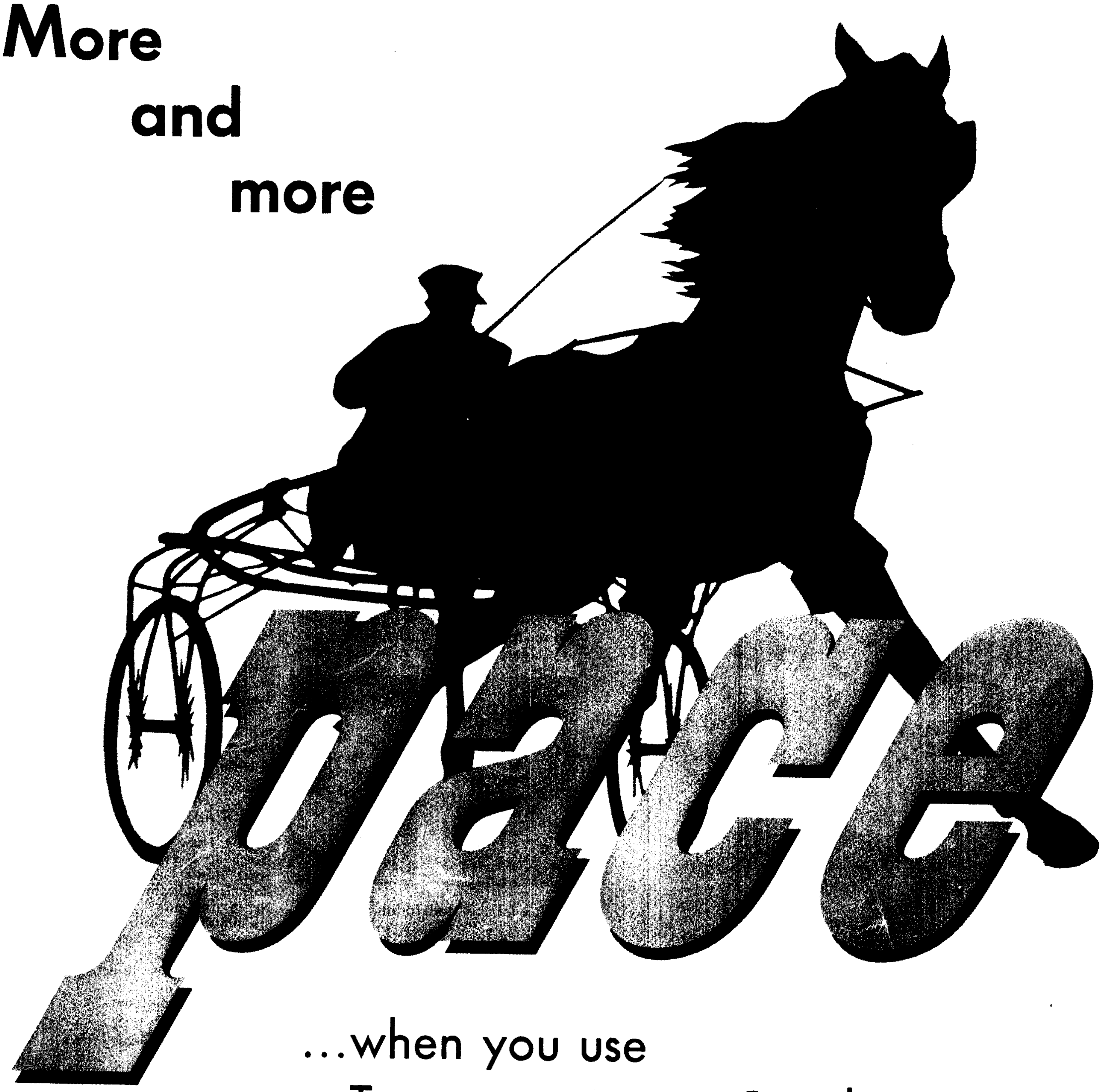
Halle Cohen, Jacksonville, Fla.

Peter to Paul?

Editor: Mr. Ruml's editorial, More Taxes or More Savings Bonds (Apr. 30th) is not representative of "the best contemporary thought." It is terrible! In one statement the author argues for inflation, in the next for deflation.

The statement on the budget is misleading. We can have a cash budget surplus any

More
and
more



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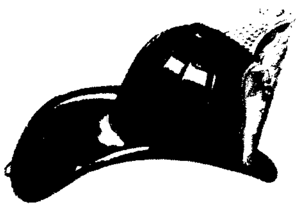

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time by selling bonds and other credit instruments, but that is not good. Mr. Ruml implies that our government is getting out of debt simply because we have a surplus of cash in the treasury. That is like a man's saying he is out of debt because he borrowed money from a loan shark to pay his debts. **JOHN B. COLLINS**, Athens, Ohio

When Mr. Ruml first suggested the pay-as-you-go income-tax plan there were a lot of people, including some very smart economists, who thought it wouldn't work. We'll let history supply the answer to this one, too.

Good Suggestion!

EDITOR: These people who get sore because their favorites fail to make Collier's all-star teams disgust me. Why don't you give some of them the job of picking the teams for next year? If they had to select six or eleven players out of several thousand, they'd learn what a headache the job is.

MRS. FRED PETERSON, Farmington, Minn.

Lucky Thirteen!

EDITOR: Helen Conger, whose picture I submit, seems to be the exact double of Judith Liberman, whose picture you published in your April 9th issue. I thought you might consider Helen the Beauty of the Week in a future Collier's. She was born on a Friday the 13th of a mother who was the 13th child of a 13th child. Her father was a colonel in World War II. Her hair is a deep bronze; she will be seventeen on May 13th; and she really is beautiful.

MRS. W. E. PATRICK, Tacoma, Wash.

Helen (above) and Judith. Doubles?

Yours for Fishing

EDITOR: I like the idea of your out-of-doors feature. Also your articles against pollution of air and water. I also liked the Corey Ford-Alastair MacBain article, Fishing Is Fun (April 23d). I used to go in for that sort of thing before I learned about the Indian River and salt-water trout. When the trout are schooling near the dock things are just perfect. I go fishing on an incoming tide. I get into the boat, sit on a soft cushion, hit a few licks with the oars to get into the current and then do nothing but reel in the fish. When the tide changes it brings me back to where I started from. Yes, fishing is fun and it doesn't have to be hard work or expensive.

HERBERT HOUGHTON, Fort Pierce, Fla.

. . . Great! That is the word to describe your article Fishing Is Fun. Beautiful! That is the word to describe the pictures of the fast-water and still-water game fish which accompanied it. Of course, I may be slightly prejudiced as I started fishing when I was four years old, and that was long, very long, ago! **DALE T. GULL**, New Cumberland, Pa.

Correction from Chicago

EDITOR: Permit us to direct your attention to the editorial entitled Going—Going—*Gone*, which appears on page 94 of the April 23, 1949, issue of Collier's and, particularly, to the paragraph which reads:

"Our waters are going: ruined by criminal pollution. We laugh at the Chinese who spread their human waste on the fields. We are more civilized; we dump it in our drinking water. Chicago, Detroit and other cities pour their offal directly into the Great Lakes or the Mississippi."

As officials of the Sanitary District of Chicago, we must call your attention to the flagrant inaccuracy of this statement, in so far as it relates to Chicago. Even the most casual investigation would have disclosed to the author of the editorial that the Sanitary District of Chicago, including practically all of Cook County, is operating the largest and most efficient sewage disposal system in the world. No human or industrial wastes from this area have been permitted to enter Lake Michigan for many years past, and the effluent from the Treatment Works that flows through our canal, and finally downstream to the Mississippi River, is clarified to the highest degree feasible, within the limits of modern sewage treatment practice.

We shall be pleased to submit supporting data. **J. L. FRIEDMAN**, President of The Sanitary District of Chicago, and **CASIMIR GRIGLIK**, Vice-President

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service says that Chicago's sewage disposal system is sufficient to handle only about 10 per cent of the city's offal. Senator Homer Ferguson, addressing the North American Wild Life Conference in March, made the statement to which Messrs. Friedman and Griglik take exception.

A Winsome Widmark

EDITOR: I think the article about Richard Widmark in your April 16th issue (Young Man With A Sneer) made him seem like a weakling whose fiendish giggle is the only reason for his being in the movies. I don't see him that way at all. I thought he was wonderful in Down to the Sea in Ships, where he played the part of a hero and didn't have to use his giggle to be a big success. I hope they'll cast him as a hero instead of a menace in the future.

ROSANNA HALL, Indianapolis, Ind.

Who Won Israel's War?

EDITOR: I saw your recent article about the Israeli air force (I Flew for Israel, Apr. 30th). How about the true story of the foot-slogging, sand-eating desert rats of Israel's Negeb army now? It was they, the front-line infantrymen, who did the toughest fighting and really won the war. I just returned from Israel, where I saw action in the Negeb, and I'd like to help you give credit where it's really due.

RAY SHAPIRO, New York, N. Y.

The Real Thing

EDITOR: Just who is this Frank Rasky, who wrote The Truth About Mail-Order Marriage (Apr. 30th)? I am an ex-Navy nurse, thirty-eight years of age and considered fairly intelligent. My husband-to-be, also thirty-eight, is college-educated and an ex-Air Force officer. We expect to be married early this fall. So let Mr. Rasky laugh this off: We fell in love through the medium of a "mail-order romance."

MARLEY M. THOMPSON, Elmira, N. Y.

Ever See a Doble?

EDITOR: I have just read with great interest Mr. Woodbury's article, I Drive A Stanley Steamer (May 14th). It stirs fond memories of earlier days. I never owned a Stanley (I was too young) but I rode in several, and drove one for about five minutes. Everything Woodbury says is true; in fact, he could have made it even stronger.

By the way, whatever happened to the Doble? I saw a demonstration of that steamer's powers in the early twenties, and I couldn't see a thing wrong with the car. The salesman claimed that the new "flash boiler" would produce a working head of steam in 20 seconds. I would like to see someone revive that car.

What happened to the patent? Does any Collier's reader know?

O. E. NORTON, St. Louis, Mo.

"Warm as Toast!"

Good News!

YOUR WASHINGTON ADMINISTRATION THROUGH F.H.A. CLEARS WAY TO INSTALL YOUR NEW HOLLAND FURNACE — WITHOUT PAYING ANYTHING DOWN.

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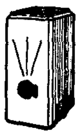
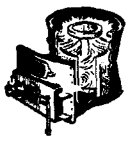


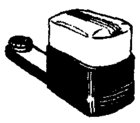
Oil Furnace Air Conditioner

Conversion Oil Burner

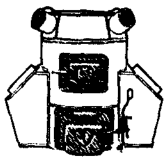


Conversion Gas Burner

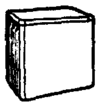
Aire-U-Well Furnace Fan



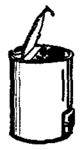
Streamlined Coal Stoker



Anthracite and Bituminous Coal Furnace



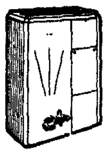
Year-round Air Conditioner



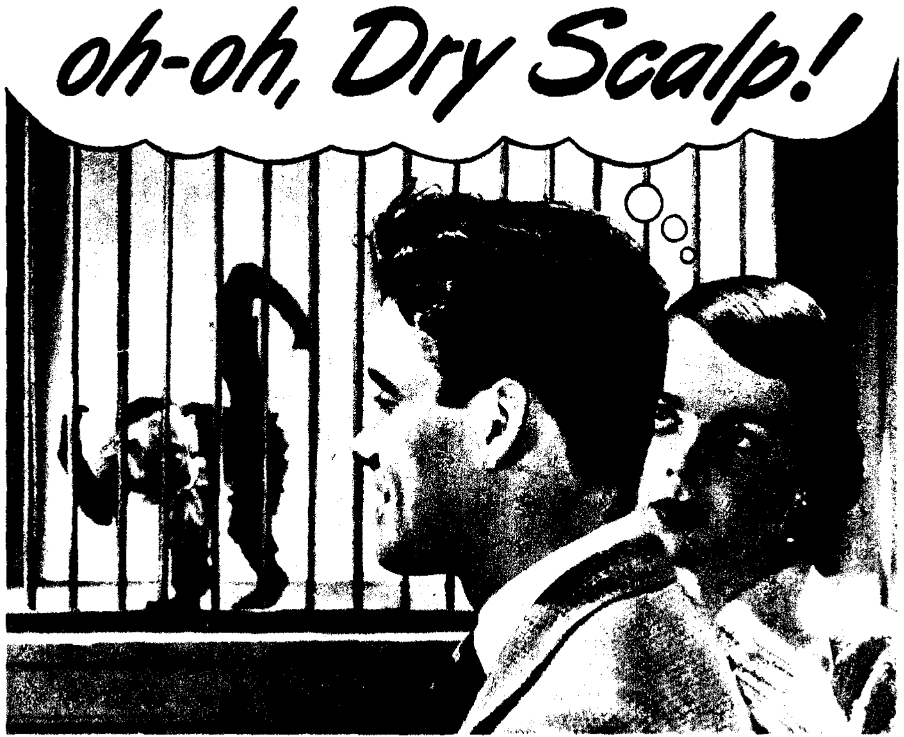
Garbage Incinerator

Oil and Gas Water Heater

Automatic Controls



Gas Furnace Air Conditioner Power and Gravity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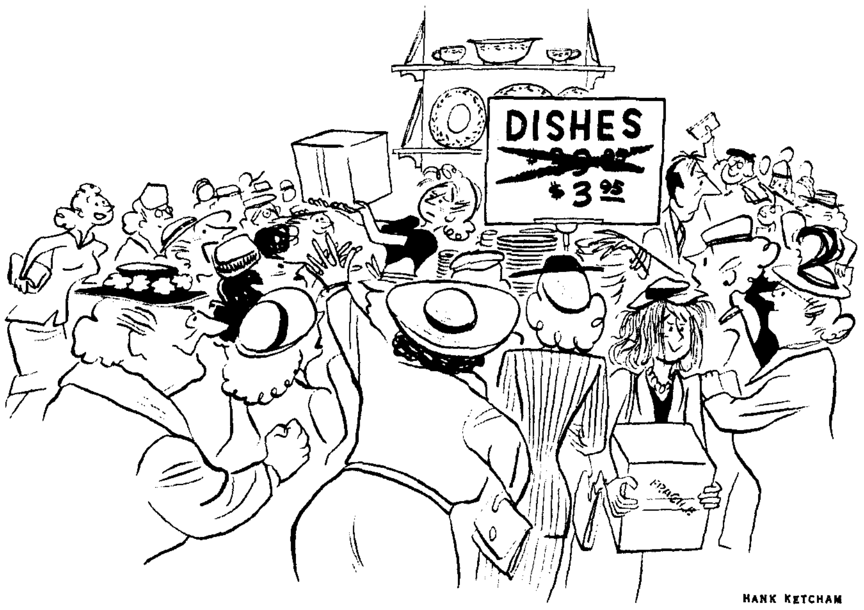


HANK KETCHAM

The price of an article, stated on its price tag or in an advertisement, is merely "an invitation to buy." Thus, a merchant is not legally obliged to sell it at the price when the figure, through an error, is too low. In such a case, however, most shops will sell and take the loss rather than incur ill will. A short time ago, in New York, a large department store was the victim of one of these costly mistakes. Instead of trying to explain to its customers, it went ahead and sold thousands of sets of dishes, valued at $39.95 for $3.95, the price misprinted in a newspaper advertisement.

* * * * * * * *

Studies of suicides, made to determine among whom, when, where, etc., the largest number occur, make it possible to describe the kind of person most likely to kill himself and the time he is most likely to do it. He is an educated married man, from fifty to fifty-four years of age, lives in a city and will probably take his life between five and seven o'clock on a Sunday morning in May.

* * * * * * * *

The Maharaja of Gwalior, India, who died in 1925, honored the memory of his mother in a strange way for nearly two decades. After her body had been cremated and the ashes cast on the sacred waters of the Ganges, he had a life-sized marble statue of her made and a beautiful building erected for it on the grounds of his palace. He also arranged for the marble maharani to receive the same care that had been given his mother. So, attended by a retinue of women servants, the statue was not only bathed, dressed and adorned with jewels daily, but kept cool with electric fans and served regular meals. At certain hours, the image was also laid on a couch so it could take a nap.

* * * * * * * *

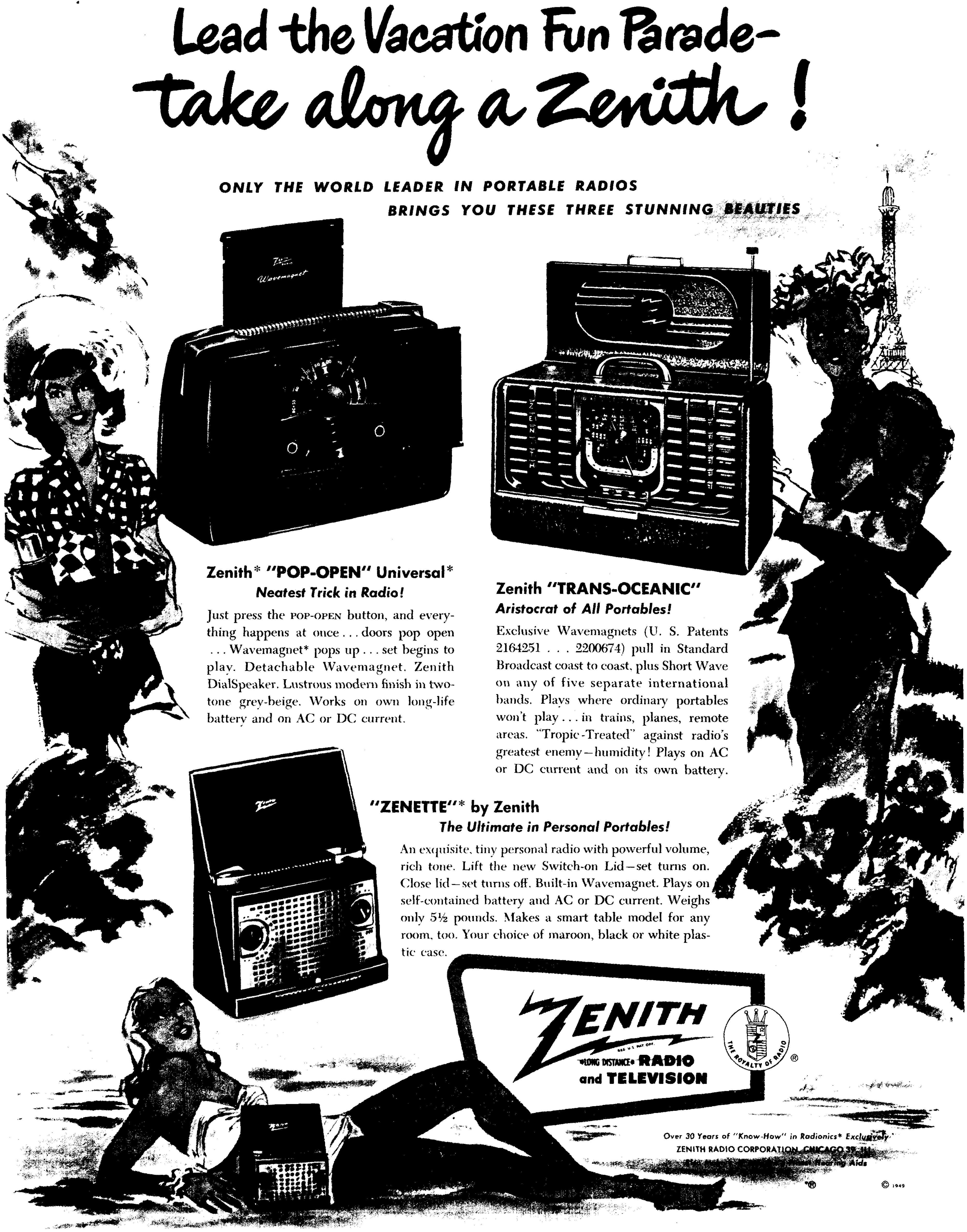
Early on the night of July 9, 1928, on the Booher farm near Mannville, Alberta, Canada, one of the sons, Vernon Booher, twenty-one, got out a stolen rifle and shot and killed his mother. He then murdered a brother and the two farmhands because all three had recognized him as the killer. The others in the family were in town. So Vernon told the police he had found the bodies, upon arriving home, and knew nothing else about the tragedy. Two weeks later the inspector on the case learned Vernon had hated his mother, accused him of the crime and ordered his arrest. Believing a confession was necessary to convict him, Vernon refused to talk; and the murder weapon could not be found, although the house and grounds had been carefully searched many times. At last, in desperation, the inspector employed a mind reader who had solved similar cases. After sitting outside Vernon's cell for five hours, the mind reader asked to be taken to the farm, where he went directly to a clump of bushes and picked out the rifle. When confronted with it, Vernon confessed and later died on the gallows.

* * * * * * * *

Fashionable New Yorkers in the 17th century felt obliged to maintain their prestige, when sick in bed, not only by calling a physician but also by employing the services of two "comforters" whose incredible occupation was to comfort the patient throughout the long hours of the night. Dressed in black and having a funereal expression and way of speaking, these cheerful chaps sang mournful hymns, read sad parts of the Bible and discussed death and the hereafter. By dawn, the patient was usually hoping for the worst.

* * * * * * * *

In an American high school, a psychology instructor recently decided to test the power of suggestion on his class of 48 boys. So he casually produced a large coin and asked that it be passed around and examined carefully because of its rarity. After discussing another subject for 40 minutes, he requested each student to draw a sketch of the coin, adding that the size and shape of its hole were important. The coin did not contain a hole, but one was included in 44 of the 48 drawings. When the four were asked why they omitted it, only one, the tough boy of the class, was positive he had not seen a hole.



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Neatest Trick in Radio!

Just press the POP-OPEN button, and everything happens at once . . . doors pop open . . . Wavemagnet* pops up . . . set begins to play. Detachable Wavemagnet. Zenith DialSpeaker. Lustrous modern finish in two-tone grey-beige. Works on own long-life battery and on AC or DC current.

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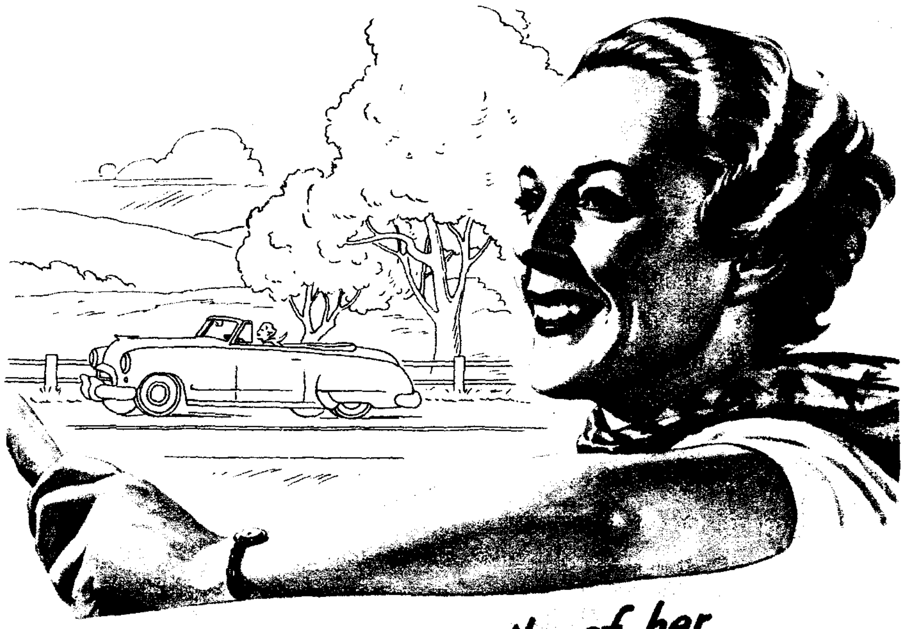

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You May Fire When Ready, Grillers

By PARKE CUMMINGS

My answers would be clear-cut and decisive, yet tempered with dignity

DON'T get the idea I go around *looking* for trouble, but sometimes I almost get to wishing somebody'd accuse me of espionage or acting like a subversive character. I think I'd make a pretty impressive showing if an investigator—or a battery of them—got me on the stand and started grilling me. My answers would be clear-cut and incisive, yet *tempered with courtesy* and *dignity.*

In fact, I can see myself now on the stand, conservatively clad in a gray tweed suit, black Oxfords and a green bow tie that lights up with a silhouette of Esther Williams. My questioner steps in front of me and opens fire:

Q: Your name?
A: Parke Cummings.
Q: Have you at any time used any other name or permitted to be used, any other name?
A: Well—
Q: I'll rephrase the question if you don't understand.
A: I believe I understand it, but—ah—that is—would it be possible to have that lady reporter leave the room?
Q: That won't be necessary. You may whisper it to me.
A: Well, when I was in high school, they *(whispered testimony).*
Q: Ha! That's good! I mean, I understand your reticence. How long did this—ah—cognomen persist?
A: Until I changed residence.
Q: Thank you. Are you now, or have you ever been, a Communist?
A: No.
Q: You do not believe in government ownership of private property?
A: I don't even believe in government ownership of the government.
Q: Would you elaborate on that?
A: I'd rather not. In fact I'm not sure I *can* elaborate on it.
Q: Very well. Are you acquainted with the formula for the atom bomb?
A: Yes.
Q: What's that!
A: Well, the way I understand it, it's what they call chain reaction. One atom splits, and then it gets a lot of other atoms to split. I believe I can demonstrate it with matches. I'll put these matches down on the floor—arranged in triangles. Then I light one and pretty soon—
Q: That will not be necessary. Your information is no more detailed than what you have supplied?
A: What's the matter with it?
Q: We won't pursue the subject. Mr. Cummings, have you at any time come into possession of papers that were not rightfully your legal property?
A: Well, one time our delivery boy left the Morning Chronicle, instead of the Bugle, on our doorstep. But I immediately got in touch with the people next door and—
Q: I understand.
A: You see I didn't like that because there was a comic I was following in the Bugle, and the next episode was to solve the mystery of—
Q: I said I understood. Now I want to ask you if you have ever been in possession of any secrets of our armed forces?
A: I talked to a Wac once, and she said the girdles they issued were—
Q: Any *other* secrets?
A: No. In fact I was as surprised as everybody else when Navy held Army to a tie last fall.
Q: I see. Have you at any time been in contact with an agent of a foreign power?
A: Only briefly.
Q: What do you mean by that?
A: Well, one time—about two years ago, I think it was—I collided with Vishinsky on the sidewalk.
Q: No words were exchanged?
A: Not exactly exchanged. Mr. Vishinsky spoke briefly, but as I don't understand Russian very well—
Q: What do you mean by "very well"?
A: What I'm getting at is that all I'm certain of is that none of the words he used was "tovarisch."
Q: I see. Now then, have you at any time committed a crime against the federal government?
A: They've never challenged my income tax returns.
Q: Mr. Cummings! That isn't answering my question.
A: Well, seeing as how the National Prohibition Act is a dead letter, I guess I can talk freely. Along about the year 1925, I procured a three-gallon crock, some malt sirup, extract of hops, a package of raisins—
Q: Thank you, Mr. Cummings, that is all. You may go now.

I arise from my chair, bow courteously, and walk proudly from the room, my true Americanism forever vindicated. Just as well they didn't question me any further, though. It would have looked kind of bad if they brought out that I don't like dogs, prefer my drinks without ice, and never joined a Pyramid Friendship Club.

THE END

One time, about two years ago, I collided with Vishinsky on the sidewalk

Things you can learn from a strawberry box... about choosing the right refrigerator!

No defrosting!

Ever have plump, perfect strawberries turn moldy overnight? Well, food wastes like this are prevented in the Admiral Dual-Temp!

The sunshine-like rays of an ultra-violet Sterilamp retard mold and bacteria, and purify the air!

It's a new kind of refrigeration so far advanced you can put foods away *uncovered!* Even cheese and cold cuts won't dry out! Even "strong" flavors won't mingle.

The Dual-Temp makes housekeeping easier too. No space-taking coils to be defrosted. Not even a drip tray to empty!

More than one way to save food! Yes, the Dual-Temp is really *two* appliances in one. The big Moist-Cold compartment is a wonderful food freshening crisper. Cool, moist air keeps foods fresh longer. Built right into the Dual-Temp is an honest to goodness freezing locker. It fast freezes 70 lbs. of food at 20° below zero.

See for yourself how this 2-in-1 refrigerator stores more food, yet takes no more floor space than any other. Stop in at your nearest Admiral dealer's store.

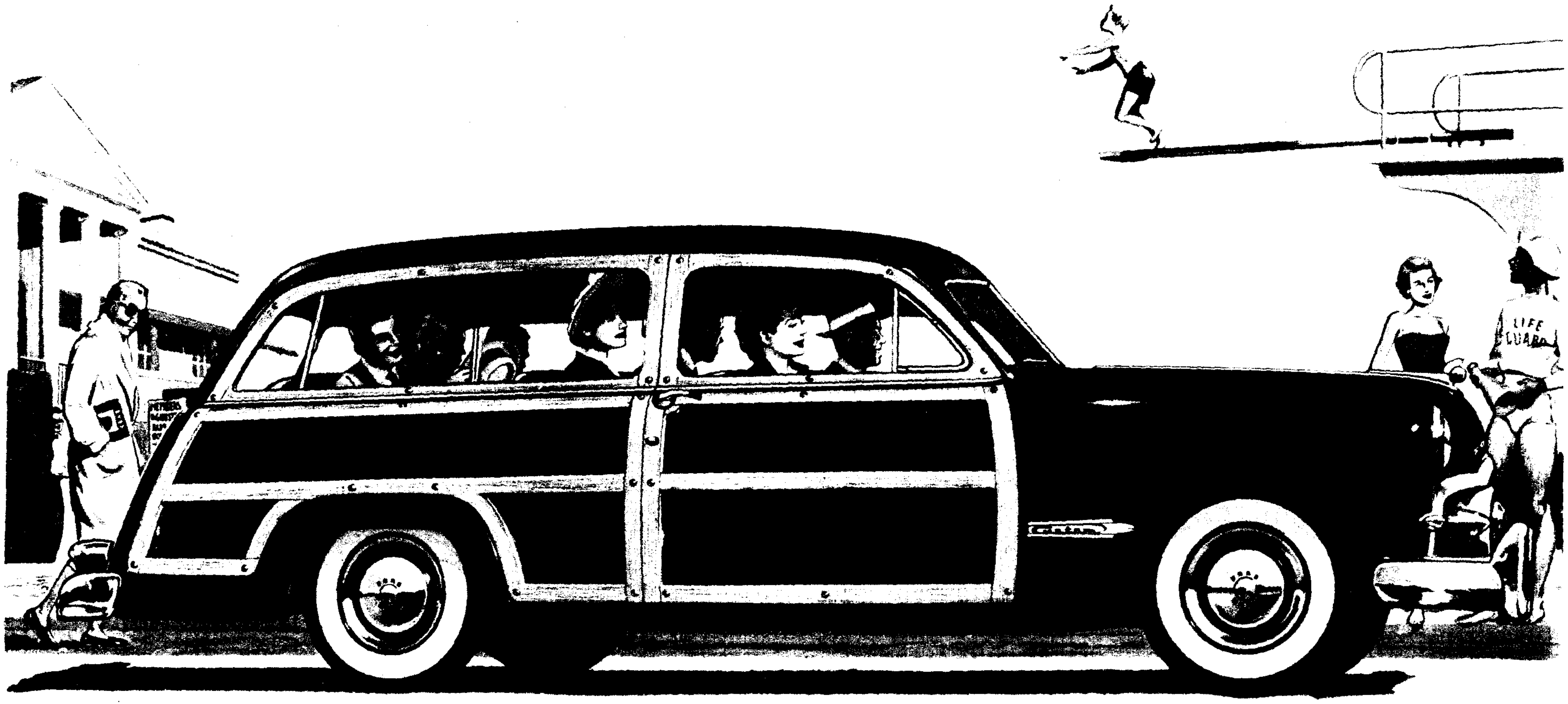
TELEVISION! "Stop the Music", Thurs., 8-9 P.M., E.D.T., ABC Network! Also see and hear Admiral television show Fri., 8-9 P.M., E.D.T., NBC stations!

Admiral DUAL-TEMP

—with built-in Freezing Locker

Replacement or Refund of Money if not as advertised therein — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

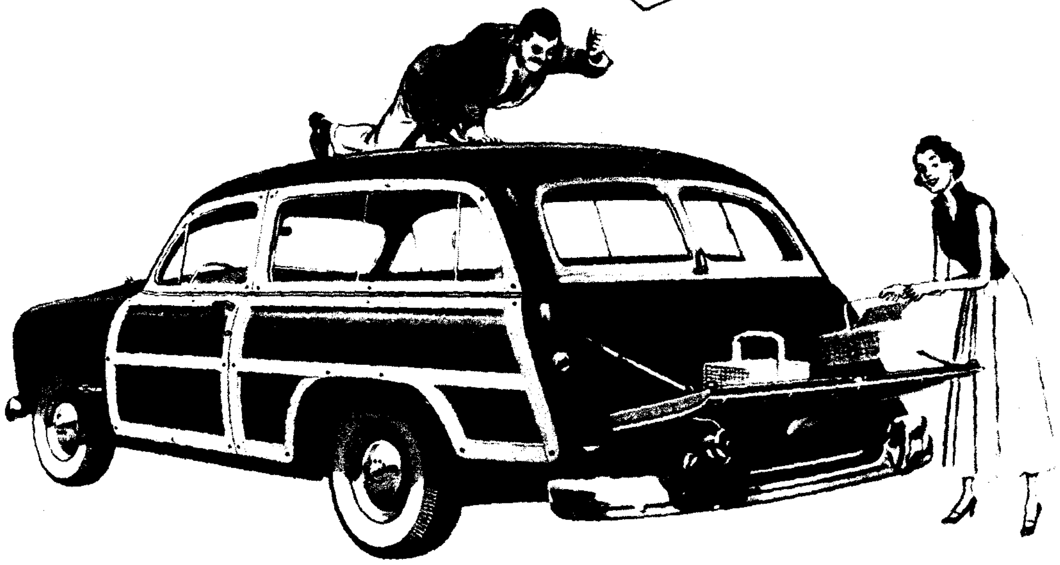
ADMIRAL CORP., CHICAGO 47, ILL., MAKERS OF REFRIGERATORS, RANGES, RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, AND ADMIRAL "MAGIC MIRROR" TELEVISION



The '49 Ford has been awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal as the 'Fashion Car of the Year'

It's a Dream Wagon...this '49 FORD

with its heart of steel and the new FORD "FEEL"!



It's steel, steel, steel.

Yes, it's all steel—even under that gleaming molded plywood paneling. It's Ford's famous all-steel "Lifeguard" body, welded into a rigid unit for even greater strength and safety. Truly a heart of steel, wrapped in luxury!

It's sealed against dust.

The convenient easy-opening tailgate—as well as the doors—is completely weather-sealed to guard against annoying dust and water leaks. Here's a feature you'll certainly appreciate, especially when you're touring.

Feel that safety!

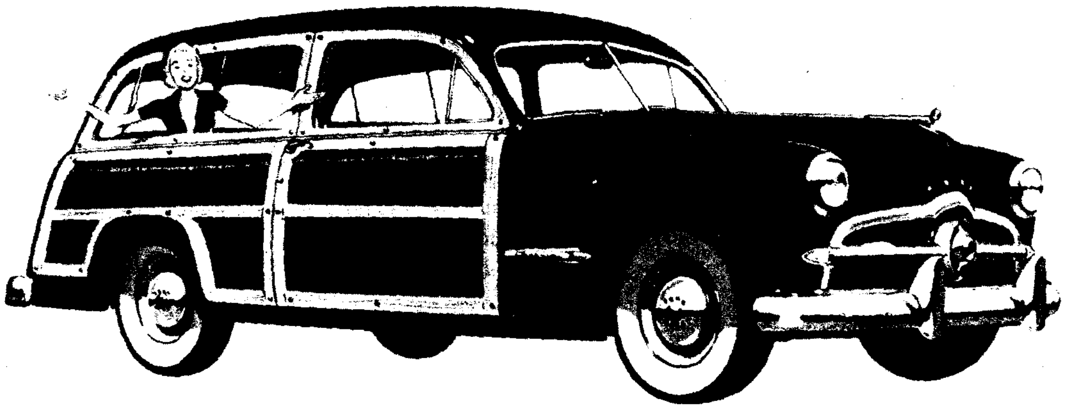
This new Ford "Dream Wagon" has two wide doors instead of four narrow doors, a blessing to parents of small children. There's more visibility all around, and the safer, surer stopping of King-Size brakes that are 35% easier acting.

And feel that comfort!

There's plenty of room for eight big people, plus a ride that's in a class by itself—thanks to new "Hydra-Coil" front springs and new "Para-Flex" rear springs that smooth out the roughest roads!

Feel that power!

You'll love this great car's performance . . . it's powered with the famous 100 h.p. Ford V-8, the same type of engine used in America's costliest cars. Why not see the new Ford Station Wagon today? Take the wheel—try the new Ford "Feel"!



"Take the Wheel
try the new
Ford Feel"
There's a New Ford in your future

White side wall tires, optional at extra cost.

Marines took bloody Iwo Jima—for the Army Air Forces B-29s. On the beach, Secretary Forrestal said: "The raising of that flag on Suribachi means a Marine Corps for 500 years." But in 500 days the corps was fighting for its life—in Washington

U.S. NAVY

Blueprint for

By WALTER WINCHELL

As this issue of Collier's went to press, the Tydings bill had been watered down by the Senate Armed Services Committee. But the issue was far from met. The great struggle for unrestrained control of our defense establishment raged in Congress and behind soundtight doors in Washington. The issue will be resolved only when, as Walter Winchell says, Mr. and Mrs. United States have cut through political fog and military gag to find clear understanding of the course of these grave events. —THE EDITOR

MR. AND MRS. UNITED STATES:

WHEN a nation is about to depart from the proven way of its ancestors, there should be, at least, a pause at the crossroads. Before a nation plunges off at a tangent from the straight and narrow path it has traveled with honor and dignity for 170 years, the theory of the new way should, at least, be tested by challenge.

America is at a constitutional crossroads today.

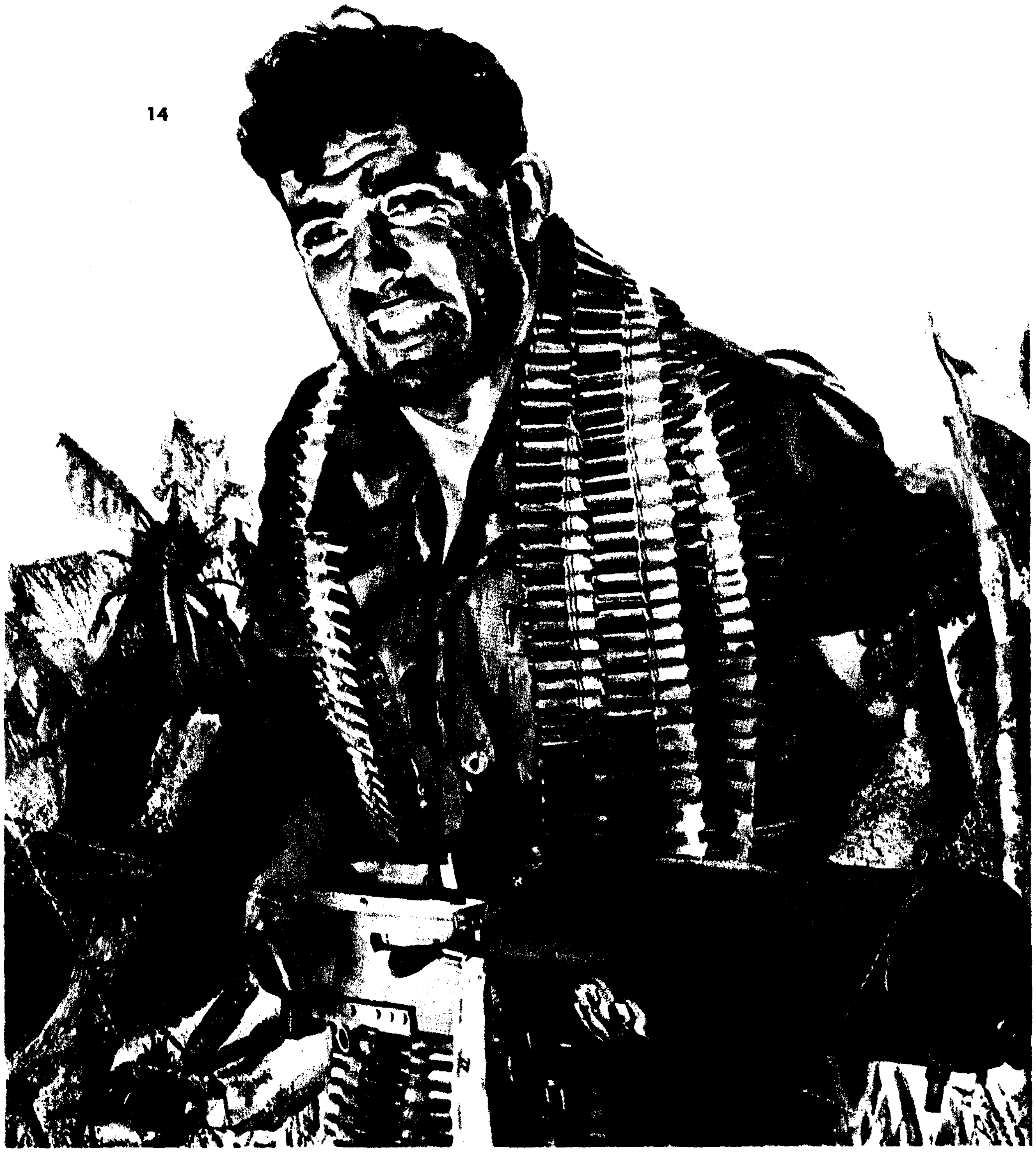
While this nation hopefully gropes for new objectives, it actually is abandoning the sacred procedures which were the topmost concern of the men who created it. The fundamental concept of the American definition of law and order is that the end never justifies the means. In our seeking toward the end—that we shall be a perfectly defended country by 20th-century standards—we are now in danger of sacrificing the means by which we live in these United States as freemen.

That is why I believe the American people should now cry, "HALT!" on two military bills before the Congress—the Tydings bill (Senate-1843) and the Vinson bill (House-3845)—because these documents, in effect, may wreck the very Constitution they are supposed to protect. It is not because I condemn the new objectives of military unification but because I, like the rest of my fellow citizens, have not been informed of them; it is not because I have reached conclusions, but because I have not even been informed of the methods by which conclusions were reached. I am in doubt.

When an American is in doubt as to whether his rights under the Constitution are being impaired, his conscience leaves him no choice. He must defend the Constitution on the steps of his own Capitol as certainly as he must defend his country in the stratosphere or in the pounding surf if need be.

I therefore write this as a citizen to you, my fellow citizens, urging that we demand an explanation of the legislation which proposes transfer and centralization of great new power—military and financial—in the Department of Defense. I do not say that the transfer is iniquitous. But I most certainly do say that the procedures by which it is being accomplished are contrary to the traditions of this Republic; that they are unaccompanied by a really clear public understanding, and that, unchallenged, they are a threat to the liberties of the American people.

We are told that modern warfare requires a unified command in the military, but we are given no assurance that our fundamental democratic system of checks and balances will continue to control it. Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and Alexander



C. C. BEALL

When C. C. Beall painted this cover of Sgt. John Basilone for Collier's of June 24, 1944, the Raritan, N.J., Marine was being acclaimed for Guadalcanal. He got the Medal of Honor, and went to his death on Iwo

Hamilton would no more have created such a military-political machine such as that being formed than they would have loosed into a holiday parade a crazed stallion, without rider, bridle, saddle, whip or checkrein.

President Theodore Roosevelt once received a committee dedicated to protecting migratory bird life. It was shortly after the war with Spain. The committee complained that American soldiers in Cuba were wantonly shooting sitting birds who had come to rest on the tropical waters there on their seasonal flights south. The Rough Rider, with his customary effectiveness, grabbed a telephone, asked for the Secretary of War and tersely ordered: "Mr. Secretary, tell Wood to stop that damned bird slaughter down in Cuba."

Abuse of Prerogative Challenged

The committee withdrew, overwhelmed by the decision and the dispatch of its execution. A distinguished visitor, who had witnessed the entire episode, remarked to the commander in chief: "I think I have some knowledge of your prerogatives, Mr. President, and you may believe me your whole procedure was unconstitutional."

"I know that," said Teddy, "but one of the most dee-lightful things about this office is that nine tenths of a President's illegal acts aren't ever questioned."

The trouble with the beloved Teddy's statement, unfortunately, is that this is true. And just as unfortunately a whole nation's civil rights can be killed—just as easily—as a bird's life can be spared.

This Republic was founded on the theory of checks and balances. The Constitution did not restrict the sovereign powers of the government. On the contrary these powers, delegated to our central government, were so formidable that they had to be proved out, finally, at Gettysburg. But even as the founding fathers entrusted great powers to the federal government, the touchstone, indeed the watchword, of American liberty was that NO ONE MAN, AND NO SINGLE DEPARTMENT, SHOULD EVER WIELD THEM ALL. The powers inherent in government are so great that the founding fathers feared that if any one man were to be vested with them all, he would automatically become a dictator, whether he wanted to be or not.

There is no doubt about which branch of our government is meant to have final power, the Congress, the President or the Supreme Court. It is the Congress. Congress is the expression of the will of the people, and so closely was this differentiation made, that no appropriation can be obtained unless the bill for it originates in the House of Representatives. Not even the Senate may initiate financial measures; the House, the body nearest the people, was designated to control forever the purse strings of our country.

Accordingly, the invasion of the powers of Congress is a body blow to the rights of the people. The Hitlers, the Mussolinis, the Stalins cannot exist in a nation which has a Congress or a free parliament. Yet the legislative branch of the government of these United States stands challenged—and successfully challenged—by a special gag order issued by the Department of Defense even before Congress has had a chance to act finally on the Tydings and Vinson bills. This presents a tremendous constitutional crisis, completely without precedent in the history of our country. Had such doctrine charged across our borders under the battle flag of a foreign enemy, it would have been recognized. We would have fought it, if necessary, from behind the fishermen's shacks on the Maine coast to the irrigation ditches of California.

But because the threat bears a Washington date line, we accept it. What is worse and almost criminal, the Congress accepts it—without a murmur.

Defense Department Bucks Congress

Under the Defense Department mandate, officers and men of the United States armed forces are forbidden to give information to Congress, unless their statement is approved first by the Department of Defense. This is far more than an invasion of the military man's rights as a citizen; it is an outright defiance of Congress as a body. Had George Washington himself ever issued such an order the Continental Congress would have driven him out of Independence Hall.

Congress has the constitutionally guaranteed *right to know anything about the Republic,* because unless Congress has the facts it cannot pass intelligent laws. Yet the Department of Defense has indicated that it will present to Congress only those facts that it wishes Congress to hear. This is control of Congress—by censorship. Yes, believe it or not, Mr. and Mrs. United States, your Congress is censored—and it is accepting this censorship from a *department which Congress is supposed to control!*

My fellow Americans: Write, wire, ask, beg—and demand—of your congressman that your fundamental right of information (removed from his pocket while he slept) be returned at once.

The strongest actions are necessary to counteract the censorship of Congress by the Department of Defense. The fact is that unless this censorship order is countermanded by the department there is sufficient evidence right now for Congress to impeach the officials who are ordering that information be withheld from it. Further, under his oath to the Constitution, any member of the national military establishment who refuses to furnish Congress with information bearing on the defense of the Republic should be subject to impeachment by trial in the United States Senate—not by military court-martial.

The final power must be civilian. All of history is shouting its warning. The cannon of Louis XIV bore this inscription:

"The final argument of the King."

The Department of Defense appears to be urging the same "argument" when it censors the Congress.

In 1948, the Department of Defense was not capricious in its unconstitutional defiance of Congress. It was deliberately concealing one of the greatest scandals in American history. There is evidence to support the belief that right now the department is withholding from the American people information on a collective dereliction of duty unmatched in the annals of any nation which ever survived. The truth is that the high command in Washington has failed the American people. Rivalries among the fighting services are being fought to a bloody draw—at the expense of the security of the country. Of this, every foreign capital, including Moscow, is well and fully aware.

The reason for censorship of Congress—and of you—is not obscure. You and the country have been sacrificed. Your congressman, and he alone, can prove I am right—by officially demanding an investigation. I dare the Secretary of Defense to countermand the order of November 8, 1948, and to permit the admirals, the air chiefs, the Army Ground Force generals or the commandant of the United States Marine Corps to take the stand under oath and to voice their convictions on the state of this nation's defense to those who are, ultimately, their constitutional commanders—the American people.

I believe at first the now bitterly competitive Big Brass was actuated by honest convictions. But somewhere, somehow, the squabble became so savage, so personal and so unreasoning that it is now the chief danger to the safety of the Republic.

The fight is far from finished. The contestants have merely concluded another vicious round. With baleful eye and somber intent each service is measuring the other in preparation for the next frightful heat.

Major General "Wild Bill" Donovan has declared that the most perfect subversive action that can be effected against an enemy nation is to achieve disunity among the various branches of its armed forces. The general stated that the acme of intelligence goals would be to stir up disunity in any enemy's high command.

Why should the Department of Defense be permitted to deprive the American people of these facts? Why should this department be allowed to put felt around the doors behind which this brawl is taking place—to soundproof them so well that not even Congress can hear the sounds of the titanic struggle? Some Senators I know, who are familiar with this undercover battle, are darkly muttering the word: "TREASON!"

Silence Imposed on Armed Forces

For this reason—the conspiracy of silence—I am opposed to pending legislation for further unification of the armed forces, though I am not opposed to unification. Facts for any honest debate on these bills have been withheld by the Department of Defense, by blanket orders against discussion or argument on the subject of unification among personnel of the armed forces, and by the implied threat that swift demotion, transfer or even court-martial will follow for any man or woman in the services who dares speak his mind.

The principle involved is far more important than the military bills themselves. I do not know enough about these bills to approve them. But I am ashamed to report, that, as a matter of fact, NEITHER DOES THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES!

The moral overtones of the method by which these unification bills were manufactured amount to even more of an attack on a self-respecting people than upon their Constitution. There is only one thing worse than government by bureaucrat—and that is government by "expert." The creed of the "expert" is that no amateur should be allowed to touch delicate machinery. This is sound, up to a point. It may take an expert to assemble a motorcar, but any amateur can tell you instantly whether or not it works when he applies his foot to the self-starter. An "expert" in a cubbyhole is no substitute for a responsible public official under oath on an open witness stand before Congress.

Whether or not Congress likes its job, it in the end is responsible to the people—and IT IS NOT within the POWER of Congress to abdicate, allocate or delegate that responsibility.

The Congress of the United States owes to the American people an immediate explanation as to just HOW, WHERE, WHEN and WHY the Secretary of Defense acquired his power to defy constitutional subpoenas generally, when many American citizens have been thrown in jail at various times in the past century for ignoring them individually.

On the record, the Department of Defense is not only in contempt of Congress, it is in outrageous violation of the Bill of Rights.

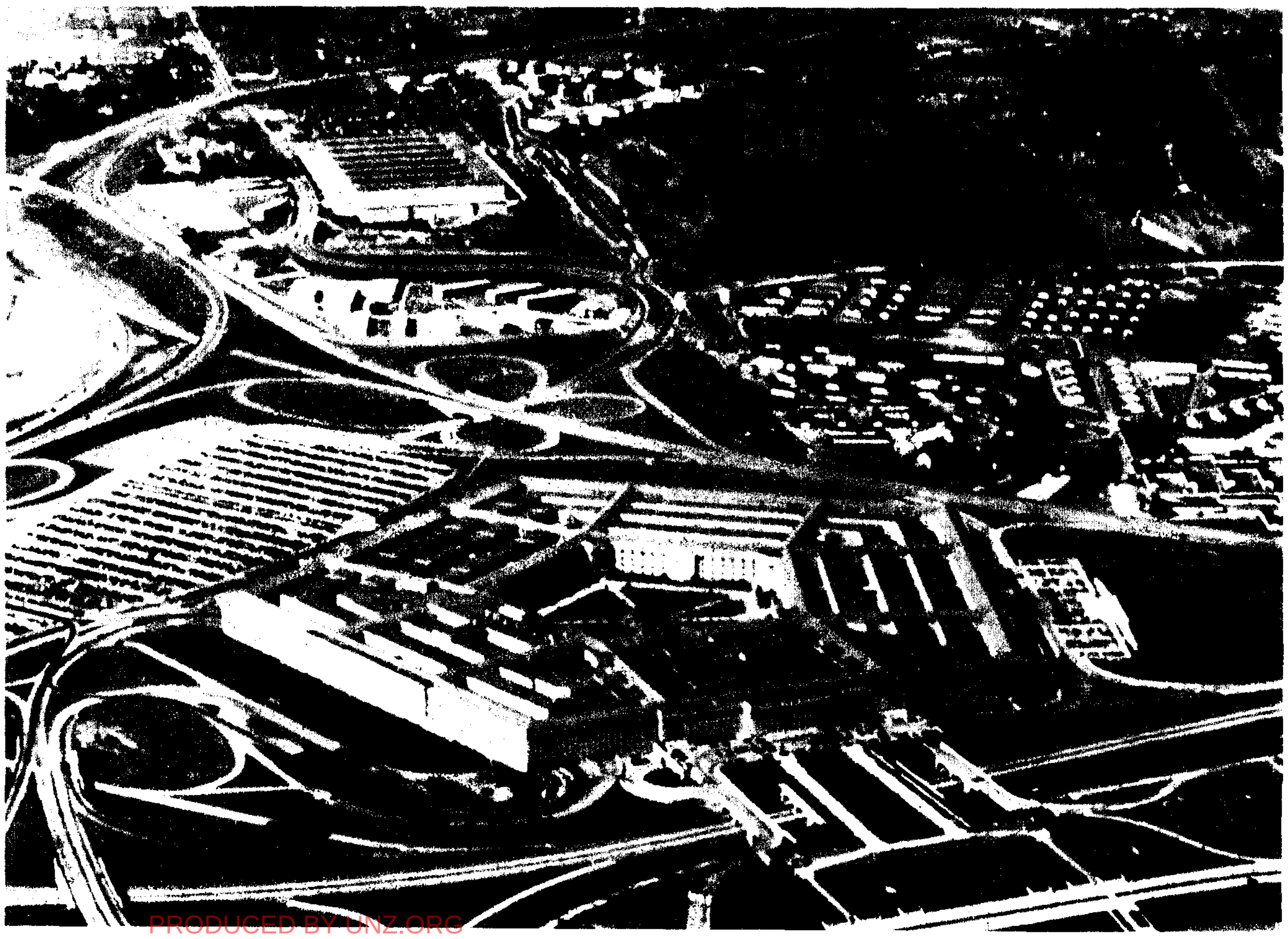
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

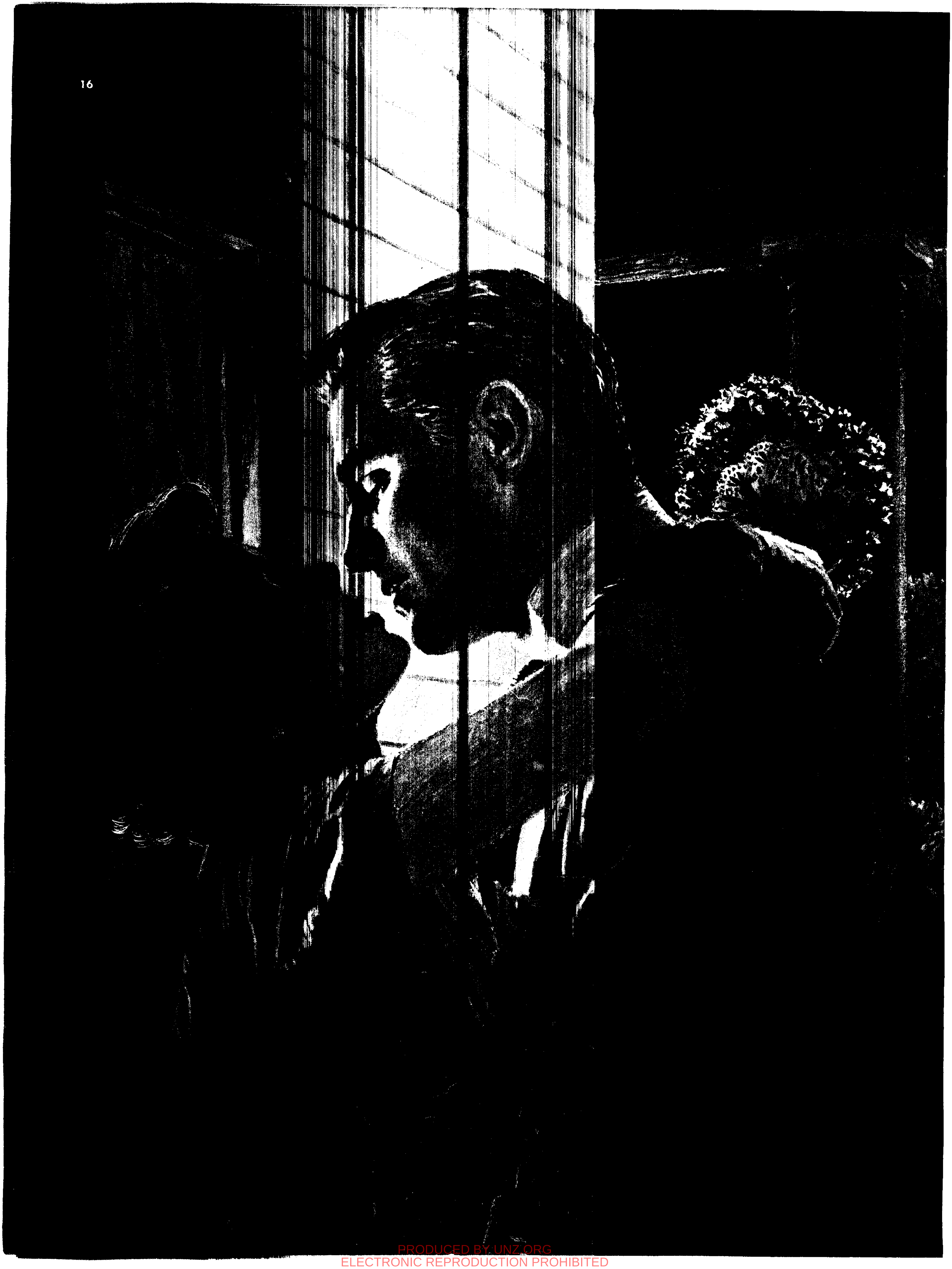
INTERNATIONAL

Glory enough for all the services was personified in the gallantry of Admiral Dan Callaghan. He led his task force to victory over numerically superior Japs in the "slot" off Guadalcanal, and died as he did it

The Pentagon, seat of the Department of Defense, where Winchell fears a "blueprint for disaster" is being drafted. Bills now before Congress might dangerously grant more power to the military, he warns

FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC.

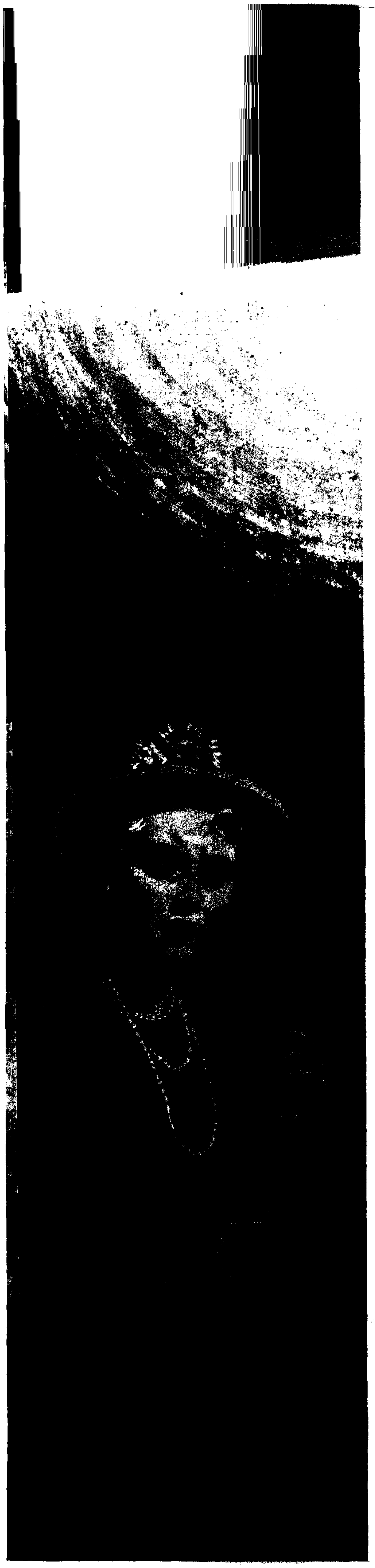




KNOW YOUR TRUE LOVE BY HIS HAT

By ELSIE TAYE

Here are the Atkinsons. They are not quite as rich as they once were—and their daughter is not quite so happily engaged as they had imagined



Mrs. Atkinson slipped out the side door and then she saw the couple in locked embrace. With rigid face, she walked past them to the parking space

THIS at least was left to her, reflected Mrs. Dolly Atkinson, as she crossed the bedroom to the house phone and pressed the pantry button. But it would not be for long. And if there was something to be said for getting up for breakfast she did not care to know what it was.

In due time Bertha answered.

"I'll be down in five minutes," said Mrs. Atkinson.

"Okay."

Mrs. Atkinson closed her smooth eyelids as if in prayer and hung up. *Okay,* indeed!

Adjusting the sash of her velvet house coat she glanced in the mirror. Then she went quickly along the upper hall, past the wide stairway, to her daughter's rooms. The door was open and Ellen was already gone. It was after ten and Ellen was to be bridesmaid at Ann Warner's wedding this afternoon at four o'clock. When this was over, Ellen must be persuaded to sleep late in the mornings. Her own wedding was three weeks away.

The small red-and-ivory sitting room and the bedroom beyond were in faultless order—an achievement for a girl who had grown into her twenties without so much as picking up her own pajamas. And Ellen had been delightful lately. Parties for Ann had been going on for weeks, but instead of being exhausted Ellen, the calm, the unexcitable, had suddenly bloomed into radiance. For days now she had been on springs, not tightly coiled but elastic, safely absorbing any amount of fatigue. It could only be because her own wedding had become close and immediate.

Mrs. Atkinson looked fondly about her, and turned to the stairs. Since Ellen had been seventeen her mother had been well pleased with her.

Going down the beautiful sweeping stairway she thought of Ellen's wedding. The last social function in this house which had been built for social functions would be a fitting period to all the festive, the often formal parties. And if Ellen's wedding would, of necessity, be smaller than Ann's it would be far more perfect.

Mrs. Atkinson's grapefruit was on the table in the east room, brightened this morning by the thin March sunshine. As she seated herself, a tray bumped against the door and Bertha's large trim bulk plodded in.

"Good morning, Bertha," said Mrs. Atkinson pleasantly.

The simplest courtesy always surprised Bertha, and she spilled coffee from the silver pot as she put it down. Belatedly recognizing the fact that something was required of her, she said, "Your eggs look all right, Miz Atkinson?"

Horn-rimmed spectacles on, Mrs. Atkinson was reading the newspaper. In the silence Bertha plodded across the room. Just before the door closed on her Mrs. Atkinson said, "They look very nice, thank you." The door closed smartly. In a moment it opened again and Bertha said, "Mr. Atkinson says for you not to worry, he'll be home in time to get dressed up."

"Thank you, Bertha."

Mrs. Atkinson folded the paper. Dear Quinby. Always so thoughtful. She sipped the excellent coffee. And being so thoughtful, you'd think he could have hung on to a little more of the money. There was something so dreary about "a small adequate income," about Quinby's assurance that they would not actually starve. And she had thought there were golden rivers of it, old, familiar, time-polished money. Not the blinding fresh-from-the-mint fortune of the Warners, whose name today led all the rest in the social columns. So like big hearty Kate Warner, to whom Mrs. Atkinson was devoted: pictures, *lists* of parties—there would be none of that for Ellen's wedding.

All very well for the August Warners, who were filthy rich themselves, to pretend they were not overjoyed because Ann's fiancé was also filthy rich. Mrs. Atkinson ate her delicious shirred eggs.

Julian was not rich, but Ellen could marry Julian Channing proudly. The Channings, like the Atkinsons, had helped to colonize this city when there had been nothing here but forest and swamp. Nowadays, there were judges and university presidents and even a minor ambassador or two in the Channing family. Distinction was, in some ways, more desirable than money. But only in some ways. Mrs. Atkinson was no fool.

WHEN the doorbell rang distantly she raised her head and waited for footsteps to come along the hall from the service wing. None came and after a moment she rose, and went to answer it herself, a matter of some note. Mrs. Atkinson had never answered a doorbell in her life until a few months ago.

"Hello, Mrs. Atkinson. Remember me?"

Cordiality hovered on Mrs. Atkinson's charming face but was not yet released. "I know I should," she said, regarding the stout, well-dressed man with an apologetic smile, "but I'm afraid—"

"The last time you saw me," he chuckled, "I was in my work clothes. We painted the inside of this house from top to bottom seven years ago. Remember? McLean."

Before he had finished, the cordiality was skillfully replaced by something else, gracious and on its proper level. "Of course. Will you come in, Mr. McLean?"

"It don't seem right for you to be answering your own doorbell. Used to have servants running around here like mice, didn't you?"

Mrs. Atkinson could think of no answer, and she closed the door.

Standing in the faultlessly proportioned hall, Mr. McLean held his hat in both hands while his practiced eye went over ceiling and walls, up the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT

Nice Kid in the Big Leagues

By STANLEY FRANK

Johnny Groth, who still should be learning his trade in the minors, makes Detroit fans hopeful they have another Heilmann or Greenberg. "He'll make a lot of mistakes," says Manager Red Rolfe. "Sure he's an awfully green pea, but there isn't a player less than thirty I'd trade for him even up"

LET us not go overboard for this young Johnny Groth, who hits a baseball hard enough to draw blood from it, and foolishly call him the rookie of the ages or even of the generation. Let's be strictly objective and merely say he will be the rookie of the decade. As a member of the Detroit Tigers, Groth will have to pay his way into the World Series, but he will stir up more second-guessing come October than most of the heroes on the field. The American League's cofavored Cleveland Indians and Boston Red Sox both thought they would get Groth, and the losing team can bleat that the pennant would have been a gentle breeze with the kid on its side.

As time is measured in baseball, Groth still should be learning his trade in a leaky-roof minor league. That's the most remarkable, and exciting, thing about him. Every season some muscular youth swings the big leagues by the tail, but few boy wonders ever have done it with less accumulated experience than Groth.

Although he was Chicago's greatest all-around schoolboy athlete, Groth was known principally as a football and basketball star. He had played less than a dozen ball games when he made the Great Lakes Navy team, which was loaded with established pros, and began to hang the experts from the chandeliers with his natural aptitude. Two seasons in the minors gave our boy John the equivalent of little better than sand-lot education, but here he is making the racket look so easy that he is in grave danger of being investigated by the Committee on Un-American Activities for undermining the cherished concepts of the national game.

Groth commenced on April 19th to demolish the theory that baseball is the most difficult sport to play well on April 19th. That was opening day. He hit two home runs against the White Sox. The following afternoon he whacked a single, a double and a home run with the bases full to account for all the runs in the Tigers' 5-2 victory. It was the first homer of his life with the bases drunk, or loaded, and just to prove it was no mistake he belted another grand slam a week later. The third day the Associated Press dispatch began: "Holding Johnny Groth to one hit, a single, the White Sox defeated the Tigers. . . ." The story neglected to mention that John had only two official turns at bat.

Ten days after the opener, Groth was leading the league in everything but stolen towels. He was hitting at an average of .447. He had driven in the most runs. He was tied for the most hits, had the most total bases and was tied with Stephens and Graham at four home runs. After hitting safely in his first eleven straight games, Groth was shut out by Bob Lemon. He came out of that "slump" with a violent homer against the Red Sox in the next game. Going into the fourth week of the season, he still was hitting with an average of .386 and it couldn't have happened to a nicer kid.

Knocking the ball out of sight and mind will make Groth a plutocrat, but hitting is only one of his several accomplishments. Run? His first homer was a freakish, inside-the-park affair that traveled only 310 feet, but John beat the relay standing up. He scored the winning run in a game with the champion Indians by flying from first to home on a scratch single that trickled through the infield. Throw? The Red Sox and Indians tried twisting his arm in their first series with the Tigers and ceased messing around with it when he pegged out runners at third. He also unfurled the most prodigious heave seen at Briggs Stadium in recent years. He wound up in center field and fired that thing twenty feet over third base for one of the gaudiest errors on record.

"He'll make a lot of mistakes," Manager Red Rolfe admits, "but he's a championship ballplayer because he can do everything well. Practically all the fellows in the majors are outstanding in one category, but weaknesses in other departments make them second-division men.

"John has played so little baseball that he's still two-three years away from acquiring the polish he needs. He can run like a striped ape, but he's not a good base runner yet. Doesn't get a jump on the pitchers. He'll throw to the wrong base, and balls he should catch drop safely occasionally, because he isn't accustomed to the sun and the wind drift in all parks. Sure, he's an awfully green pea, but there isn't a player less than thirty I'd trade for him even up."

Groth is enormously popular with the customers, as he would be in any city, but he has a special affinity for Detroit. He is a hitter in the Tiger tradition of the base hit ringing clear.

Since the formation of the American League in 1901, Detroit has had three times as many batting champions as any other club. The gimmick, of course, is that Ty Cobb led the parade 12 times in 13 years. Even so, the great Cobb was not the team's only formidable hitter. The tradition was kept alive by Harry Heilmann, Heinie Manush, Bobby Veach, Fat Fothergill, Charley Gehringer, Hank Greenberg and Rudy York. After the passing of Greenberg in 1947, the Detroits were a dead-pan, restrained outfit until Johnny Groth arrived to give the fans cause for getting up on their hind legs and hollering like crazy.

John Groth (right) takes a serious view of baseball, and it's that attitude that may be the key to his success, says Manager Red Rolfe (left)

The populace was rooting for the highly touted kid—with a good deal of understandable skepticism. Fabulous rookies are an old story in Detroit. Backed by Walter O. Briggs's cushy bank roll the Tiger management in recent years has been the most indefatigable collector of young, expensive talent on the hoof in America. Dick Wakefield was given a bonus of $52,000 and a Cadillac for signing a contract, and currently receives $21,000 a year.

Were They Worth So Much Money?

At this writing, the Tigers have stashed away on their farm at Flint, in the Central League, a nineteen-year-old catcher from Alabama named Frank House, whose signature cost Mr. Briggs $67,500 and *two* Cadillacs. A partial list of other rookies who punched large holes in Briggs's bank account would include Hal Newhouser, Fred Hutchinson, Art Houtteman, Barney McCoskey, Hoot Evers, Pat Mullin and Lou Kretlow. All, with the exception of Newhouser and Evers, have yet to demonstrate they were worth the money or an appreciable piece of same.

Groth, who got $30,000 and the customary Cadillac for choosing the Tigers in preference to five other teams bidding for his services when he was discharged from the Navy, could also turn out to be an overpriced lemon, but the odds are all against it on two counts. One is technical, the other a matter of temperament.

On the technical side, Groth has so much speed and power that his average will be respectable during his apprenticeship. Many of his hits appear to be ordinary grounders when they leave the bat, but the ball skips through the infield on two fast hops before it can be cut off and perhaps converted into an out.

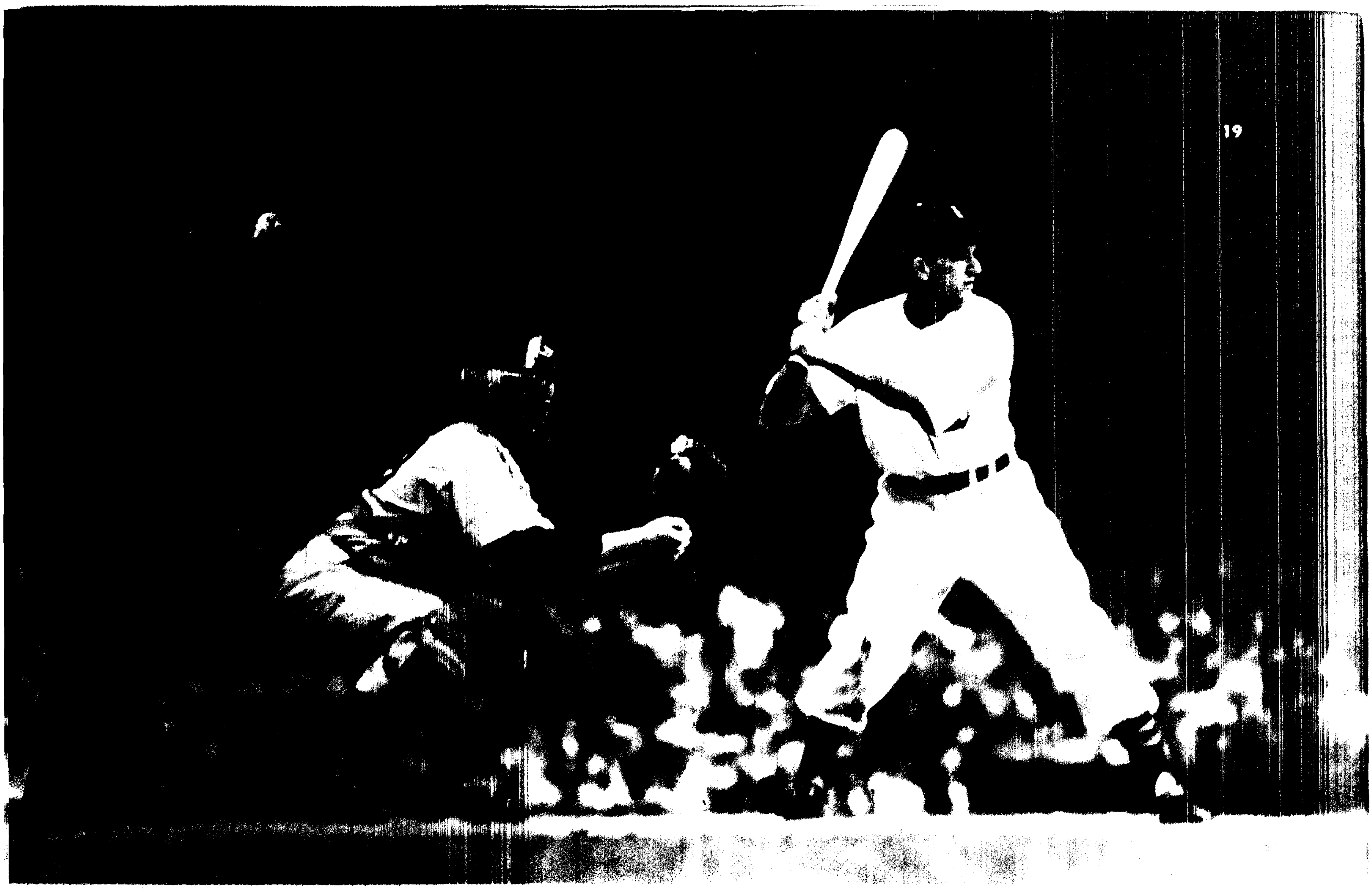
"It's the snap in his wrists," Coach Dick Bartell explains. "Pitchers will fool him all right, but he whips the bat so fast that he gets enough wood on the ball to drive it through a hole. Maybe he'll get about 20 homers a year, but I don't think he's a real home-run slugger. He's too good a hitter."

How's that again?

"The kid hits the ball where it's pitched. Give it to him outside and he'll poke it to right field. Throw him inside and he'll pull it to left, but he's not up there swinging for the fence. That's what I like about him. He plays the score, not the headlines. He's not obsessed with the idea of knocking the ball out of the park and getting a big hooray for himself. He has the potential to be another DiMaggio. Whether he makes it or becomes just another outstanding big-leaguer depends on how he applies

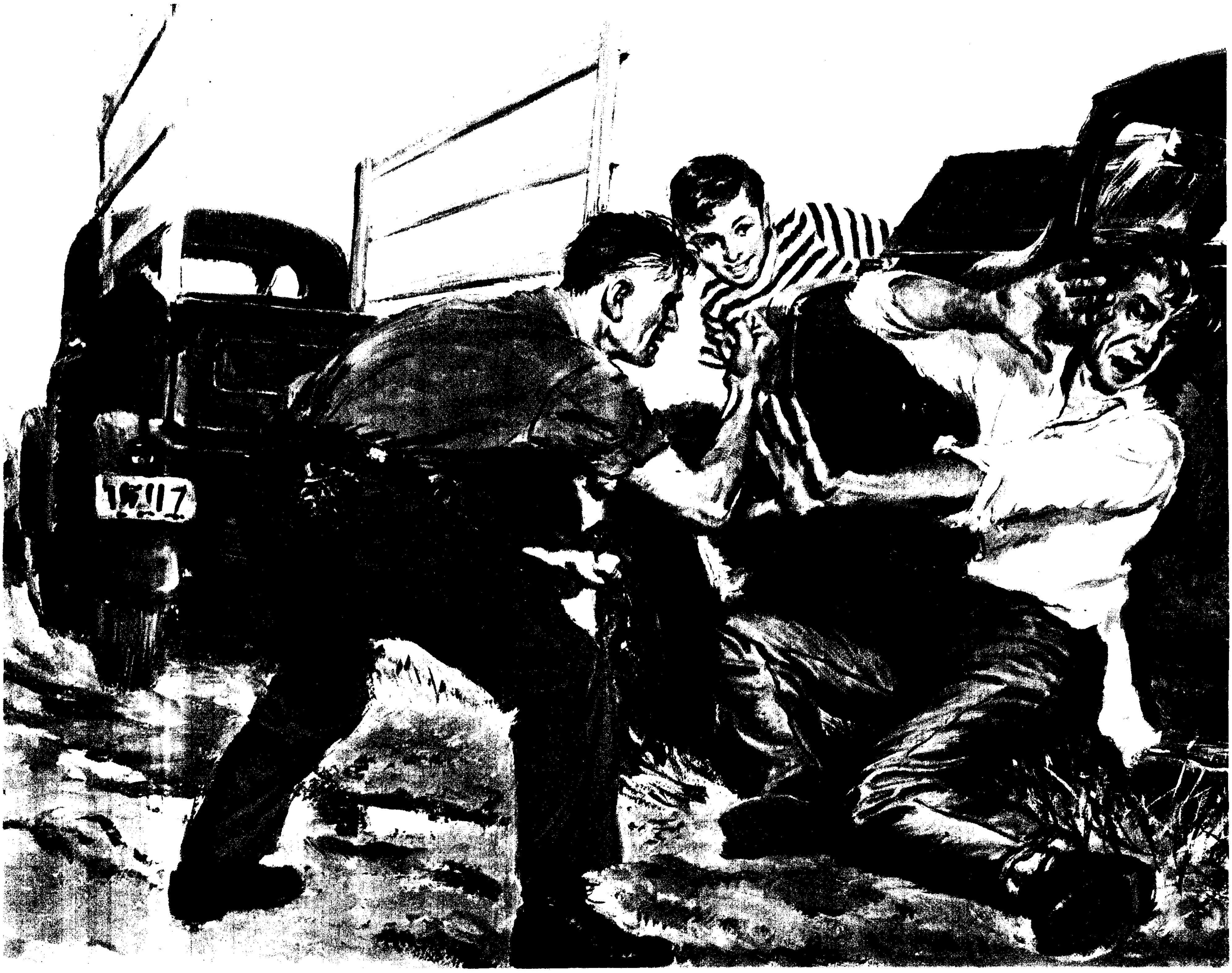
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN



It was love at first sight for 53,455 Tiger fans last April 19th when Johnny Groth opened the season with two home runs against the unhappy Chicago White Sox

These pictures, made in Detroit's Briggs Stadium during a series with the Yankees, show the before-and-after stance of the kid who may be the rookie of the decade



THE FARMER TAKES A CHANCE

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

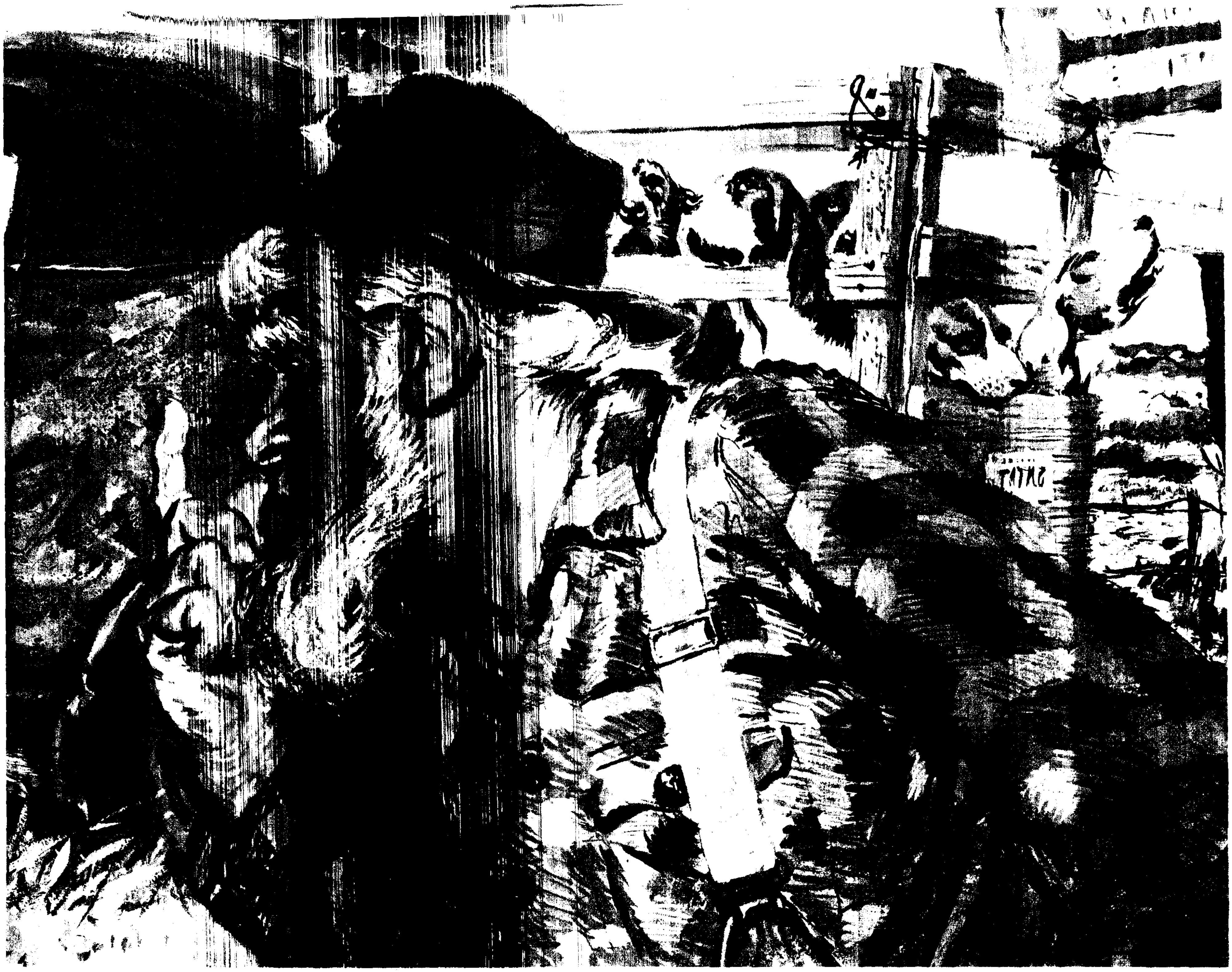
The dramatic adventure of Owen J. Harris, who led his own back-to-the-land movement, despite the caustic protests of his wife and son

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

IT GAVE me a creepy feeling, sitting there in the spring darkness, hearing the kinds of noise they have out in the country at night. Back in the city at night you heard train whistles, automobiles, radios blaring, sirens, airplanes going over, kids playing, and sometimes a feisty town dog yapping. Most of the noises you heard in town at night were made by people.

Sitting there on the front porch with Dad—with a big white moon shining so bright you could see clear across the valley to the timber, black and sort of scary on the hills—the only sounds I could hear were Mom washing dishes; and tree toads, hoot owls, crickets, bullfrogs down at the creek, cow bells somewhere in the timber, and what Dad said were whippoorwills. There were dogs, too, but so far away they sounded like ghosts. Nothing came past on the road that looked bleached and snaky in the light of the moon. It gave me the creeps, sitting there.

I felt kind of lousy because of how Dad and Mom were acting, and I guess I was a little bit lonesome for the kids back in town, but it wasn't only that. I just didn't belong out there in the country. I didn't have any business there, and all of those things making noises knew I didn't. Mom felt that way, too, I guess. I wondered what the gang back at old North High were doing, and I thought: Pete, they're not sitting out in the wilderness



This time when Dad hit him, West bounced off the car and slid down to the ground. "Do you need any more convincing, West?" Dad asked

listening to a bunch of reptiles, that's for sure.

Dad hadn't said anything for ten minutes, just sitting there smoking his pipe and once in a while sighing a little, and looking out across the road. There wasn't anything to see, except a dim light down the valley a ways by the creek.

"Wonder what that light is down there?" I said, just to hear a human voice.

"A house," Dad said. "Man named West lives there, I understand."

"Oh," I said. After a while Dad knocked out his pipe and started refilling it and said, "Looks like it ought to be a good year for bush crops, Pete."

"Yeah," I said, but I thought: How should I know? Don't ask me about bush crops.

"We got here about the right time," Dad said. "Not a day too soon, though."

"Sure," I said. "You won't get no argument out of me on that score."

He struck a match and lighted his pipe, and in the glow I could see his hair that was gray on the sides, and the lines in his face and the kind of sad look in his eyes. When the pipe was drawing good he shook out the match and said, "Pete, in the morning you and me will take a stroll around our property, and then we'll go see about a team of horses so we can start putting in our crop right away."

I listened to the noises and shivered in the cool air, and wished I was in a booth in Kronendonk's drugstore having a malted and listening to the juke box. I stood up, taking one last look at all that moonlight going to waste out there.

"You gonna hit the hay?" Dad asked me. I said I guessed I would, and he said, "Well, good night, Pete." He sounded tired, or something. He wasn't an eager beaver any more. I couldn't help him, but I wished I could. She was his wife, not mine.

"Good night, Pop," I said and went in the house and into my room, where old Drum was already asleep on the throw rug. I took off my clothes and got in between the cool sheets, and laid there. A nice breeze ruffled the new curtains, bringing in a country kind of smell.

LAYING there awake, I decided Sycamore Creek could get along without my services as a star halfback—if they even had a football team—and I *thought* about all the guys, and the girls, too, back at North High. Then I got to remembering the morning when Dad got back from "looking around for a likely place for Woody." Last Monday, that was—not even a week yet if you counted the days, but a hundred years ago in some ways, if you counted the hoot owls and whippoorwills and stuff.

He'd just got back when I went downstairs that morning. He was sitting at the kitchen table, still wearing his good suit and drinking coffee, and Mom was leaning on the sink with her arms folded, looking at him with a funny expression.

"Owen," she said, "are you out of your mind?"

"No," my father said. "No, Helen, I am not out of my mind. I'm entirely sane."

"Hi, Pop," I said. "Are you back?"

Mom gave a kind of snorting laugh. "He's back, all right," she said, "but he's not all here, Pete." I took a good look at her then, because she sounded funny. Sore.

"What's cooking?" I said. "Did you find a farm for Woody, Pop?"

Dad sighed and drank some coffee, and Mom said, "He found one, all right, but not for Woody. Your father bought a farm for *us,* Pete. What do you think of *that?"*

"Don't kid around with me so early in the morning, Mom," I said. "It makes me nervous and jumpy all day long." I hoped she was kidding me, but I knew she wasn't.

"Out of a clear blue sky," Mom said. "Your father wants to raise string beans, Pete. We're going to be rustic types, with cows and chickens and pigs and what not."

I choked on my toast. "You must of been confused, Pop," I said. "You got it all wrong. It's *Woody* that's been saving his money and wants to live on a farm when he comes out of the Army next

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)

THE COOL ONE

By PAT FRANK

Sometimes if you can keep calm you can get away with murder

JOHN CRAIG was infatuated with his own self-control. When Flight 609 was called—New York to Miami non-stop—he did not jump from his leather chair in the lounge at La Guardia. He uncrossed his legs, folded his early edition of The Trib, examined his watch, and checked it with the electric clock over the Western Union counter. Both said 12:48. Take-off was at 1:00 A.M., and arrival in Miami 4:40 A.M. He laid his paper on the chair, picked up his attaché case, and joined the passengers assembling at the gate. He was careful to be neither first nor last in line. Out on the ramp he did not rush for the plane, neither did he loiter. In every way he was casual and inconspicuous, from his nondescript brown hat to his plain brown shoes. He was the man nobody would remember.

The hostess glanced at his ticket, and checked a name off her clip board. "Mr. Johnson," she greeted him. "Want to leave your case back here?"

"No, thanks," he said, careful to be normally appreciative of her figure and her smile. "I've got some papers in here. May want to work a bit on the way down."

"Certainly," she said. Of course, he could have left the case with her, but in it the gun was cushioned between layers of pajamas, and it wasn't necessary to take even the slightest risk. Not now. Not now when he was almost safe.

This was the tag end of the Florida season. The plane was not crowded. He picked a window seat over the wing, where the ride would be more stable. He had hoped to be alone, but when a wispy little man, fussing with his topcoat, took the seat next to him he showed no displeasure.

He heard the cabin door slam shut, the starters whine and the engines catch. They taxied to the end of the runway, braked to a stop, and the motors, one by one, were called upon to prove their power. The little man in the next seat was staring straight ahead, his lips parted and dry, and holding tight to his safety belt. John Craig felt superior. He had done a great deal of flying during the war. Then all four motors roared, the acceleration pushed him back against the seat, and they were airborne. Craig drew one great breath, and then relaxed. People said you couldn't get away with murder, but he had.

He didn't feel like a murderer. He felt that he had simply disposed of an unhealthy and unhappy animal. Laura had no reason to live. She found no pleasure in living, she destroyed his happiness, and had been the enemy of his future. He had been merciful with her. He had treated her with compassion. He had killed her.

On his left he saw the lights of Long Branch and Asbury Park, and the steady glitter of breakers on the beaches in the moonlight. His companion leaned forward and stared. "What's that?" he asked.

"That's the Jersey coast," John Craig said.

"Gee, we must be pretty high."

"Oh, no. We've only got three or four thousand."

"Three or four thousand what?"

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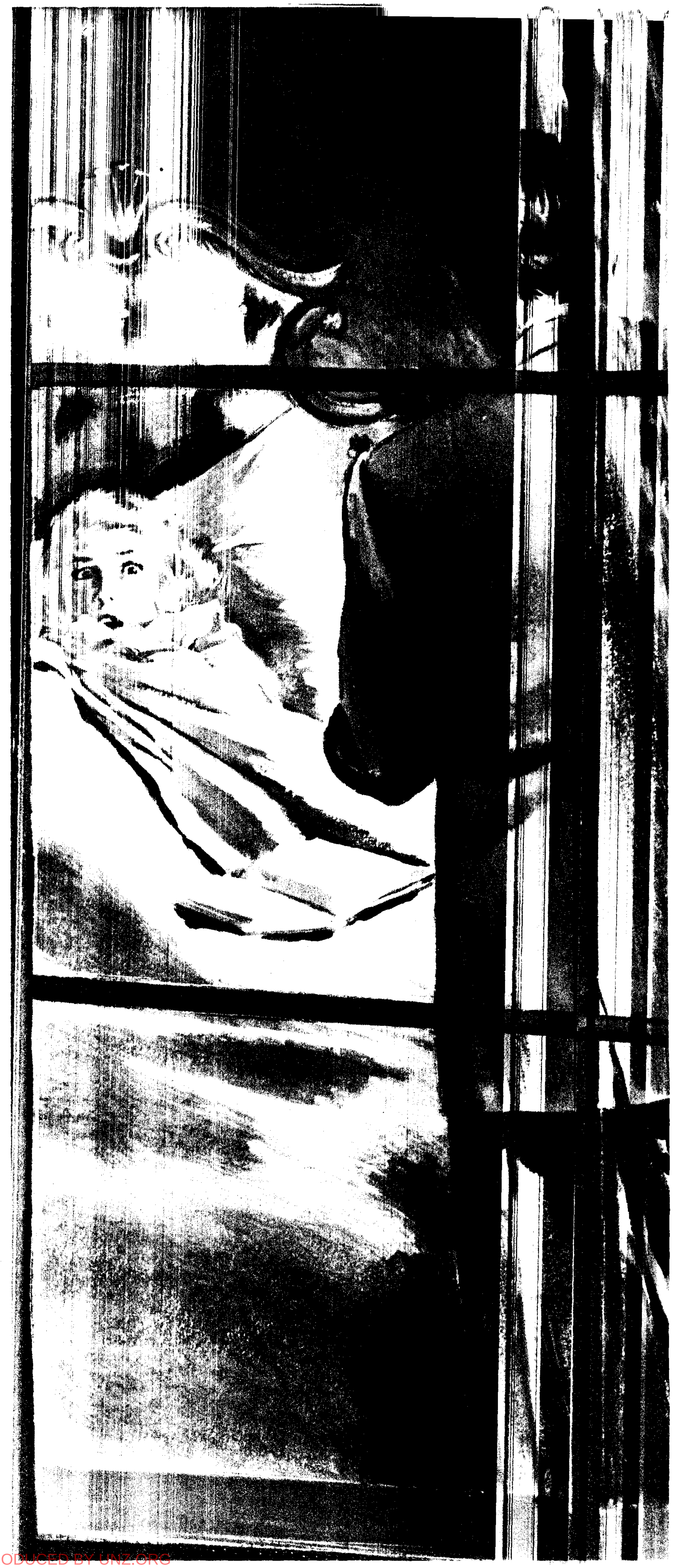


Then he turned on her. Before he fired, he laughed at her wide, astonished eyes. He fired twice, then he made sure

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

A Professor's Widow Speaks

By GRACE STEWART

The rich blanket of flowers on her husband's casket contrasted too much with a teacher's lean life on low pay. The author has a challenging question: What price tag does America put on education?

EVEN in the midst of shock and grief I felt anew the paradox and irony of a college professor's life—and death. My husband's funeral would have done credit to a big-time gangster, unless you had examined the poor quality of the casket and the bleak little plot of ground to which he was finally consigned.

You could not have seen the cheap cloth covering of the narrow box, if you had tried, for the flowers that covered it. There was a blanket of white orchids—these from the college trustees, many of them millionaires—and there were hundreds and hundreds of sprays of lush blossoms and exotic living plants that more than filled the church. The flowers must have cost far more than the best year's salary ever paid him in his life, and I had never worn an orchid.

I sat rigid and dry-eyed and should not have been too much surprised had he suddenly sat up and laughed at the eulogy and at the mountain of flowers. Then he would have smiled his funny crooked grin and lain down again and said, "They are always the same—well-meaning and kindly, but forever missing the main point."

The flowers had come from almost every state in the Union, most of them from former students in my husband's college classes. There were hundreds of telegrams and letters, more or less of a pattern, assuring me of sympathy for me, his widow, and of a sense of personal loss and of gratitude for the privilege of having sat in his classes. Many spoke of having loved him for his deep humanity, for his sense of humor, for his tart, astringent wit, for—but why go on?

Messages poured in from Army camps throughout the United States and from American boys still overseas. One lad wrote from Okinawa: "Damn your Virginia hide, get well!" The letter was too late. There were messages and calls from people in our city in every walk of life, rich and poor, black and white, ministers of every faith, day laborers, editors, children. Many of them I had never seen, but they were all his friends and would miss him. A trolley driver confessed that my husband had regularly made him stop his car in the middle of the block. He chuckled when he told me, but his eyes were misty.

This was the world's farewell to a man who had been overworked and underpaid for 30-odd years and finally killed by an accumulation of both.

Strange that the average person thinks of college professors as absent-minded, impractical, eccentric. They carry more thoughts in their heads daily than most of us accumulate in a lifetime, they are practical in making every dollar do the work of at least two, and they are eccentric only in living for something beyond themselves.

Out of 50-some years this man had spent more than 20 in various schools, acquiring a sound general education, a B.A. degree, three M.A.s in as many subjects, plus the Ph.D. that is a must for first-string college teachers. He was a Phi Beta Kappa who seldom wore his key, a member of numerous associations of university and college professors, a contributor to many "reviews" of varying degrees and kinds of learning, and, for 21 years, head of a department in a well-known and accredited college.

Turned down for military duty in World War I because of poor eyesight, he made guncotton at Du Pont's, then went to Washington for the government at a good salary. After the war he returned to school for another degree, then began teaching again, because teaching young people seemed of all things most important.

More "businesslike" than many of his colleagues, he forced himself and his family to live always on just a *little less than his salary*, saving against the day he would be forced to retire. Sometimes the going was more than a bit rough. Often his salary was less than that of a filling-station operator, never in the class with that of a halfway successful plumber. There was never time nor money for travel, for clubs, for pleasure; but always he was on call for any extra duty put upon him by the college or by the community. And there were many calls.

A good physicist, his family never owned a mechanical refrigerator. A brilliant writer and linguist, he used the same old battered-up typewriter from undergraduate college days until I put it away a few days before he died, when finally he admitted that he would never use it again.

ONCE he was offered a big salary by an industrial chemical firm but turned it down. He said he knew too little about the particular work they wanted him to do. Another time he could have been elected commissioner of something or other in our city. The "right people" wanted him because he had no political tie-up. This he declined too, explaining to me that he could never be a tool of any faction. As if I did not know it without his apology for passing up the money!

He was a magnificent teacher and loved teaching and the unending stream of young men and women that came into his classes. During the war years, however, he was often drafted for administrative work, and was the co-ordinator of the Pre-Preflight School in connection with our college. He always referred to that as the time when he had officiated at a "shotgun wedding" between the college and the armed forces.

Next to teaching, his chief interest was in getting something done about teachers' salaries, not only in his own college—which he loved and would not want me to identify—but at all colleges through the various associations.

Often, though, he was discouraged and would say to me, "We can't do much until the public really *values* education."

And then nearly always he would add, "But someday it will be better. America is essentially sound. The country has grown so fast, and such hordes of people are getting a smattering of education for the first time, the people can't be blamed too much for being dazzled with showy things like automobiles and fancy bathrooms and washing machines—all darned good and useful things at that! Just give her time, and someday America will grow up. Then she will understand and gladly pay for the essential things."

It was always the same, year after year. More work, more enthusiasm, more anxiety about the war and sorrow for boys who did not come back; more gray hairs, less physical buoyancy—then his life was over.

A stroke in the night, a period of paralysis, brief recovery and heartbreaking hope, swift coma, and the end.

SHORTLY after he was gone I went alone to the cemetery. The trees were pale green with spring, flowers beginning to bloom, birds singing; I felt a faint stirring in my heart of thankfulness, even of happiness, that this good man, this anonymous, great man, had been spared the pain and indignities of a schoolteacher's old age. I had seen so many of them, and I thanked God that my husband had gone while still hopeful that America would one day put the proper price tag on the value of education.

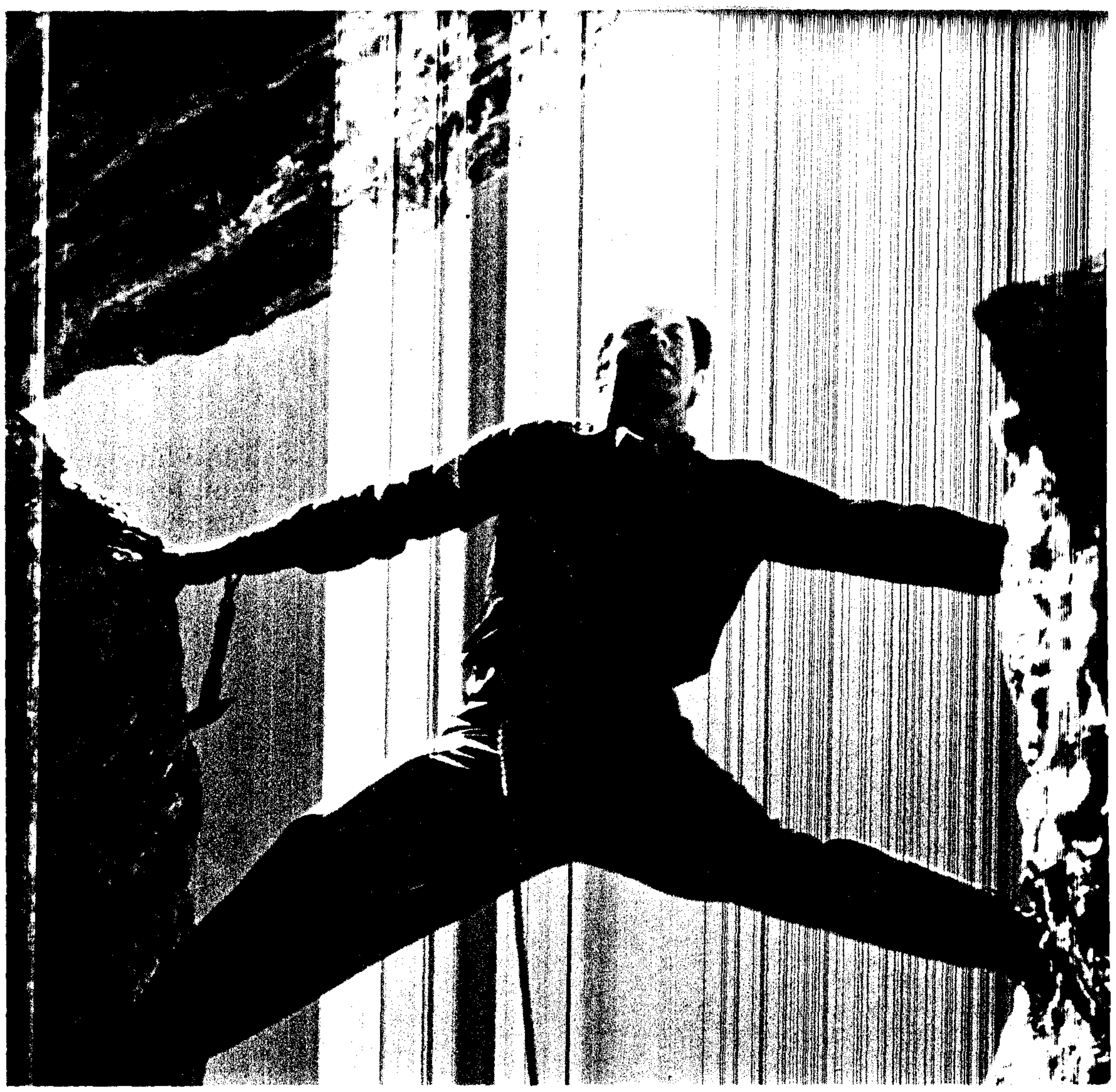
This was more than three years ago. What about the widow of a doctor of philosophy? Poor, of course. It was tough paying the bills for his illness and death, buying a simple stone. And it is hard to keep up even a frayed appearance on the small amount that we had skimped to put into insurance and bonds.

Our son is a captain in the United States Air Forces, and our young daughter managed to finish college and take a short business course. Neither of them would dare risk a life of teaching. It is too meager, too precarious.

But I do not know. There is nothing that I would take in exchange for the poverty-ridden, happy, exciting years that I spent as the wife of a college professor. I may come apart at the seams, but I have been shabby too many years to care very much about it now. And I cannot help believing that America will, ultimately, come of age and decide to pay a proper amount for the education of her children. THE END

DRAWING BY JACK WHEAT

Climbing in the Tetons with the author, this amateur mountaineer makes his perilous way along the Exum Route



Petzoldt executes a cross brace, a basic technique that enables him to maneuver up between two faces of rock. Though a tricky-looking business, the cross brace is routine for an expert

These early morning climbers stop for breakfast on an airy ridge overlooking one of the lakes in Jackson Hole. Lunch is still a long way up the Grand Teton

Why I Climb MOUNTAINS

By PAUL PETZOLDT

as told to DONALD HOUGH

What strange fire in the blood drives men to challenge the most inaccessible spots on earth? A champion mountain climber tells revealing stories about himself and the men that he has taken to the top of the Grand Teton

HAT *the hell am I doing here?* The question hit me like a falling rock. I was sitting astride a sharp ridge high up on the Grand Teton peak in Wyoming. Night was coming and a hysterical man clung to me with all his frenzied strength. He was frozen with fear, begging me to take him back down off the mountain, right now, no matter how, no matter what.

I was this man's guide, and responsible for him. To try to get down from that point—to retrace the steps of our climb—would be asking for a fatal fall. The only safe way was to go on up to the top, then descend by another route.

I tried to explain this, and in half an hour or so he had calmed down enough to release the iron grip he had on me.

I had to get tough then. I told him that no matter how he felt about it I was not going to get myself killed. So we inched along the ridge, made the top at last, and spent the night in sleeping bags that I had cached there for the purpose.

I remember thinking, that night, about my first climb. I probed back to find the starting point, the reason for pursuing the strange sort of job I had. My first mountain was this same Teton. It was in the summer of 1924, when I was sixteen, that I tackled it from scratch.

We had come out from our Iowa farm to a ranch in Idaho not long before. I had heard about the Tetons and wanted to see them. So one day another kid, Ralph Herron, and I hitchhiked over Teton Pass into Jackson Hole and there we saw the range, dominated by this great pinnacle. The Grand Teton rises 7,000 feet above the valley floor, or nearly 14,000 feet above sea level.

Ralph said, "What do you say we climb it?" I said it was okay with me.

It was a silly undertaking because we hadn't the slightest idea of how to go about it. We heard that the mountain had been climbed only once before, in 1898, but we two fools should care about that.

We stopped at timber line the first night and slept in the welcome blankets which a storekeeper had loaned us, but in the morning went on without them because the summit looked ridiculously close. I still don't know how, but we got within a thousand feet of the top before we had to stop for the night in a rock cleft, and huddled there while a blizzard swept around us.

In the morning we climbed down and got our blankets and tried again, and this time we made it. When we descended we had no shoes; the blankets were wrapped around our feet and, of course, that was the end of the blankets.

Billy Owen, who made the 1898 ascent, was in town on a visit at the time. After questioning us closely he authenticated our climb.

I decided to stay in the Hole, and Ralph went back. People hired me as a guide, and I made several more ascents that summer. I paid for those ruined blankets out of my first fee.

Since then I have ascended the Grand Teton more than 300 times, by nine different routes, and I've climbed mountains all over the world: in the Alps, the Himalayas and the Andes. This has been part of my job as a professional mountain climber. It may seem like a strange career, yet my reasons for climbing are pretty simple. It's a way of making a living and it's something I really enjoy.

I can't explain as simply why my clients climb. Although a lot of high-sounding explanations have been made to justify this strange activity to others, it still remains almost as much of a mystery as the reasons why people go in for weight lifting, flagpole sitting, or follow the urge to build a sailing vessel in an old rum bottle.

If you want a view, the nonclimbers say, there are plenty of aircraft that go much higher. So the view, as a determining influence, is out. Yet more people are climbing mountains, especially in America, than ever before. Why? In many cases, of course, it's for sheer sport, but if there is any other single, simple, compelling reason, I don't know what it is.

A good psychiatrist could explain this better than I can. The problem is in his territory, since I'm sure that a lot of climbing is done in search for emotional adjustment: to help cure an inferiority complex, to overcome fear, to overcome something—or for sheer escape.

People look at a mountain and say, "Doesn't it make you feel small?"

Yes. But if you climb it, it makes you feel big.

A large proportion of my clients are men of intellectual achievement: scholars, professors, scientists. They are answering an urge common to men whose occupations don't require physical effort. Climbing is something they can get their teeth into.

Although you get the usual quota of youngsters who want to flex their already adequate muscles, men of proved physical prowess are usually not interested. I'm sure that Joe Louis never climbed a mountain. Since he's climbed Schmeling and many others, he doesn't have to. Dempsey, having handled Firpo, needed no other hills to conquer, and Gene Tunney, reversing his field, reached the peak of Shakespeare, which was his particular mountain.

A Man Haunted by Secret Fears

The chap who froze to me on that high Teton ridge had his own particular problem. I had made some lesser climbs with him and he seemed to be ready for the tough climb that he wanted so badly to make. It wasn't until after I had got him down from that mountain that my wife made a comment about his earlier behavior which should have warned me. She had noticed that in walking around the base camp after dark he always carefully avoided a path that led through a thick black stand of lodgepole pine.

Since then my wife has learned to tell me about any such peculiarities she notices at the time, and not wait until later. The man was trying to climb a mountain the hard way because he was afraid of something else. I didn't see him again, but he told my wife, "I'd like to stay and thank Paul, but I just can't face him." I'm sure I don't know why he couldn't face me. He had nothing to be ashamed of.

Not long ago I read about a climber who gave this as his reason for wanting to negotiate an especially difficult mountain: "Because it's there." This reminds me of the type who wants to handle a mountain because he thinks it is *not* there. He simply refuses to recognize its existence. It may impress other people, but not him. He sees any mountain as level ground and thinks he has antelope blood in his veins. He wants to play.

I got stuck once with one of these mountain-rompers not long after I took over the climbing concession in Grand Teton National Park. He had a fair record of climbs and seemed all right, but we hadn't gone far when I discovered he was out of focus: He wanted to run, jump, leap in the air, stand on his hands, and belly-flop down glaciers. I was afraid. A fool like that can kick you off a hill and live to tell about it.

The pay-off came on the descent when he wanted to slide down a hard-packed snow field that ended at a ridge of sharp rocks. If he had lost his footing and started to roll, the rocks would have been a nasty thing to wham into. When I objected, he got kind of mean, so I agreed to let him try it if I could keep a rope on him. He started out fine, then stubbed a toe, fell and began to roll. The rope, which I had belayed around a rock and my body, brought him up with an awful jerk.

Just a Glutton for Punishment

The procedure then was for me to keep a tight line while he came up the rope. When he was about halfway up, I decided to give him another spill. I suddenly fed him some slack; he fell and started rolling again. At the end of the line he got up and, this time, I let him climb some 30 feet before I spilled him. I did this four times. When I finally let him come up, I got to my feet to defend myself.

He was laughing; he wanted to do it again!

There are certainly some obvious reasons why people climb mountains.

An unclimbed peak is a great challenge. Since the exploration of both poles has been accomplished, the tops of certain mountains, such as Everest and the formidable K2 in the Himalayas, remain probably the only places on earth that no man has ever been able to reach.

Merely to get to the base of K2 you have to cover a 350-mile approach, the last 40 over ice. On the actual ascent you have to build platforms of rock and packed snow to accommodate your four-by-seven tent when you stop for the night.

As a member of the first all-American expedition ever to attempt this peak, I was thrilled to be standing, for the first time in my life, over 26,000 feet above sea level. Even so we failed to reach the peak. We had to give up 1,800 feet short of our goal in what to us was a tragic disappointment. The mountain is there, swathed in wind, storm and mist, and open to all for first conquest.

Before I tie up what I have to say, I will make an admission that I hadn't planned to make in the beginning. In the summer of 1925, after several Teton climbs, I decided I wanted to be a rodeo rider. I was a pretty good cowboy, even at seventeen. I thought I could handle anything. I was doing okay with the broncs until one day I mounted a dreary-looking horse that the boys said was just a plug. That horse threw me so fast I didn't know what had happened.

It was a year later that I found out this was one of the toughest bucking horses in Jackson Hole, and never had been ridden by anybody. The fellows had run in a ringer on me, for sure.

By the time I got wise to their trick, I had—for better or for worse—gone back to the safety of the mountains. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE FARAWAY GIRL

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

Linda believed that men went cheerfully through hell and high water for the women they loved—but Eddie didn't seem to want to go through anything

ALL her life Linda had been surrounded by older and wiser people and she was about fed up with them. A small girl, Linda lived with her widowed father and three older brothers. They were all large rugged characters who owned a construction business and spent their spare time telling Linda how to behave. Sometimes when Linda was especially low she would examine herself critically in the mirror. She had blond hair and a big wide-eyed stare, and she surmised that while she might be cute, maybe she looked a little stupid. Otherwise why would her father and her brothers always preface their remarks to her by saying, "My dear, we're older and wiser and in our opinion—"

They scared the boys to death. A boy would come around and Linda's father and her brothers would look him up and down in a disapproving sort of way and the boy would vanish after that one date, and probably consider himself lucky to have escaped with his life.

Steve Buren was no better than her brothers. They had not scared Steve because he was even bigger. A football star, he was one of the heroes of Staten Island, where Linda lived. When he graduated from college he went into business with Linda's family. He moved in on the high-school boys like a ten-ton truck, helped Linda with her algebra, and told her what she should and shouldn't do.

But the real blow came when she graduated and informed her father and brothers that she was going to work in New York. Staten Island, of course, was technically a part of the city, but Linda meant Manhattan. Staten Island lay five miles across the bay from the skyscrapers of the city proper. The life there was that of a small town anywhere, and Linda had dreamed of joining the commuters who took the train and the ferry to the city each day, who scurried through the canyons where the sun seldom penetrated. Steve and her family were playing poker the night she told them.

"Deal me out," said Steve, and took his chair away from the table.

He pointed his pipe at Linda. He was tall and dark-haired with a jutting jaw and very handsome if you preferred the large economy sizes.

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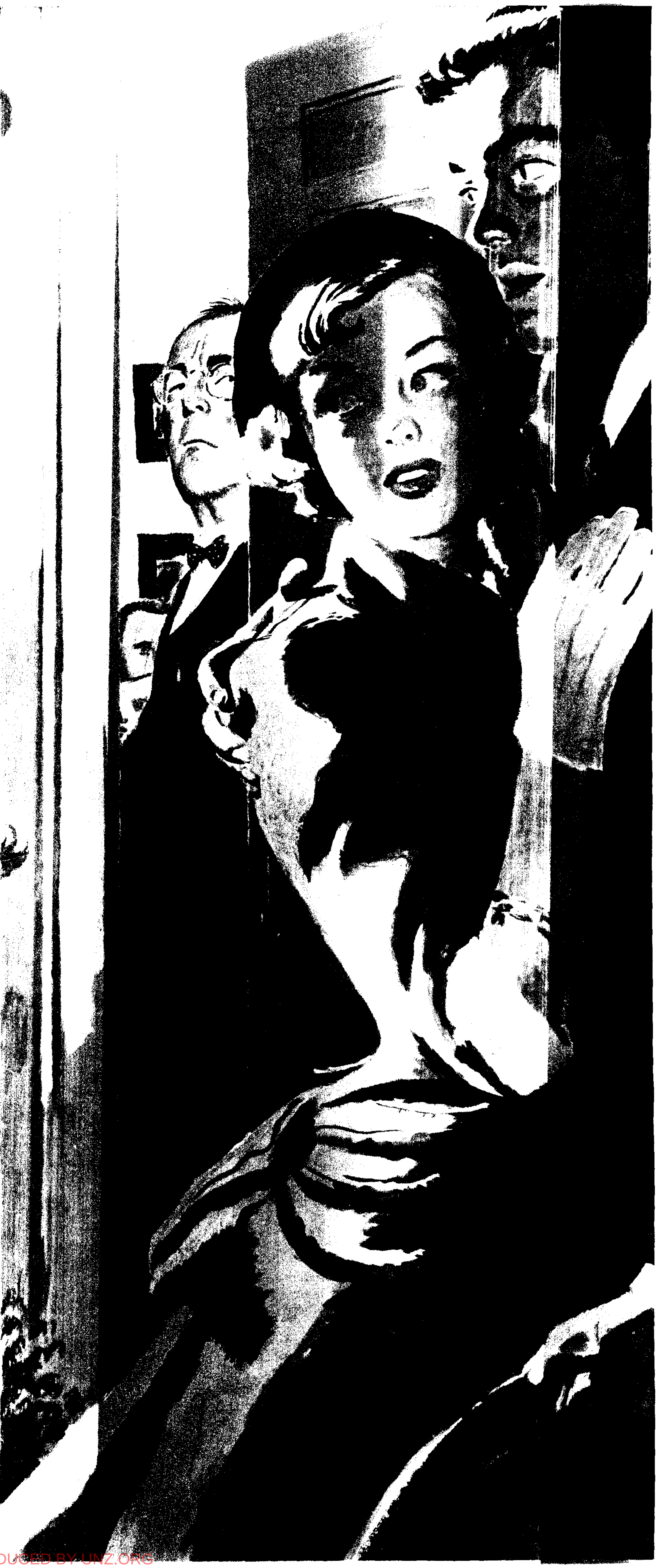

She leaned forward, braced to give him a kiss. Then the door opened, flooding them with light

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

I Was King of the Safecrackers

By HERBERT EMERSON WILSON *as told to DEAN JENNINGS*

BOB AND IRA SPRING

Solitary years of exclusion from society is the bitter harvest that Wilson's crimes have reaped

Synopsis: Disillusioned with his work in the pulpit, HERBERT WILSON resigned and turned to a search for excitement. He carefully prepared himself for safecracking, organized a gang of expert petemen and began robbing banks and business houses from coast to coast with a finesse that left the police far behind. Always looking for something bigger, more exciting, he does his most daring in this final installment—and learns an old, old lesson.

CONCLUSION

THERE'S no prettier sight in the world than a stack of crisp hundred-dollar bills just begging to be snatched. My girl friend Helen Gillespie and I were in the Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles one morning—on legitimate business—when I saw a messenger pick up a package of currency and walk out to the street. There was an armed guard right behind him, and an armored car was waiting at the curb.

I nudged Helen. "Tail those guys, honey."

Later Helen told me the messenger took the money to the registry department in a sub post office near the Santa Fe station. "It was being shipped to some bank," she said. "What a sweet little valentine!"

That night we went down to the post office and hung around until a big mail truck pulled away from the loading platform. There wasn't any escort car, and I could see the truck wasn't an armored job. We followed it to the station and saw two young drivers unload the pouches. There was a blue stripe and padlock on every bag—and I knew they were all full of beautiful dreams. I wrote down the number of the truck: 3324. I'll never forget it.

I couldn't get to sleep that night. I kept seeing that stack of long green, and the blue-striped bags. My mind was going backward, thinking about the four years I had spent prowling banks and offices and stores. I had catfooted around for countless nights with a pint of nitroglycerin under my coat and a gat in my hand. I had spent thousands of dollars and months of time patiently casing the marks. Sometimes I made it, sometimes I didn't, and often the score was split 20 ways. I asked myself: Why not get the dough from the mails before it went into safes and vaults?

Two or three good hauls would fix me. I could quit. My nerves were already unraveling, and the shadows at night were like fly cops tailing me home. I talked it over with Helen, and she was hot about the idea. It would be like swiping a blind man's cup. I called a meeting of the mob and told them we were going to rob the mails.

Day after day we took turns tailing messengers from three different banks. We rented a suite of rooms in a hotel opposite the substation so we could watch the trucks, and we had spotters inside the post office. It didn't take long to discover that truck 3324 usually carried the big dough, timing its run to reach the Santa Fe station just before the departure of Train 10 at 8:30 P.M.

We knew every foot of the route, and planned to hijack the truck at the intersection of Alameda and First. There was a railroad crossing there, with safety gates controlled from a tower by an elderly watchman named Harry Davis. Those gates were the key to the whole operation; if anything went wrong with the timing there, we'd be washed up. But Charley Stahl was ready to kill Davis if the old fellow messed up the deal.

Stahl was a Chicago hoodlum brought into the mob by Joe Bertsch, one of our safeblowers. He had done time in the best pens and was about as friendly as a cobra. He had nearly butched the Palmer jewel robbery for us in New York by roughing up the servants and now, as we marked time until the big mail shipment, he was getting downright mean.

We were all charged up anyway, and to blow off steam I suggested putting the chill on Nick the Greek's poker party. It was a bad idea and I've regretted it ever since.

We broke into the Greek's suite, stuck up six players and frisked them for all the cash they

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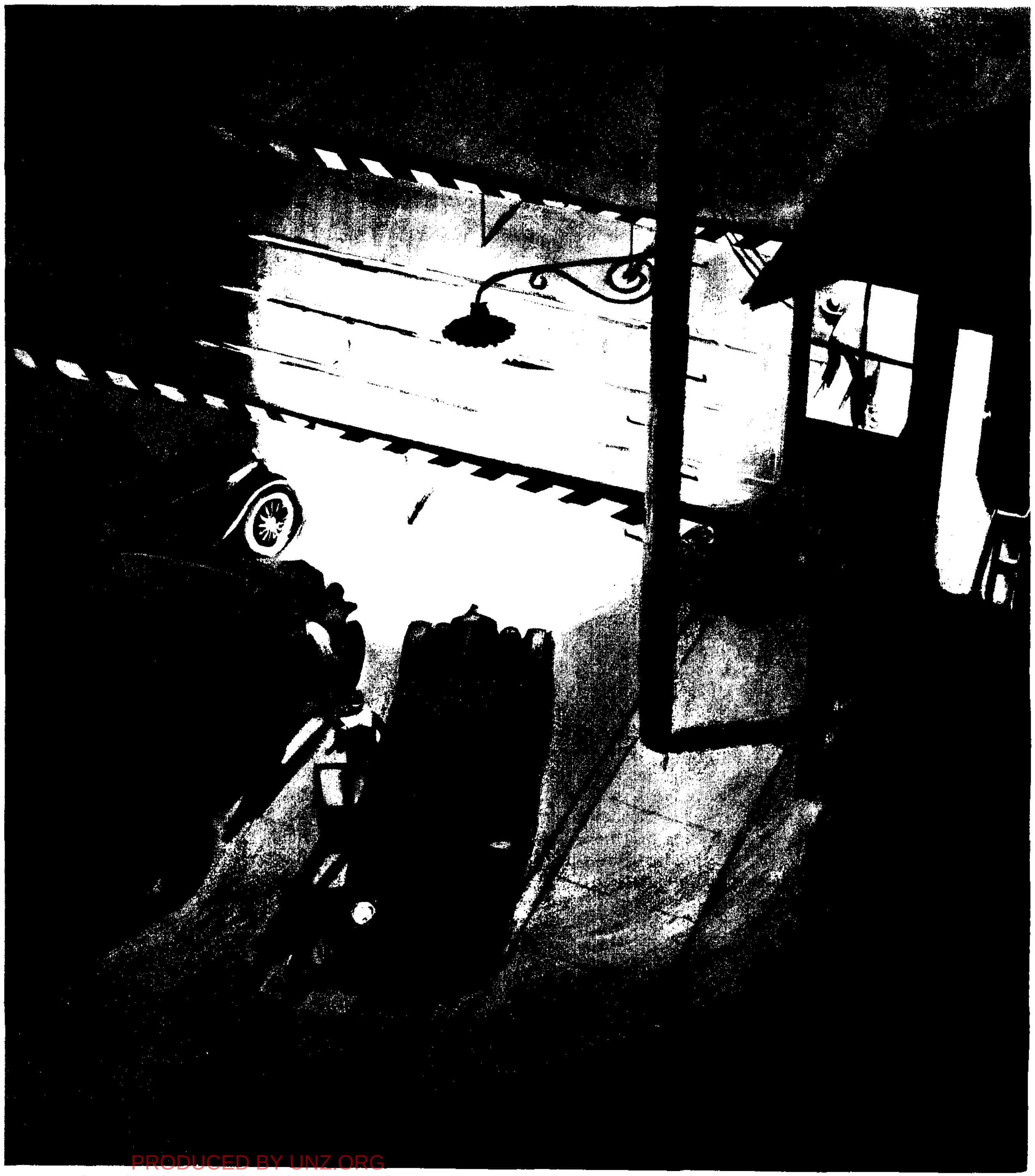
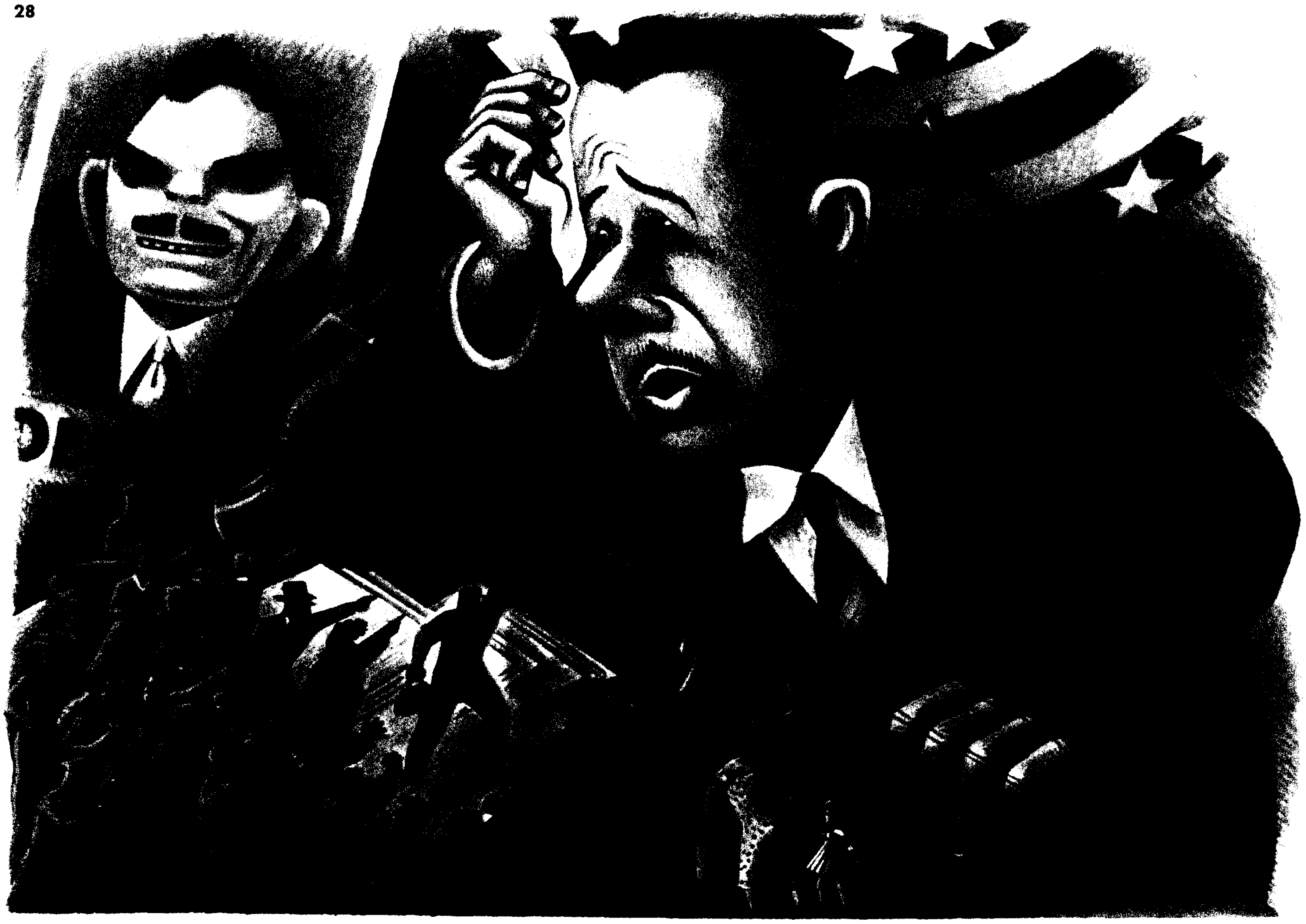


One of the gang forced a watchman to lower the crossing gates, and the others, in cars, put the squeeze on the blockaded government mail truck

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN



Few politicians have been so thoroughly scolded by the grass roots as Hugh D. Scott, Republican National Committee chairman, whose friendly letters backfired

The Little Republicans Talk Back

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The worst fan mail in the world is pouring into the Washington headquarters of the Republican party. National Chairman Hugh D. Scott asked the rank and file what they had on their minds. What they had on their minds is just barely fit to print

AN IRATE plumber in Beatrice, Nebraska, recently received a purring letter from the Honorable Hugh D. Scott, skin-of-his-teeth chairman of the Republican National Committee. Not that it would have made any difference, but the plumber did not know that he was merely one of 180,000 Republican precinct and other humble workers who had received identical letters. It would have made no difference because this plumber was in a thoroughly answering mood and had already written a couple of whiz-bangs to the Honorable Tom Dewey—without invitation.

Anyway, he forthwith wrote to Mr. Scott, a serious and scholarly politician on whose carefully restricted abdomen rests a Phi Beta Kappa key, and who was not selected for his post because his presence and words raise the temperature of voters.

"You ask me," said this plumber in Beatrice, Nebraska, "to tell you what happened to us Republicans last November. This confirms my belief that you brass hats don't know what the hell's going on. So I will tell you. We got licked. We got licked because we made it plain we wanted to be licked whether we knew it or not. You ask me where did we fail. We failed at the polls. You ask me what we ought to do to win in 1950 and 1952. Well, I will tell you. Why don't you me-too guys who are running the party try dropping dead? You ask me to send some money for a new campaign fund. Let me ask you something for a change. Send me back the ten bucks I sent you last fall. . . ."

The rest of this gentleman's letter is immaterial. Mr. Scott, a Philadelphia lawyer, member of Congress, author of the pleasant primer How To Go Into Politics, and a member of the Union League and Philadelphia Cricket Club, carefully filed the letter away amongst the thousands of replies he was receiving. He spent the rest of the day honestly, respectably and intelligently legislating without heat in the House of Representatives.

It must be said for Mr. Scott that he was, of course, quite well aware of what had happened last November. He is the nominal executive-head of the party, accepted by Mr. Dewey supposedly to secure the support of the Pennsylvania Republicans. Except in physical appearance, Mr. Scott is not unlike Mr. Dewey—methodical, self-assured and tidy-minded, with tightly disciplined emotions and a high-minded disdain for such common, vote-flushing expedients as beating the bushes, hollering down wells, grinning at the click of a camera, banjo twanging, wearing funny hats and kissing sticky babies.

Directed by Mr. Dewey and his manager, Mr. Herbert Brownell, the committee had conducted a submarine campaign which never found the target

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

ILLUSTRATED BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

Ermine Is For Bathrobes

By ALLEN CHURCHILL

Only Valentina, the fabulous New York dress designer, could afford to say that. She's witty, daring and the darling of society, who can turn a sow's ear into the most beautiful silk purse in the world, at the drop of a $500 bill

THE millions of women who dream of dressing smartly won't like to hear this. But, along New York's Fifth Avenue, there are those who say that your only chance of obtaining the absolute top in stunning, eye-catching, man-capturing attire is to belong among the fortunate and rich few whose dresses are designed by a fabulous woman named Valentina Schlee.

Valentina—she is known professionally by her first name—specializes in dreaming up dazzling gowns that she can adapt to her 500 rich, social and/or celebrated customers in a manner designed to highlight the good points and hide the bad. By common consent, Valentina-designed clothes are the most striking to be seen anywhere, and the most expensive.

To be gowned exclusively by Russian-born Valentina guarantees style-success at any gathering, but it can be frustrating, even for those who pay $100,000 a year for the privilege. "You sometimes order a green dress," says one of Valentina's most faithful patrons, "and it arrives red—because Valentina likes you in red."

Valentina's highhandedness in such matters stems from a sublime conviction that, where clothes are concerned, she is right. "The trouble with weemen," she says, in an accent which 25 years in this country has failed to tarnish, "is that they theenk they know what they want. Yet what they theenk is usually wrong."

A few bold women have tried to buck Valentina on this conviction, only to find that the designer is, indeed, right. Only a short time ago a Hollywood actress visited the home of Valentina Gowns, a four-story house on East Sixty-seventh Street in New York, and ordered a wardrobe, demanding that it be made in accordance with her own designs. Acceding to one of her many moods, Valentina agreed. All went well until the new clothes were delivered. Then the actress rushed back to Sixty-seventh Street.

"Why is it that the dresses you made for me are not as beautiful as the ones you make for Paulette, Norma and Lilli?" she angrily demanded.

"Because," Valentina said in her sweetest tones, "they don't design their clothes—*I* do."

To appreciate Valentina gowns fully, it is necessary to appreciate the lady herself. Valentina, at forty-five, is exotic, sleek and animated. She has a thin, inscrutable face, high Slavic cheekbones, up-tilted eyes, one-inch fingernails, and hair she calls green-gold. She models her own creations in Vogue and Harper's Bazaar, looking fresh and slim and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 84)

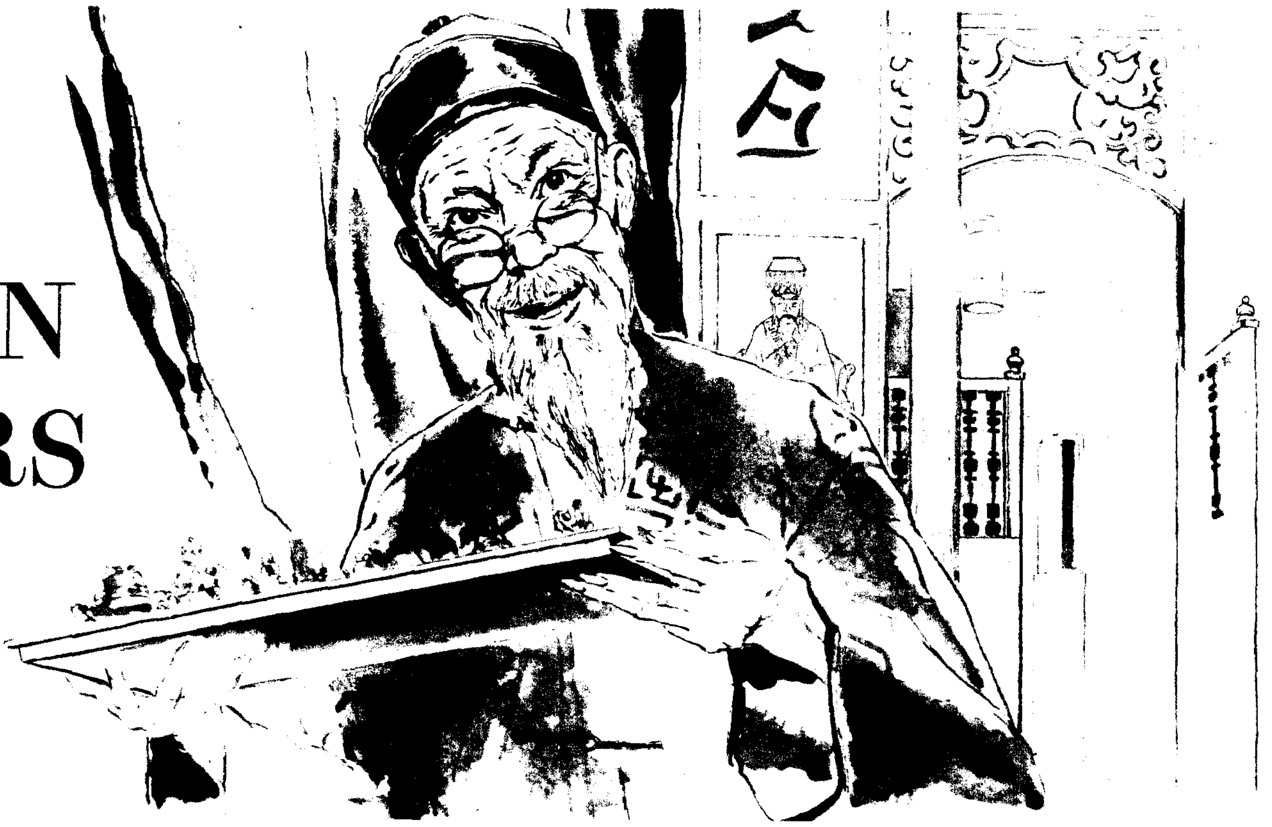
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

The exotic and glamorous Valentina wearing one of her own creations

Valentina puts the finishing touches on one of her newest designs

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

BARGAIN HUNTERS



By W. L. HEATH

WE GOT into a ricksha in front of the Park Hotel. Captain Hedge gave directions to the coolie, and then settled back beside me and lighted a cigar. "Now, you leave this to me," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "I know jade, and I know Chinamen. They've got some of the finest jade in the world here in Shanghai, but they'll skin you alive if you don't know how to deal with them. Just let me know if you see a piece you like, and leave the rest to me."

We jogged along Nanking Road in the brilliant midafternoon sun. Then we turned into a narrow side street, crowded with pedestrians and with other rickshas.

It was my first trip to Shanghai. The war had been over a month now, and my squadron had been given the task of flying Chinese troops up from Luchow to occupy the big port city. After a year in Burma, I thought Shanghai was paradise. Outwardly, the city seemed unravaged by the long years of Japanese domination.

There were night clubs, shiny limousines, pretty girls in Western clothes; there were beefsteaks and even ice cream. I was feeling exceptionally good, and pleased by my luck in making the acquaintance of Captain Hedge. He was a liaison officer stationed temporarily in Shanghai—a big red-faced fellow with a loud, friendly manner; a little overbearing perhaps, but just the man I needed. I wanted to buy a piece of jade, and I certainly didn't want to get skinned.

We made two more turns, then Hedge leaned forward and tapped the coolie on the shoulder, and we stopped. When we got out, the boy stood by the ricksha, smiling courteously and holding his hat against his chest. He was a very small, thin fellow—about fifteen years old, I guessed—and he was breathing heavily from the long pull. When I started to pay him, Captain Hedge stopped my hand.

"That's too much," Hedge said. He gave the coolie half the money and handed the rest back to me. As we walked away Hedge took the cigar out of his mouth and inclined his head toward mine. "You want to watch that," he said in a low voice. "If people overpay them, they'll soon be asking higher fares."

Shanghai is a strange city. At its center there are tall, modern buildings, with neon lights; but as you go away from the center you move back, street by street, decade by decade, back into old China.

The section we were in now belonged to a time many decades in the past. The shops were crowded together under a maze of multicolored signs, and the people who jammed the narrow street were all dressed in Oriental attire. Hedge paused before a shop, cupped his hands to his eyes and peered in through one of the small glass panes.

"Here," Hedge said. "Let's try here." But before we went in, he warned me again: "Remember—if you see something you like, don't let him know that you want it or he'll double the price on you. And no matter what he asks for it, tell him it's too much. He'll come down."

It was cool and dark inside, and smelled of teakwood. A tiny bell tinkled above the door as we closed it. After a moment the curtains at the rear of the shop parted, and the proprietor appeared. He was a bent, withered little man, eighty-five at least, with a gray beard that hung down from his chin like a goat's. He wore a shabby green gown and a cap, and in one bony hand he clutched a book. Bowing obsequiously, he shuffled forward and spoke to us in English. "Good evening, gentlemen. How do you do?"

Captain Hedge bowed with aloof politeness, and told the old man that we had come to look at some jade.

The proprietor scurried about and drew up chairs and a small, low table. Eventually he produced a tray of the most exquisite jade I have ever set my eyes on. Then, with a murmured apology, he disappeared again behind the curtains. I looked at Hedge inquiringly.

"Probably going to serve us tea," Hedge whispered. "It's part of the treatment. Now remember, don't appear too anxious or he'll skin you. Just string him along, and no matter what price he asks, tell him it's too much. We may get something cheap."

"I like that one," I said, pointing to a small, beautifully polished piece.

"Shhhh!" Hedge held his finger to his lips.

The old man brought out the tea and poured it. He pushed the jade aside. And for the next two hours he talked. I have never spent a more monotonous afternoon in my life. I pretended to be interested, of course, because the old fellow seemed to be having a good time, and that meant he'd be easier to deal with when the time came to talk about prices.

Captain Hedge did himself proud, listening to every word that fell from the old man's toothless mouth as if it were the wisdom of the ages. It was grueling—but the price of that jade was going down. We listened with reverence as he told us about the Great Wall. We chuckled appreciatively at Chinese anecdotes we did not understand. We bowed our heads with modesty when he praised "the great United States." Two hours passed, and at last the time to bargain arrived. Hedge and I rose stiffly from our chairs. He sent me a final glance of caution, and turned to the old man. "The jade—" said Hedge.

"Yes, yes, the jade!" the old fellow cried suddenly, as if he had forgotten what we'd come for. "Do you see a piece that pleases you?"

I pointed to the stone I wanted, and pretended to gaze at it skeptically. "This seems to be a *fair* one," I said. I wanted him to make the first move.

He looked up at me apologetically with his watery eyes. "I'm sorry I have not a piece that pleases you more." Then he smiled. "You are a very nice young man." He turned to include Hedge in the compliment. "Both of you are—gentlemen."

A knowing smile pulled at the corner of Hedge's mouth. The old man said, "I have had the pleasure of meeting only a few Americans, but I have liked them all. They are always kind and generous." He seemed to emphasize the word "generous." Over his shoulder I saw Captain Hedge wink and form the words silently with his lips: *Tell him it's too much.*

The old man picked up the stone with his thin, trembling fingers and placed it in my hand. "I want to make you a gift of this little piece of jade," he said, "for listening so patiently to the foolish talk of a lonely old man."

RIDING back to the hotel in the ricksha, neither Hedge nor I spoke. We didn't even look at each other. I wasn't sure how Hedge felt, but I felt a little sick, myself—sick with shame and humiliation.

When we stopped and got out, I paid the coolie—counting the bills into his dirty, callused hand. Hedge's eyes followed every bill as it left my hand. The coolie already had the amount of the standard fare, but I held one more bill lightly between my thumb and forefinger. The coolie watched it. So did Hedge. "You start overpay—" Hedge began.

I turned my head and looked at him, from the visor of his officer's hat to the burnished brown of his shoes. "For the good service," I said to the coolie, and gave him the last bill. Hedge never did finish what he had started to say.

THE END

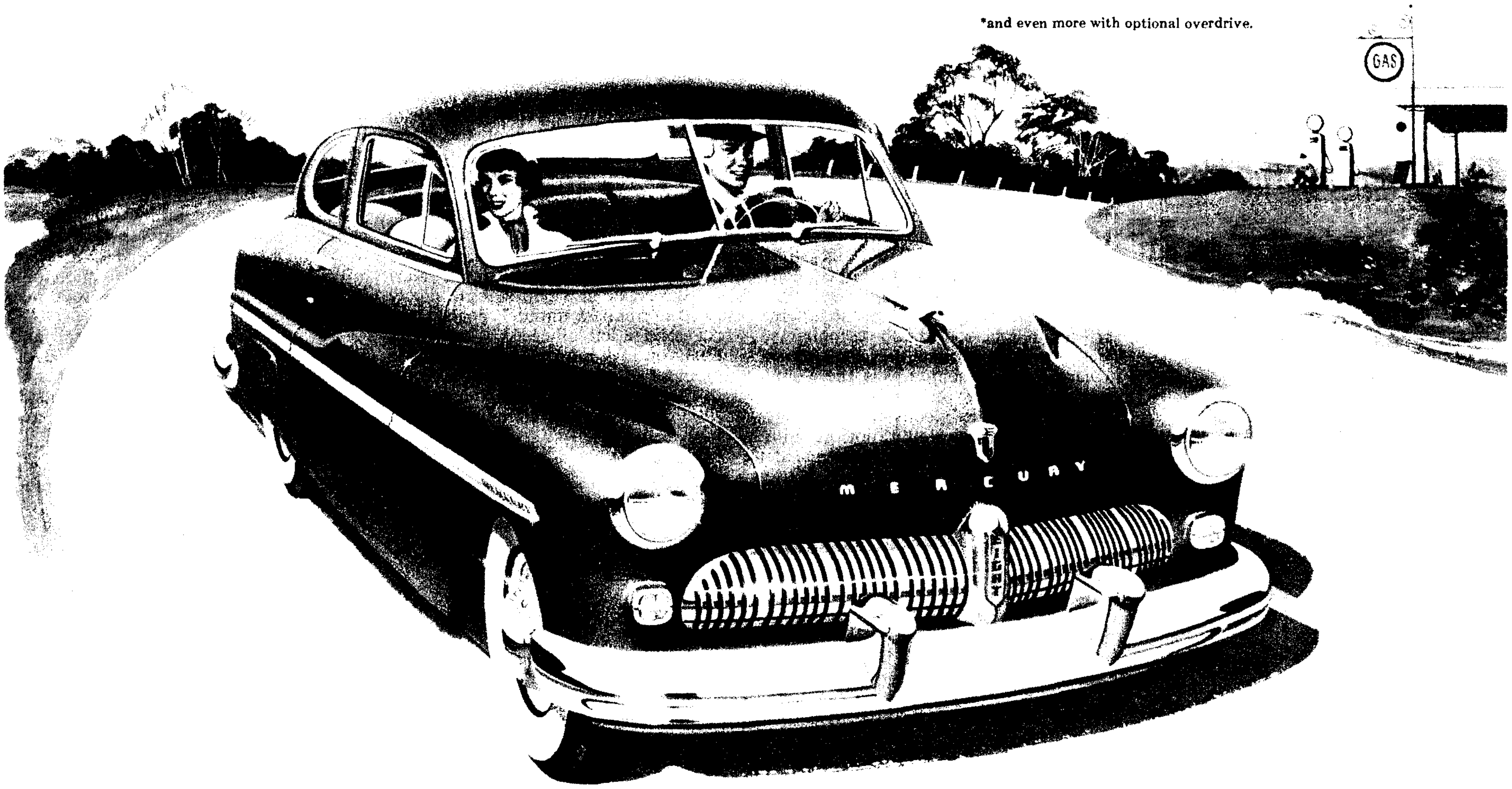
ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

Mileage

THAT'S WHAT OWNERS SAY ABOUT THIS ROAD-PROVEN NEW 1949 MERCURY!

Sure it's smooth! Powerful, too! But listen! Owners report this big, new 1949 MERCURY actually delivers 17, 18, 19 miles per gallon—and up! They claim it has the thriftiest power plant they've ever driven! And it has!*

*and even more with optional overdrive.



MERCURY

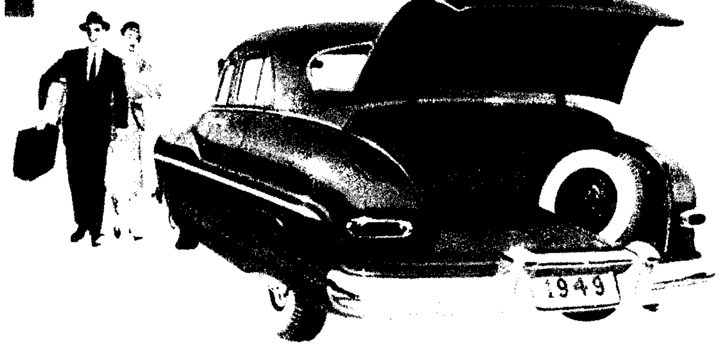
UNUSUAL mileage is only one of the many good things you enjoy in your new 1949 Mercury!

And all of them have been *road-proven* by thousands of satisfied owners for millions of driving miles!

You get a powerful new 8-cylinder, V-type engine with plenty of *"get-up-and-go!"* Front coil *springing!* A truly restful "comfort-zone" *ride!* Easier *steering!* "Super-safety" *brakes!* Softer, broader *seating!* Increased all-round *visibility* for even greater safety, too!

Drive it, *just drive it* — and you'll say: *"It's Mercury for me!"*

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR CO.



White side-wall tires and rear wheel shields optional at extra cost.

Guard hair and scalp from Summer Sun!

Summer's tough on your hair. Sun and water gang up to leave hair dry, brittle . . . scalp parched, flaky. That's why you need the protection of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" 50 seconds' tingling massage with Vitalis (1) stimulates, refreshes scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair.

Have handsomer hair for Summer Fun!

Now look what 10 seconds' combing does for your hair! Neat . . . set to *stay* in its handsome place . . . its good looks protected from sun and water damage. No "patent-leather" shine — Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil. *Condition* your hair and scalp for summer. Get Vitalis at any drug counter. Individual application at your barber shop.

● **Many skin specialists** prescribe two of Vitalis' ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout *stimulates* scalp, *prevents* dryness.

VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

use the Vitalis

Product of Bristol-Myers

"60-Second Workout"

THE LITTLE REPUBLICANS TALK BACK

Continued from page 28

and which never surfaced. Not until the election was long over did Mr. Brownell come into as intimate a contact with the Republican small fry as he has now through Mr. Scott's 180,000 gentle-comrade letters. But this schnorkel came too late.

Between November second and the mailing of those letters Mr. Scott had been told by all manner of authorities, from Senator Taft to Miss Ginger Rogers, why Mr. Dewey was returned to Albany by the American electorate. Friends who wouldn't think of hurting Mr. Scott's feelings—very important people who didn't want their personal ambitions jeopardized, statesmen who spoke only in diplomatic chowchow and political science professors with well-cloistered minds—analyzed the Republican disaster in heavily insulated phrases until Mr. Scott finally began to suspect that maybe somebody was holding back the facts.

Whereupon Mr. Scott decided to ask precinct workers and other obscure Republicans what they had on their primitive minds. This idea departed radically from the tut-tutting, the lip curling and the down-the-nose-looking that had characterized the campaign. But Mr. Scott was boldly resolved to plunge, by mail, into the minds of the masses. Thus the 180,000 letters were posted. The replies are still flowing into Republican national headquarters on Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.—outside of which a Democratic Administration is blasting, drilling and otherwise building a traffic underpass with such vigor that only the mercifully deaf can concentrate.

Among the early replies to the letters, Mr. Scott received 8,000 complaints. They were not all direct criticisms of his stewardship but neither was there any discernible effort on the part of the writers to hide their convictions. They implied that they would not go into mourning if Mr. Scott were to step aside in favor of someone who could rouse the voters to frenzied screamings, without necessarily knowing exactly why.

Not only did they make that pretty clear, but the vast majority of them earnestly solicited that he take into retirement with him all the rest of the old guard, of which, they were frank to state, they were very, very tired. They mentioned names—Joe Martin, Charlie Halleck, Bob Taft, John Bricker and similar veteran mahouts who had been astride the elephant's back so long that the poor creature was discouraged.

G.O.P. "Greats" Recalled

But some complained of amateurism at the party's controls and yearned for the days when such cunning ones as Will Hays ran things—Will Hays, Walter Brown, Harry New, Bascom Slemp, and, from several tired ancients, Mark Hanna. Such leaders, directors and chairmen, they protested, got results a body could talk about without apologizing. In addition, they wanted local candidates for state offices who could be listened to without pain. A Missourian wrote: "I do not know where the party got some of our state candidates unless it was through an ad in the Hobo News." And from Illinois: "At the Monster Rally we had in our town, 41 people attended and the only reason they stayed awake was the barking of a lot of dogs outside."

As the replies rolled in, analysts directed by Mr. Alton Anderson, a member of Mr. Scott's staff, compiled lists of the complaints. In the order of their frequency they are: no fight, me too, bad organization, overconfidence, Dewey, personal and party smugness, inept handling of the farmers, the old guard, the reactionary and comatose (Republican) 80th Congress, and Wall Street. This last beef caused several drooping eyes in Republican headquarters to open wider than at any time in more than a year.

"Get out of Wall Street and into Main Street," wrote a Denver doorbell yanker.

"Wall Street. It has been a political graveyard since 1929," complained a New York garment manufacturer; "even Roosevelt knew that." Of course the Taft-Hartley law received considerable blame for what happened in November but that was included in the general condemnation of the 80th Congress. None of the Republicans replying to Mr. Scott came out for repeal of the Taft-Hartley law, but quite a number of them were keen about doing something drastic to labor unions—such as abolishing them.

The relatively few times that Mr. Scott's respondents mentioned such broad subjects as internationalism, it was to bid him to avoid them as Republican policies. Not that they objected to internationalism as a philosophy but for the most part they seemed to regard it as just another way of getting into trouble, a commodity they already had in ample quantity. "Internationalism is all right," sighed one of the letter answerers, "if you can afford it." Again, the relative few whose letters contained anything about conditions and trends outside the United States spoke longingly of Calvin Coolidge. He would stop most, if not all, of "this loose dollar nonsense," wrote a lady from New Hampshire. She also said that politically she had not had "a minute's peace since Mr. Coolidge left office."

That you may more deeply appreciate the temper of the letters from which we shall further quote, you'd better have a portion of Mr. Scott's letter in mind:

"To you as a militant Republican . . . where was our party effective, and where did our party fail in your community? What must we do to strengthen our position, and what must we do to correct our errors? How can we best go about it now? Remember, your suggestions and guidance may well be the key to our success in 1950. We [are] also . . . frankly asking for supplementary funds. We put all we had into this election. We are today $508,000 short of our fund-raising goal and we have spent $330,000 more than we have taken in. If you can help us out with $5 or $10 or $100 or $500—won't you do it today? . . . Every dollar will help."

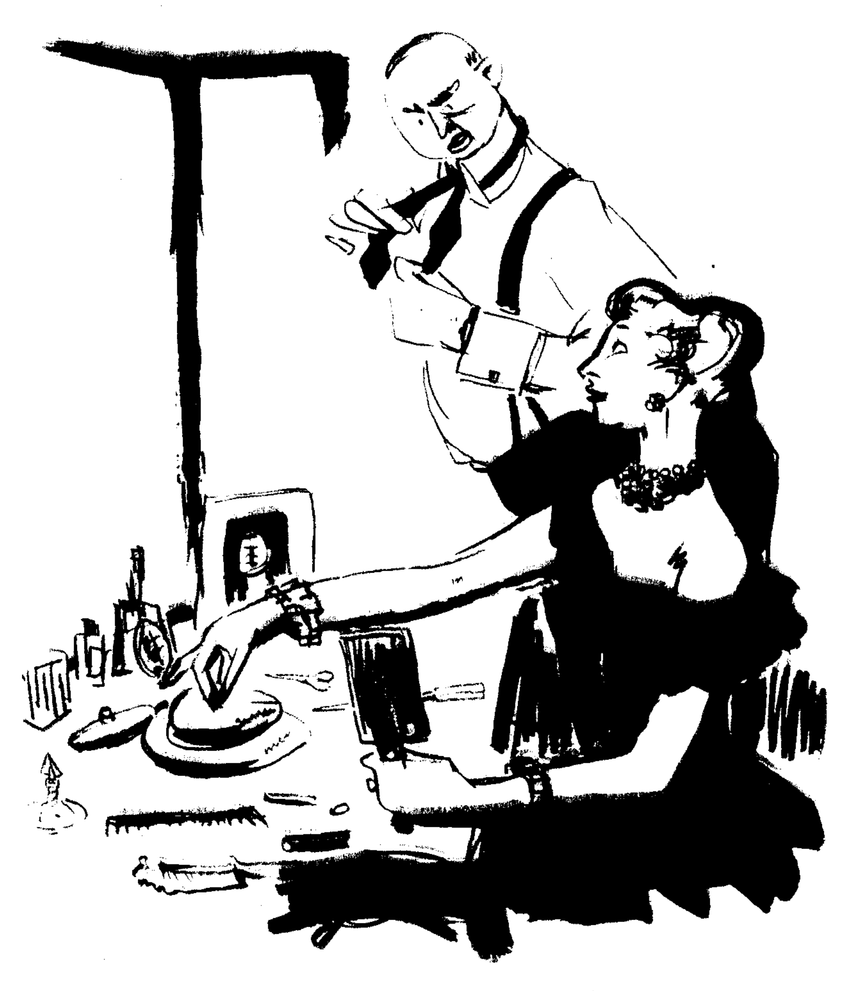
Much Advice, Few Donations

As we have already told you, Mr. Scott got truckloads of advice, suggestions, guidance and directions concerning what he and his associates might profitably do with and to themselves. But the donations he received were what must be regarded as a minimum of cash.

Not everybody asked for his 1948 money back like the melancholy plumber in Beatrice, Nebraska, but few who wrote passed up the chance to say something closely akin to what a garage owner in Indiana set down: "I work hard for my dough. Why don't you try getting it that way?" Then this disgusted patriot went on to devote several memorable paragraphs to the subject of stuffed shirts, not failing to describe with considerable earthiness the material with which they were stuffed.

We would like very much to quote him in this latter detail but perhaps we'd better not.

"We tried Landon, Willkie and Dewey," wrote an Oregon vote dredger, "and each got licked because of metooism and One World bunk. There's not much difference between 'me' and



"She'll probably sit me next to somebody who doesn't know a stock from a bond"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

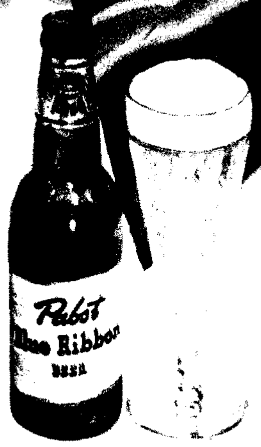
Served at

"DUKE FARM", SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.
THE SUMMER ESTATE OF
Mr. and Mrs.
Angier Biddle Duke

YOU HEAR IT EVERYWHERE...

"finest beer served ...anywhere!"

Your Taste will tell you why!



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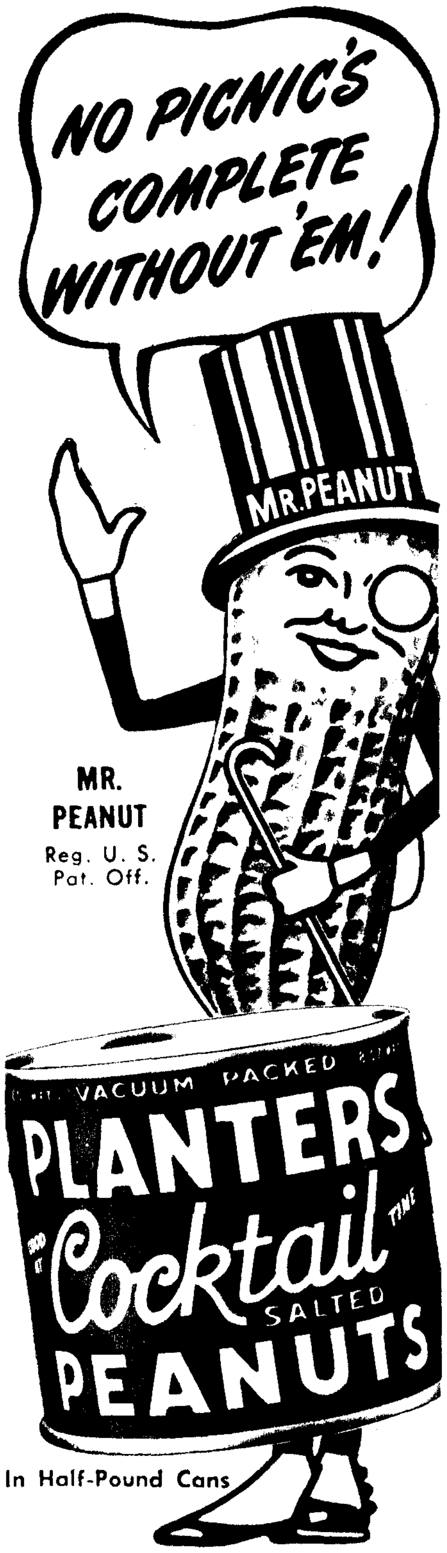
Blue Ribbon

TUNE IN the Eddie Cantor show every Friday night over N B C • Copr. 1949, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



MR. PEANUT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

In Half-Pound Cans

Perfect for outings, motor trips, picnics. No wonder America loves them! Always fresh and crisp in the blue vacuum can.

This PLANTERS product is also made in Toronto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

'me-too' except that 'me' is in the White House."

From downstate Illinois, a crossroads philosopher advised Mr. Scott that "we did the work and you did the thinking, which only goes to show how balled up things can get." And a New Yorker wrote: "If we had to run a licked candidate, why didn't we try Hoover? Maybe he wouldn't of won but at least he would of said something that would of made people mad. When we listened to Dewey it took so long to find out what he said that by the time we got mad we were licked. Then we found out we were mad at Dewey, not Truman."

A crafty fellow in Ohio was for the "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em" strategy. "Let's help the Democrats pass everything that Truman wants. This will make such a mess that the people will probably want a change bad enough to elect a Republican in 1952, provided we run somebody who says something we can holler for."

After what was obviously a considerable spell of concentrated thinking, a door thumper in Pennsylvania came to the conclusion that the Republican party will get nowhere until it changes its name. "I don't care what we call it," said he, "but somehow the idea has got around, especially among the young folks, that democracy means being a Democrat and only the Democrats are democratic. This is probably due to the Communists. They would say anything."

"Gallup and Roper beat us," lamented an Iowa drum whanger. "Too bad they are Democrats. We should have known that and got a poll of our own. That's the trouble with being too honest." (Gallup says he is an Independent.) And an old-timer in Connecticut wrote: "Everybody knows that a candidate is more apt to be lying than not. To win, you either got to be a better liar or the truth has to be so bad that the other guy can't lie out of it."

Of course there are those who are so rigid in their Republicanism that, while they lack optimism, they would not depart so much as the thickness of this page from Mr. Scott's and Mr. Dewey's campaign conduct.

Lament For a Lost Art

An elderly gentleman in Delaware discovers that "the ability to think is a lost art." It is his mature opinion that "what with radios blaring all night and all day and news-reels giving wrong pictures, the older people can't think and the young ones won't." Thus convinced, he bids Mr. Scott to carry on doggedly, even if it isn't much use.

"There is no hope," he moans. "The crackpots have finally got us. It started with Theodore Roosevelt, who made the election of crackpot Woodrow Wilson possible. Wilson was a wild-eyed visionary whom people, without sense, worshiped as a god. He gave that red radical Franklin Roosevelt his cue. The conflagration cannot be stopped until it burns out. I guess the country is ruined."

A grocer in Kansas informed Mr. Scott that in his forty-eight years he had seen quite a number of very dumb operators of one sort and another. But after thinking it over for some time, he awards the prize to Republican newspaper editors. "They spent all their time lambasting Henry Wallace, when the guy we had to lick was named Truman," he said. "You might have thought, to read the newspapers, that Henry had a chance. Maybe it was like one editor I was talking to. He said that he had to say something and as he couldn't say much for Dewey and being a Republican couldn't boost Truman, he had to be satisfied with lowering the boom on old Henry. So long as you ask my opinion, I say this is a hell of a state of affairs."

It may be all very well to conduct a campaign on a high level, but there is a farm implements dealer in Montana who thinks "it oughtn't to be so damn' high that the little people can't see or hear it." He had never seen Mr. Dewey before last November and even then it was only because he was looking at the rear platform of Mr. Dewey's train. "The minute I saw him," he writes, "I said good-by election. Any guy who waves one of those Homburg hats at us farmers is out. I don't care what he said or should have said. That Homburg hat cost him Montana."

It Pays to Be Sociable

A doctor in Chicago, who complained that although he was a Republican "and always will be," wanted to know where the National Committee kept its contact men. "Just once in ten years a representative of the party has called on me—just once. All he did then was to take me for $25. The Democratic committeeman in this ward has called on me three times each year. I always told him I was a Republican but he didn't think he was wasting his time. Last October he dropped in and said 'It's okay, Doc, we'll get you yet.' And he almost did."

Mr. Scott's letter arrived at the home of an insurance man in Maine all too soon after the unexpected death of a prospect who had been considering a fat policy. So the insurance man consoled himself by writing a letter which, he admitted, made him feel better.

"How about leaving the giveaway programs to the radio?" he demanded. "Those people give you what you win even if you don't need it. All you fellows at the top of the National Committee do is wait to hear what the Democrats promise and then promise to give them more and quicker. You can't beat the Democrats that way. When they run out of things to give Americans, the Democrats open up on Europe. The only man making any sense last November was Norman Thomas, and God knows I wouldn't vote Socialist. But Norman said that both the Republicans and the Democrats stole his platform, and he was right. I am sending you one dollar for the right to say what I think."

In Idaho "the farmers were too busy counting their money to bother about voting." This bit of intelligence came from a Boise banker who added, "And if they hadn't been, they would probably have voted for Truman because it was the Democrats who got them used to having money to count."

Another dollar trickled in from a Kentuckian who "waited and waited for Dewey to say something. I am sending this dollar to fine myself for being a damned fool. Nobody really wanted Truman but the law says you got to elect somebody. By the way, when was that law passed?"

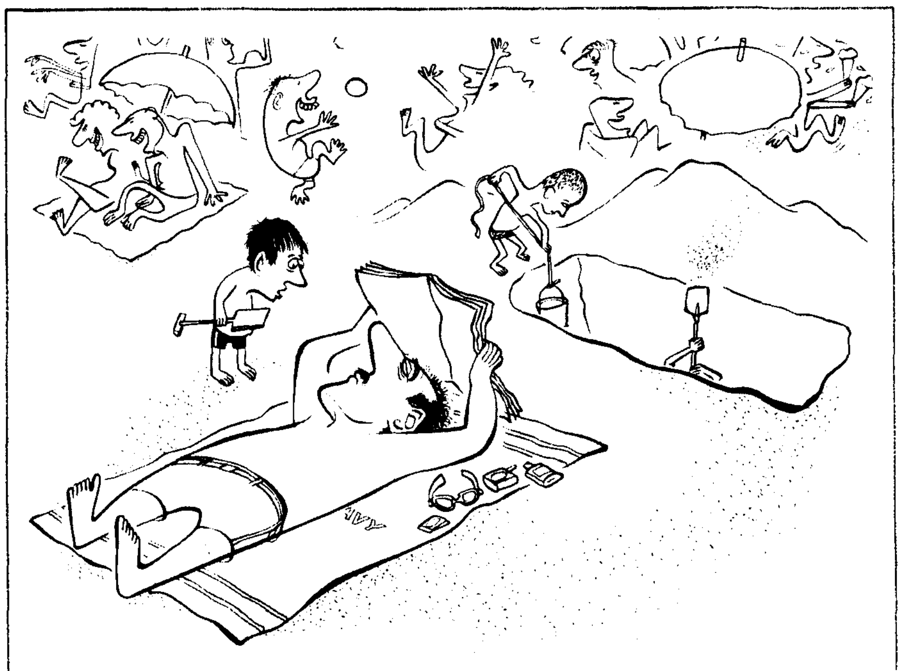
With each letter, Mr. Scott had sent a reply sheet for "Comment and Recommendations" and, at the bottom, a call for contributions. There are those among Mr. Scott's associates who regard this as a tactical error—and not a minor one either. It is extremely difficult, they say, to ask a guy to tell you what he thinks of you, particularly after you've missed the boat, and in the same breath ask him to slip you anything up to 500 bucks with which, possibly, you're going to miss the boat even more.

For example, there was a cynical fellow in New Jersey who wound up his reply with: "I'm sending you one dollar, which is about the only thing in this letter that you guys will pay much attention to." This was somewhat unfair because, while as a chairman Mr. Scott is no Will Hays, he's a conscientious and scrupulous man. But it does go further to show the skepticism inside the party.

Getting What They Asked For

A number of the 180,000 addressees, however, had so much on their downcast minds that they threw away Mr. Scott's reply sheet and went in for volume. There was one gentleman, a clothier in Michigan, who apparently had been waiting for someone high in his party organization to ask him what he thought. And it was clear from what he wrote that he'd been thinking with both fists. He wrote and wrote and wrote until, finally winded, he concluded: "This is all I have to say now or at any time in the future, so don't bother me with any more letters." We shall summarize his letter for you because it covers acres of opinion hinted at by hundreds of others.

He accused the Republican platform writers of getting their material from the newspapers and radio rather than from the people. He had been wearing his legs down to mere stumps tramping the streets in nightly quests for G.O.P. votes and he reasonably assumed that he knew what the owners of those votes wanted. Inasmuch as it was very clear to him that neither national Republican headquarters nor Mr. Dewey had any such knowledge, he proposed to tell them. The American voters, wrote he, wanted houses at reasonable rentals and food at a reasonable cost. They wanted reasonable taxes which would keep them out of loan-shark offices. They wanted steady jobs at fair but not unreasonable



"Sir, would you have any objections to a group of us youngsters covering you with sand?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

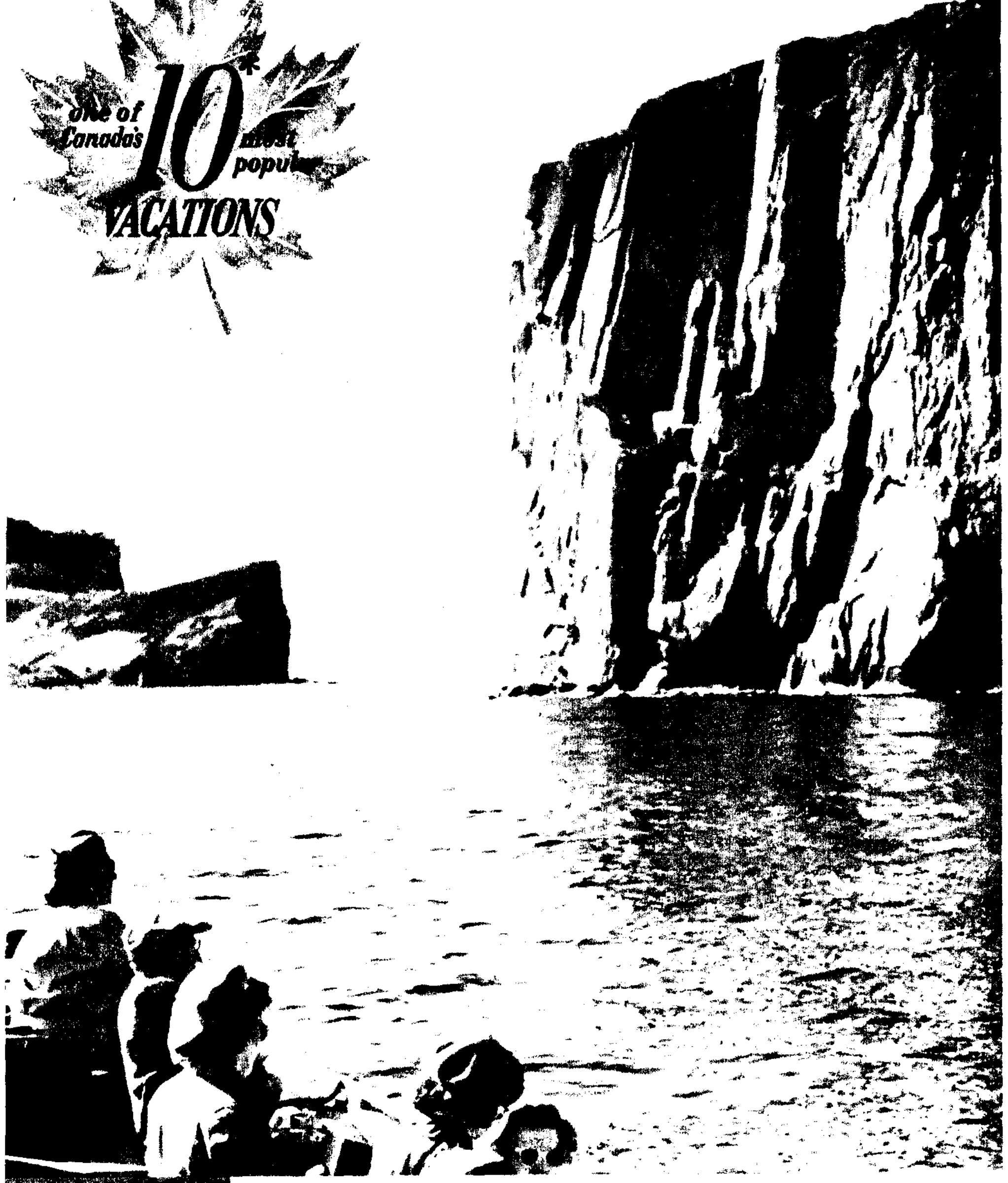
Ted Collins, Distinguished Radio Producer

For Men of Distinction... **LORD CALVERT**

It's natural for a Man of Distinction—being a man of moderation—to seek the very finest for his occasional drink. It's natural, too, for him to discover that Lord Calvert—*so rare, so smooth, so mellow*—is a truly distinguished whiskey that adds lustre to his highball.

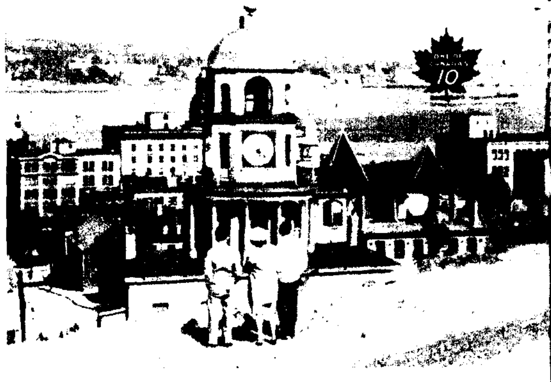
LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

one of Canada's 10* most popular VACATIONS



SCULPTURED BY THE SEA. Unique Percé Rock (above), bird-inhabited Bonaventure Island, giant cliffs make Gaspé, in old Quebec Province, a land of natural wonders—and a favorite with artists and camera fans.

"Explore the 'camera coast' of the GASPÉ PENINSULA"



SIGHTSEE AND SHOP in Halifax, this year celebrating its Bicentenary (seen from the Citadel, above); and visit Montreal, Quebec City, Toronto, as you travel through Canada's historic Eastern provinces in the armchair ease of Canadian National trains.

"THE OCEAN LIMITED" (Montreal-Halifax), "*The International Limited*" (Chicago, Toronto, Montreal) and other "name" trains provide luxury travel to all parts of Eastern Canada. To California and anywhere West, to New York and anywhere East, go Canadian National. "We'll tell you *where* and *take* you there."

* *Here they are, the 10 Top Vacations* as revealed in a 1948 survey of U. S. travel preferences: Alaska Cruise • British Columbia Canadian Rockies • Cross-Canada Rail Tour • Eastern Cities and the Laurentians • Gaspé and the Saguenay • Lake of the Woods Maritime Provinces • Highlands of Ontario • Winnipeg & Hudson Bay. Choose *your* vacation—then have your nearest Canadian National office plan it for you.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE RAILWAY TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Canadian National offices in U.S.—Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Duluth, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill St., Montreal. No passports required of U.S. citizens.

wages. And they wanted reasonable old-age security. Everything reasonable.

The Democrats knew all this, he went on with fire sparking from his fingertips, and the Democrats promised it. But he doubted that the Republican brass knew it, even though they "sort of promised it, but only because the Democrats had." However, the Democrats were smart enough to know, said he, that they couldn't make good, so they decided to confuse the issue with an international policy warranted to scare folks out of thinking too much about housing, living costs, steady work and security. And what did the Republicans do? The Republicans "me-tooed" themselves into endorsing the Democratic foreign policy because, ladies and gentlemen, nobody in the National Committee had imagination enough to write something of his own—nor the guts to back it up.

"The trouble is," cried the author of this bulldozer, "that it ain't fashionable to be pro-American any more. If a candidate tells a fellow in Lansing that he's going to build him a fair-rent house to live in, he's just a politician. If he tells an Englishman he's going to build him a castle, he's a statesman. I guess I haven't got much more sense than you guys in Washington because I will probably go right on being a Republican."

No More Easy Elections

Obviously the reason why Mr. Scott mailed 180,000 letters to his frustrated Republicans was so that he, and those who follow him in his luckless post, might be guided in future endeavors to wrest control of the country from the still thoroughly Roosevelted Democrats. Mr. Scott knows, perhaps better than most of his colleagues, that the time is long past when the Republican party didn't have to have a reason for doing anything in order to win.

The late Republican senator from Pennsylvania, Boies Penrose, was never noticeably friendly toward new ideas. He always said that an idea was all right provided you didn't add an "L," and even then it was all right provided you didn't let it interfere with winning an election. Even at this late date, Mr. Penrose is still a silently worshiped god in many a Republican mind.

But as so many of Mr. Scott's respondents said, it is not improbable that, once filed away, their letters will be forgotten. "The only thing that will win for us in 1952, unless there's a war," sighs a real-estate broker in Washington State, "is a big depression—and the Democrats will have to furnish that." And from a tired party gong beater in Indiana, we read: "So that you don't have to read any further if you don't want to, I'm not sending you a nickel until you show me you are worth that much." Then he told Mr. Scott what he'd do in his place "although probably you won't."

Quite a number of dolorous Republicans told Mr. Scott that the party was "doomed to extinction unless it returned to founding principles." Nobody we talked to seemed to agree with anybody else on what those founding principles were, but no one seemed to care either. Such letters urged, almost without exception, that the G.O.P. cease "aping Roosevelt," and one advised, "If you must tie in to a Roosevelt, try Teddy."

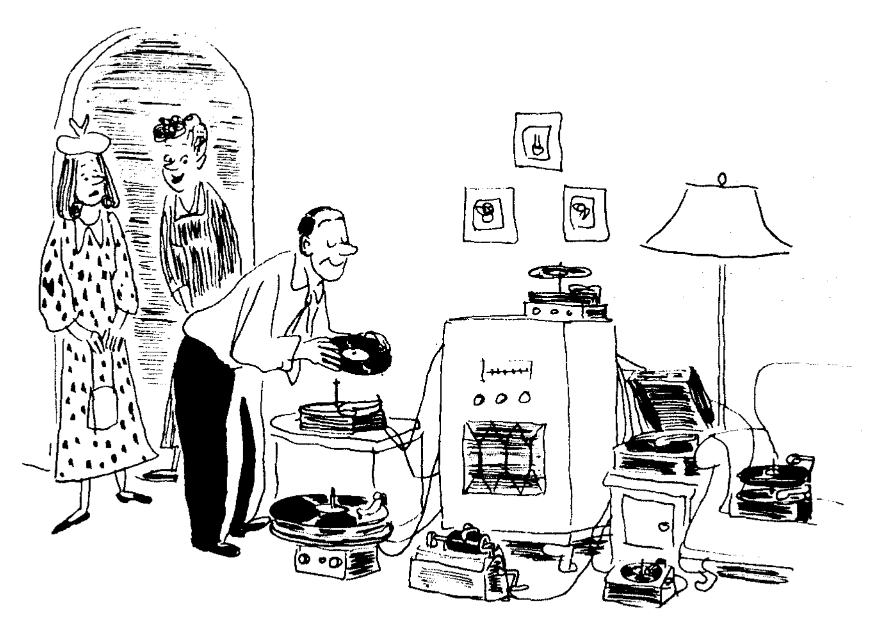
Repeatedly, the Republican National Committee was exhorted to "stand for something of our own devising. If we lose then, let's lose like men." And a schoolteacher in North Dakota, sending Mr. Scott a dollar "to help wind up your affairs," strongly urged that the party disband. "Roosevelt was the New Deal first class. Truman is the New Deal second class. You're the New Deal third class. What the Republican party needs is a Fresh Deal. God knows the country could stand it."

Notable in Mr. Scott's huge mail was the absence of war talk. But after much reading, we got the distinct impression that war would be only a minor calamity when compared with last November. And there wasn't much comment on Communism either, except for such observations as that of a soured Massachusetts dairyman: "Maybe Roosevelt *wasn't* a Communist, although I never saw any proof. Truman is not a Communist but he is knee-deep in them down there in Washington. I guess none of you fellows at the head of the party are Communists, but most people here say you wouldn't know it if you were. I am sending a three-cent stamp. Use it to tell me when you've decided to quit."

Having read Mr. Scott's mail until we were morbidly depressed, we wandered down to Capitol Hill where we discussed it with a few prominent Republicans. What some of them said about last November made the letters seem like vociferous acclamation. But one Republican member of the House advised us to dismiss the whole subject.

"All those letters mean," he sighed, "is that some of the folks are a little discouraged."

Nevertheless, the 1948 election was close. The switch of not many votes in a few important states might have resulted in this being an article about the unprecedented avalanche of letters congratulating Mr. Scott on his political genius; or a piece on the mail telling the Democrats how dumb they are. That's politics. THE END



COLLIER'S "We are equipped to play phonograph records of every type, including the old Edison cylindricals" ROBERT DAY

Remember the visit with snapshots

"Family occasions"... like the young ones' visit with their Grandpa... how long can you hope to remember how everyone looked, unless you make snapshots?

Get ready ahead of time to capture these priceless moments—there's so little to do, so much to gain. Just have your camera handy, with a few rolls of Kodak Film—America's favorite by far. It makes your picture-taking simple and sure.

Remember, the snapshots you'll want tomorrow, you must take today... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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The new Kodak Tourist Camera makes good snapshots easier than ever. From $29 to $71, including Federal Tax. (Prices subject to change without notice.)

Only Eastman makes Kodak Cameras and Kodak Film

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

THE FARAWAY GIRL

Continued from page 26

"Linda," he said, "I'm older and wiser than you are. And I say it's ridiculous, this notion of working in the city. You're going to be a stenographer. You can be a steno here on Staten Island. You don't have to go in to Manhattan to be a stenographer."

Linda said, "But I've always wanted to work in the city—"

Steve smiled indulgently. "I suppose it sounds glamorous. Let me assure you, it isn't. Let me point out the facts to you, Linda. You will make just as much money working here as you could make in New York. If you go into the city it will take you a long time to get to work, and a long time to come home. Work here and you will be home before five thirty at night, you can sleep later in the morning. And you will net more money because you won't have train fare to pay—"

"But—" said Linda, "I—"

"And furthermore," said Steve, "you can come home for lunch here and in that way you will save several dollars—"

"But—"

"And," said Steve, "I happen to know two business firms here in town that are looking for help at this very moment. I will be happy to introduce you."

"But—"

Her oldest and largest brother, George, said, "Baby, that is straight goods that Steve is giving you. You listen to Steve, he knows best."

Her father and her other brothers nodded solemnly.

"I still want to work in Manhattan," said Linda defiantly.

A WEEK later, she went to work on Staten Island, because Steve found a job for her, and her brothers and her father agreed it was a perfect opportunity. It was practically impossible for a girl standing five feet two inches tall to defy so many rugged males.

She walked to and from work instead of riding on a bus and she saved enough money to buy pretty frocks, but she never got to wear them into the city because Steve preferred the kind of night life offered by Staten Island.

She kept her job for a year and then on the first day of her vacation, on a Monday morning, she got up and was alone in the house. Her brothers and her father had eaten early and were off on a construction job with Steve.

Linda went down to the railroad station. She rode the train to the north end of the island, and took the ferry boat across the bay to Manhattan, standing out on deck, with a breeze whipping her dress, and the skyscrapers coming closer and closer to her.

In the city she went into an employment office, not really expecting anything to come of it. She got to the desk finally and filled out an application blank and then suddenly things began to happen. There was an insurance office down on John Street that needed a girl, and the agency sent her there for a quick interview.

She was taken in hand by a personable young man named Moylan. He was slim and quick-moving and had an easy cheerful grin that disposed of her nervousness.

Thirty minutes after that, Linda was outside again, walking dazedly along the street as though she had suffered a slight concussion. She took a subway uptown, window-shopped, had lunch, and finally went to a movie because she was afraid to go home, but at seven o'clock she opened the front door and stepped timidly inside.

Her father and her brothers and Steve were sitting around the dining-room table.

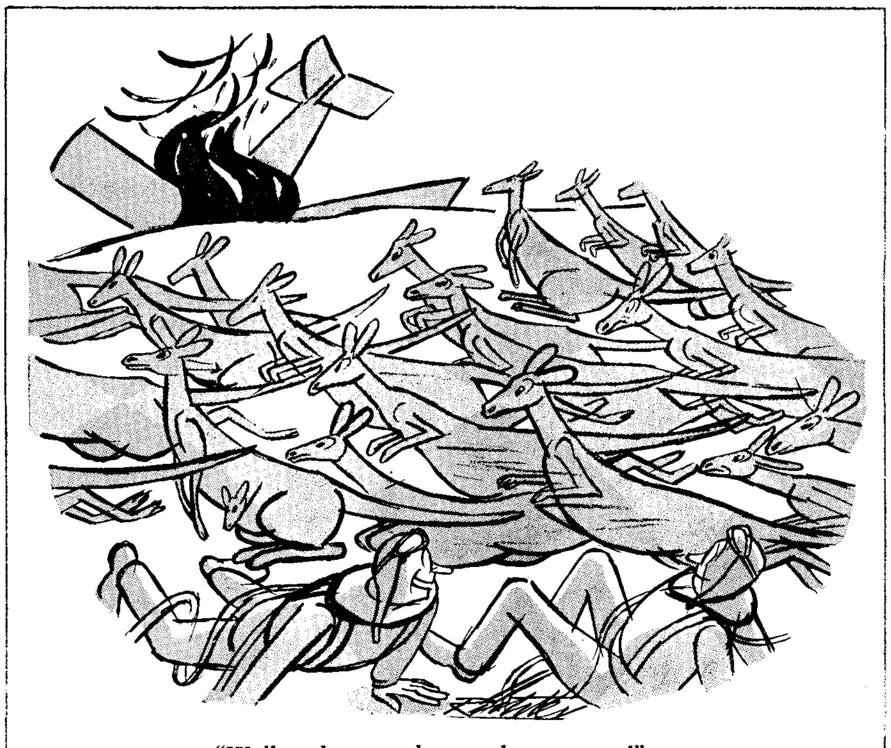
"Where have you been?" George said. "Why didn't you leave a note? We were getting worried about you."

Linda took a deep breath. "I went to the city," she said. "I have a job there starting next week and they're paying me two dollars more a week and after all you're all businessmen and you know very well I'd be simply crazy to pass up that kind of an opportunity with a much bigger firm and the chance of advancement and, besides, I want to work in the city."

She ended breathlessly and waited for the explosion. Her brothers and her father and Steve looked at one another, but it was Steve who spoke first. He winked at the others, then turned to Linda.

"Congratulations," said Steve.

Linda went into her bedroom and heard Steve tell the others that she had to get it out of her system. "It won't take long," he said with a chuckle. "The train, the ferry, the subway, every morning, every night. I give the kid three or four weeks at most."



COLLIER'S "Well, at least we know where we are!" MISCHA RICHTER

Linda bought her commutation ticket the next day and the following Monday she went to work, excitedly joining the throngs that poured into and out of the train, onto the ferry and the subway. When she entered the office, Mr. Moylan showed her around and finally to her desk. He was a minor official in the hierarchy of the firm, and at various moments during the next couple of days Linda found him popping up from nowhere to stare at her.

She thought he was spying to make sure she wasn't loafing, but it turned out that wasn't it.

ON THURSDAY, after a few false starts, he trotted over to her desk and asked for a date on Saturday night.

"Well," Linda said dubiously, "I didn't honestly have anything planned for Saturday, Mr. Moylan, but—"

"Call me Eddie," he said. "It's a date then. Say around eight o'clock. Where do you live?"

"Staten Island," said Linda. "On the south shore—what's the matter? Are you ill?"

Eddie's eyes were bulging, he looked like a man who had suddenly been caught in a bear trap. "I live in New Jersey," he muttered. "I don't have a car. It's a hell of a ways—well, fine! Eight o'clock."

He tottered off to his desk where Linda observed him looking feverish and finally an hour later he came back again to her desk.

"Gosh, Linda," he said in as spurious a tone of voice as Linda had ever encountered. "I just happened to remember that my grandmother is coming to visit us in Jersey this Saturday. The old lady would be hurt if I weren't there so I guess I can't make it, if you don't mind, that is to say—"

"Oh, it's quite all right," Linda said airily. "I really had plans, anyway."

The way he acted, Linda felt, you'd think Staten Island was somewhere in the Bering Sea. It wasn't very flattering to a girl to have a fellow break a date when he found out it would take him quite a while to get to her house.

Eddie Moylan continued to pop up the rest of that day and peek at her whenever he thought she wasn't aware of it. He did the same thing the next morning, looking like a man caught between mighty crosscurrents and in the afternoon he approached her desk again.

"Linda," he said, "my grandmother changed her mind." He had the grace to blush. "She isn't coming. So is it all right for Saturday?"

Linda, who had planned to say no, thought suddenly of the irritatingly superior look Steve was wearing these days and gave him permission.

She went home that night, and after supper Steve dropped around with some blueprints to show her father and brothers. When he was leaving he said casually, "See you tomorrow night, Linda."

"I'm sorry, Steve," Linda said. "I have a date."

There was dead silence in the house, her father put down his paper and her brothers stopped arguing about baseball. "What do you mean, a date?" Steve demanded.

"One of the executives in the office asked me out tomorrow night," Linda said. "You hadn't asked me, Steve, so I said all right."

Steve departed without a word and the family catechism began. Who was this executive and what did she know about him? Linda saw that the family was getting a wrong impression. Perhaps she shouldn't have used the term executive. They had Eddie typed as a predatory man in his forties with a wife and two children in Westchester, taking advantage of a little stenographer from Staten Island. . . .

At eight o'clock the next evening, Linda had just applied the finishing touches to her face when the doorbell rang, but it was Steve who came in.

The poker session got under way. Linda sat on the davenport in the living room. At eight twenty a scowling George came out of the dining room, a beer bottle in one hand.

"Twenty minutes late," he said. "What does he think you are, some butterfly?"

GEORGE opened the door and glared out into the night, then went back to the table. Linda pretended to read the evening paper.

At nine o'clock Steve dealt himself out. He got Linda's coat and held it for her.

"Come on, kid," he said, "we'll go to the movies."

Linda felt very grateful to him. They went out to the car and she had almost decided that Steve was a really wonderful guy when he said, "I could have told you, Linda. Don't fool around with these big-city sharpshooters. I'm older than you and I've been around and if you'd taken my advice—"

He was probably right, she thought, but that ruined it then and there. They went to the movies and at midnight came back through town. The streets were deserted, the stores locked up. An alley cat darted across the street ahead of their car and then suddenly Linda cried, "Stop the car, Steve."

She unrolled the side window as a human figure lurched into view.

"For Heaven's sake," Linda said, staring at the dilapidated figure of Eddie Moylan. He had mud on his coat and a tear in one knee of his trousers. "Where have you been?"

"Lost," said Eddie. "The trains don't run so regularly on Saturday night. I took the train in from where I live to Hoboken. I took the ferry across to New York. I took the subway to the ferry and I had quite a wait for the ferry. After I got to Staten Island I had to wait for a train. After I got out here I found your street all right, but I couldn't read the numbers in the dark. I had to go up to the houses and light matches. That's where I met a Doberman pinscher."

"That would be the Harpers' dog," Linda said. "They usually keep him locked up. They must have thought you were a prowler. Did he bite you?"

"I got the tear in my pants going over the back fence," Eddie said. "I landed in the mud. I made a detour and got back to the street and finally I found your house. Some clown about eight feet tall answered the door. He said did I think you were the kind of a girl to wait all night for a man and then slammed the door in my face."

"That would be my brother George," Linda said. "He's a little hot-tempered."

"You mean he's human?" Eddie said. "Which way is New Jersey? I want to go home."

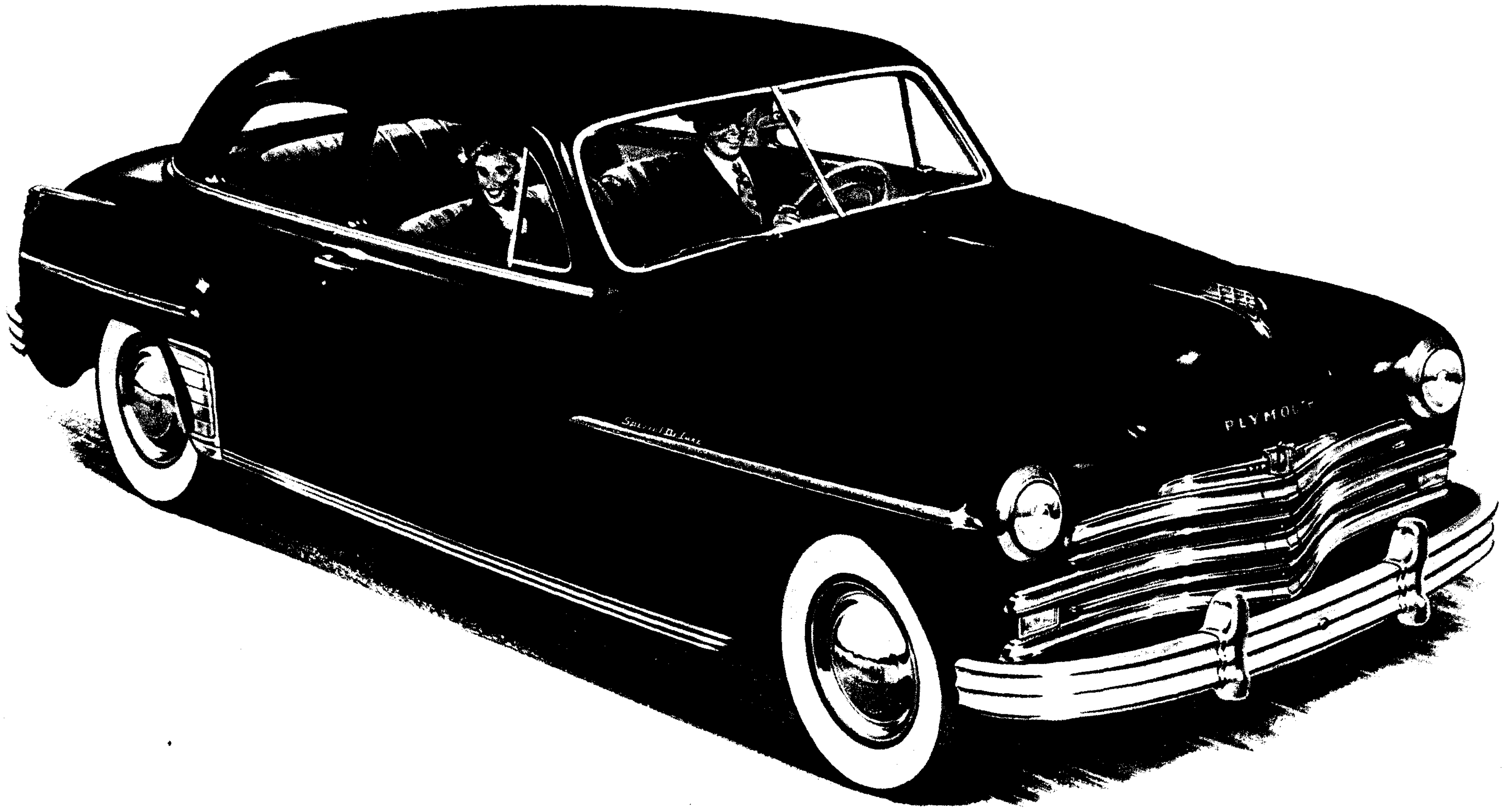
"Get in the car," Steve said. "We'll take you to the station. Get in the back."

"Plenty of room in front, isn't there, Mac?" Eddie said. He opened the front door and sat beside Linda. They rode in silence to the station.

"There's a train in twelve minutes," Steve said.

"Thanks," Eddie said. "I was afraid I'd have to hire an Indian guide."

He plodded up the ramp, a bedraggled figure, and that was the end of her



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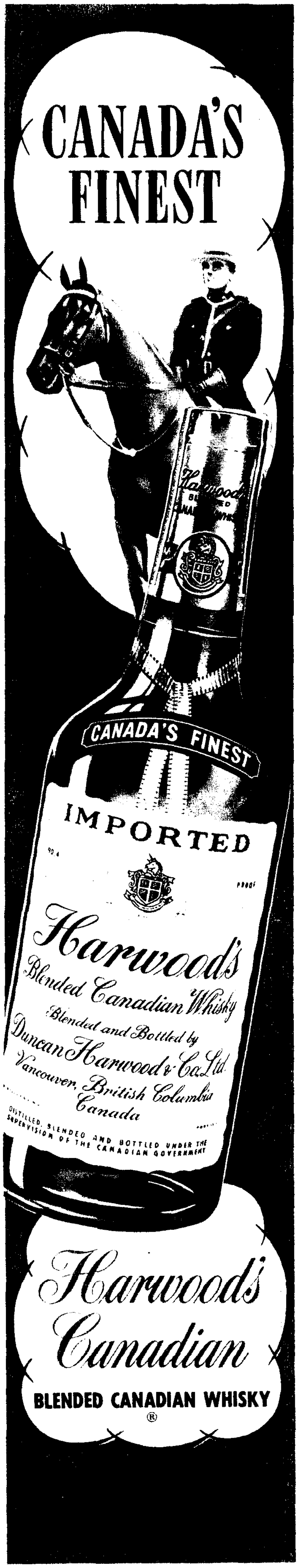


metropolitan romance, Linda thought wistfully. Steve took her home and there the fun began, led by brother George.

"I opened the door, see," George said. "There's this little guy standing there with his pants torn and mud on his kisser and so out of breath he can't talk. Finally he manages to ask for Linda." George collapsed in laughter. "The executive," he said, and they all roared, while Linda walked with what dignity she could muster into her bedroom.

She went in to the office on Monday and Eddie Moylan was very polite but distant, and at ten o'clock, taking a letter to his desk, Linda apologized.

"I'd have stayed if I thought you were coming," she said. "I'm terribly sorry, Eddie. I thought you were standing me up. What time did you get home?"

"Let's not talk about it," Eddie said, shuddering slightly. "It's quite all right, Linda."

That was the end of that, Linda thought, going gloomily back to her desk. She felt confused. What she probably needed, she thought ruefully, was advice from someone older and wiser. She had thought Eddie Moylan was falling in love with her, and she had grown up to believe that red-blooded men went cheerfully through hell and high water for the women they loved. But Eddie balked at traveling from New Jersey to Staten Island.

All that week Eddie stayed his distance. Back on Staten Island, Steve was purring like a fat cat. Everything was working out according to his prediction. Linda was tired of being pushed around by crowds, of getting home after dark.

Then the next week Eddie approached her. "I have an idea," he said. "Why can't we have an evening in the city sometime? We could leave from the office. I'll take you home of course, afterward—"

"Oh, no," Linda said. "I wouldn't think of letting you. You can take me as far as South Ferry, then you can go back to Jersey. I wouldn't let you go all the way."

It seemed like a wonderful idea. Eddie dashed out during the noon hour and got tickets for a show that Friday night. Everything was fine until Friday when Linda realized how it would be. She wouldn't be making any glamorous entrance into the living room. She'd be leaving from the office. She'd be wearing a plain business outfit, her hands would be ink-stained, her hair would be all over her face and she'd look a mess. She was ready to break down and bawl.

SHE went into the office feeling low enough to crawl under her desk, and Eddie, in a new suit and a new haircut and looking shiny as a penny, said, "You all set? What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter," Linda said dully.

"You've seen the show?"

Linda shook her head and Eddie's face was grim. "You don't want to go," he said, "All right, if that's the way you feel about it. Take somebody else. Take that big slob from Staten Island. Here." He threw the tickets on her desk.

"It isn't that, Eddie," she cried. "It's just that I won't be dressed up for you. It isn't like a date. This is something super, going to dinner and a show. I want to be all dressed up for you, and instead I'll look terrible—"

"You'll look wonderful," Eddie said, radiant again. Some of the office help were tuning in on their dialogue and Eddie dashed back to his cubicle.

They left at five that night and headed uptown. They window-shopped along Fifth Avenue and finally went to dinner in a basement French restaurant. Later they taxied to the theater and climbed to their balcony seats. It was the most wonderful evening Linda had ever known and she was puzzled. She wanted the counsel of someone older and wiser. Was it wonderful because of the glitter of New York or was it Eddie? Was Eddie just the means or the end? She puzzled it over all through the show and afterward on the subway down to the ferry terminal.

"Good night, Eddie," Linda said. "I loved every minute of it."

Eddie Moylan swallowed hard and said, "I'm going to Staten Island with you. I won't take the train, just the ferry. I'll ride the same ferry back."

She couldn't dissuade him. They crossed the gangplank, went down to the lower deck and talked as they rode across the bay.

"You shouldn't have done this," Linda said. "You shouldn't be so gallant."

Eddie's face got red. "I'm not being gallant," he said.

Linda understood then. Eddie wanted to kiss her good night. The poor guy was taking her all the way out to Staten Island just for a good-night kiss. He'd undoubtedly insist on taking the train with her. He'd go all the way and then have that horrible trip home just for a good-night kiss.

Eddie was being a lover like those in history, despite himself.

Well, Linda said to herself, if a fellow took her six blocks to a movie he felt entitled to a kiss when they got back. Linda felt agreeable about this and considered it reasonable. But Eddie was taking her all the way to the south tip of Staten Island from the mid forties of Manhattan. And if a boy took her six or seven blocks in his car and got a good-night kiss, then Eddie, who was taking her by subway, boat and train, ought to—for Heaven's sake, said Linda to herself, and firmly switched her thoughts.

But what hurt was that right upstairs was the outer deck of the ferry boat. Eddie could have kissed her there in privacy. But now the boat was tying up and it was too late for her to suggest they step outside and get a breath of fresh air.

They got off the boat and sure enough, Eddie got on the train with her. They rode home, got off the train, and started slowly down the ramp. Eddie was looking for a cab when a car pulled up beside them.

"Hop in, kids," Steve said. "I've been kicking around town all evening and I thought you might be here on this train. Might as well save cab fare."

Eddie looked accusingly at Linda. He sat beside her in the front seat. She couldn't see how he looked but she could feel the tenseness of his body next to her. Steve was very jovial and Eddie didn't say a word.

Steve parked in the drive and said, "Take you back if you like, Eddie."

"No, thanks," Eddie said. "I'll walk. How much?"

"For what?"

"For the ride," Eddie said. "Here, keep the change, Mac."

He flipped a half dollar at Steve's nose and slammed the door.

RIGHT then and there love came to Linda. She stood gazing at Eddie in wide-eyed fascination. Eddie took her arm and went grimly up the porch steps with her.

"Good night, Eddie," Linda said, and leaned forward, braced to give him a kiss that would last him all the way back to New Jersey. Eddie reached for her and the door opened, flooding them with light.

"It's Linda and her executive," said her father. "Come on in."

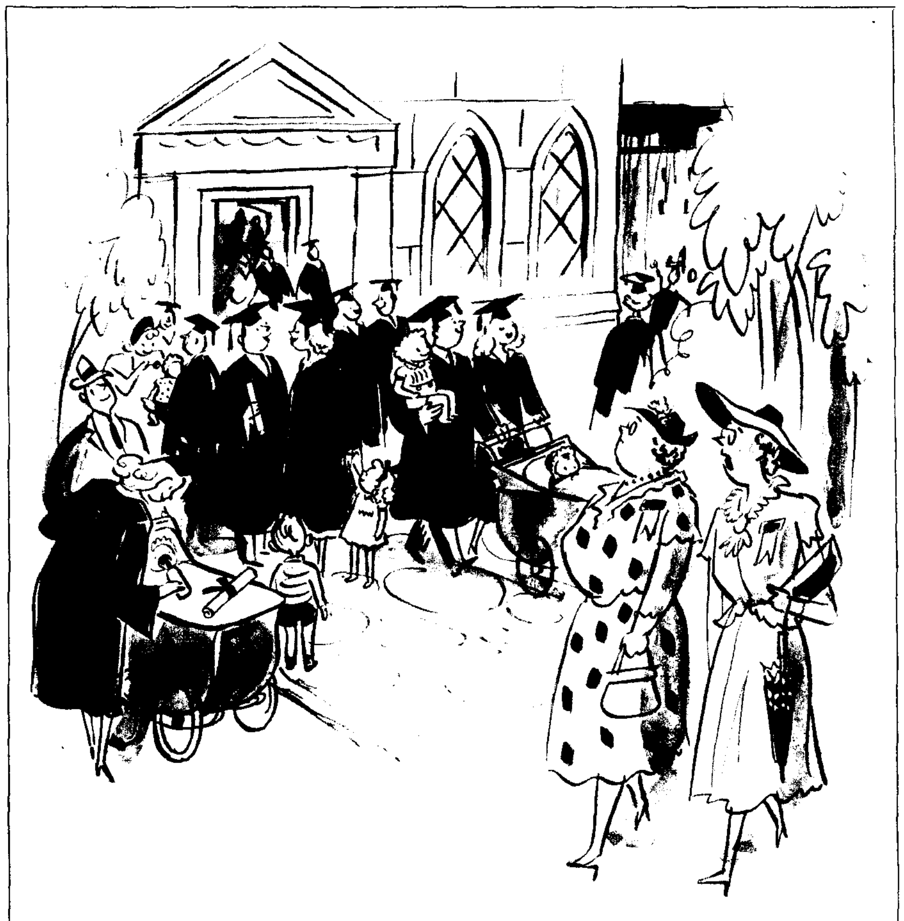
Eddie met the family and looked a little green around the gills. They were having a Dutch lunch and coffee. They pressed sandwiches upon Eddie and sat around him in a semicircle, booming questions at him. They were very polite, but still it was a third degree.

Finally Eddie stood up and firmly refused another sandwich. "There's a train in eight minutes," he said. "Nice to have met you. Thanks, Linda."

He nodded at them all and went out the door as though fired from a cannon.

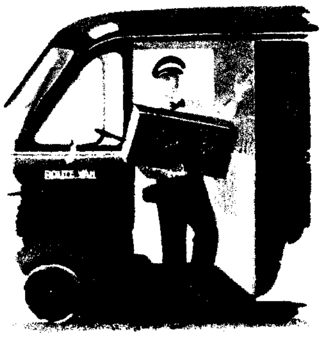
George said reflectively, "Not a bad kid, Linda, but not like Steve. Steve is the man for you. We don't mind your having a date now and then with someone else but you want to be careful you don't get Steve mad."

"How about getting me mad?" Linda said, and flounced into her bedroom.



"I doubt very much if we'd have been allowed to have babies when we went here!"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



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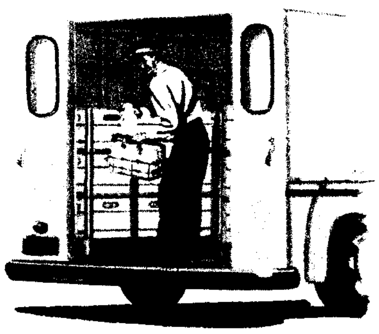
You don't need a corkscrew to get in and out the full 32" openings of the Route-Van's "jack-knife" doors! And step height is as little as 13⅝" above pavement.



"Easy to work a load!"

Note the center aisle—with 3 tiers of milk cases (46 cases—square bottles); with 4 tiers, the 7' body accommodates 66 cases.

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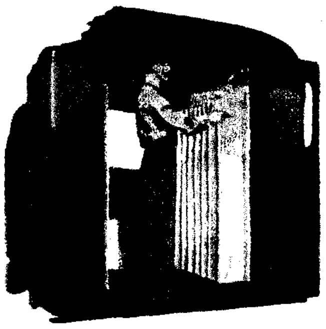

"I'm Six feet! You ought to see the headroom"

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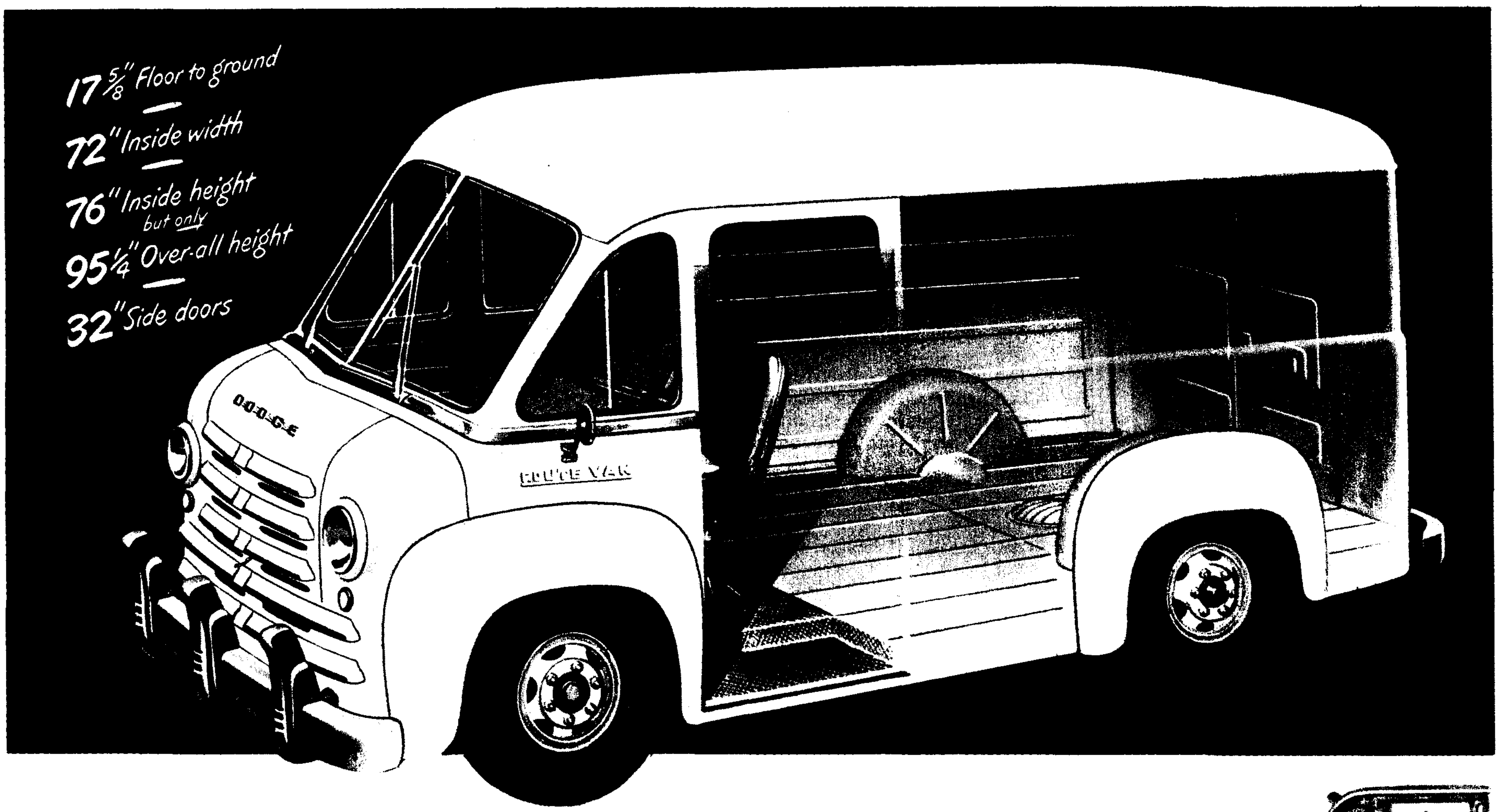

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These Route-Vans are available with *Fluid Drive*. This is the *first* application of Fluid Drive to trucks in volume production. Fluid Drive adds remarkable new smoothness of operation. It contributes greatly to ease of handling. It reduces maintenance costs, prolongs vehicle life.

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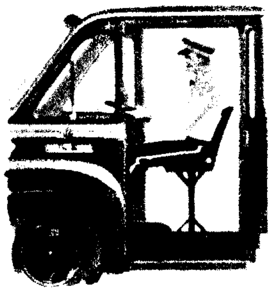

You've never known such *smoothness*, such ease of handling. And Fluid Drive lowers upkeep costs and prolongs vehicle life, too!

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then turns itself off!

wakes you to music, too!

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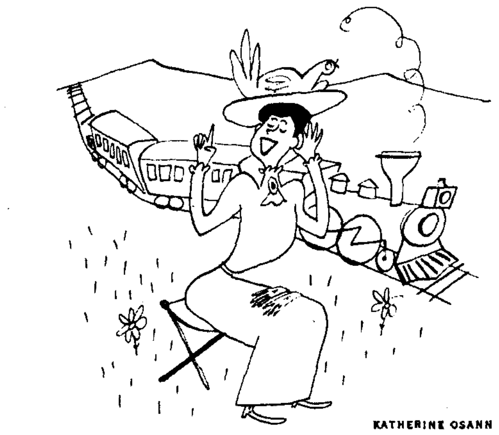
George talked to her through the door. "We tried to make him welcome, didn't we?" he said. "Was it our fault he got nervous?"

Linda gave up. She went in to the office on Monday and it was all over. Eddie treated her like a maiden aunt. Obviously he had crossed her off the list. The combination of the trip and her family was too much. Hereafter Eddie might date girls all over New Jersey, but not on Staten Island. Linda endured it for three days and then resigned her job, agreeing to finish out the week.

She went out with Steve on Saturday night. He held her hand in the movies and she tried to imagine it was Eddie's hand but the image was difficult because Steve had a hand the size of a ham. For once when they got home she was glad the house was brightly lighted and her brothers and her father were still up. A little later she escaped to bed.

In the morning she felt no better and after a late breakfast she got an idea. She would make the trip over to New Jersey just to see how bad it was. She could not go to Eddie's house. Her brothers had always told her that when a girl ran after a man, the man ran away. She was licked by geography plus her family.



Progress

I liked the old-time choo-choo's toot,
Its mournful, long-drawn-out salute.
It struck a friendly note, it seems,
And didn't granulate my dreams.

The modern Diesel's grisly bleat
Is no such reassuring treat.
I hear its querulous refrain
And cower 'neath the counterpane.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

She got dressed in her room thinking what a foolish idea it all was, and when she came out into the living room the doorbell rang.

LINDA opened the door and Eddie stood on the threshold. She stood and gaped at him.

"May I come in?" said Eddie, and moved on past her into the living room. Her brothers and her father got up with various and sundry sections of the Sunday paper in their hands.

"Sit down," said Eddie. "Don't let me interrupt you. Linda, I came over to see if you won't change your mind about resigning. I got a call from the boss Saturday morning. One of our other girls is leaving to get married. We're shorthanded and we really need you."

Linda wanted to die. He had made this final trip for business reasons. But she didn't get a chance to answer. Her brother George put down the sports section and took over.

"Now look," he said. "Linda quit her job. She's not going back." The rest of them nodded in unison.

"I wasn't asking you," said Eddie. "I was asking Linda. She's over eighteen, isn't she?"

George reddened. He said, "We're older than she is and if we give her our advice—"

"You're older," Eddie said. "Is that worth a medal? Does that make you smarter? You don't look any smarter."

THEN and there, Linda forgave him everything, even his coming there on business to break her heart. But he was likely to be torn limb from limb before her very eyes. Nobody talked to her family that way.

"Now look here," George began, but Eddie interrupted him. "I came over to talk to you, Linda," he said. "Is there someplace where we can talk without interruption?"

"I'm sorry, Eddie," Linda said. "I'm not going back."

Her brothers and her father relaxed. Eddie gave a bitter look around him and then squared his shoulders.

"All right then," he said grimly. "If I have to say it in front of everyone I will. That was a lot of malarkey. Nobody's quitting at the office. The boss didn't call me up. I came over here because I wanted to see you. I asked you to come back to work because I wanted to see you in the office. But if this is the only place I can see you I'll come over here. I don't care if I have to come by dog sled."

It was a long speech for Eddie. He ended breathless and there was a silence and then Eddie swung around and looked squarely at George.

"Don't you fellows ever work overtime?" he said. "There's a housing shortage. Why don't you go build something?"

Then and there Linda came into her own. "Eddie," she said, "they were just leaving."

"Huh?" said George, but Linda's father was standing up and grinning. He shook Eddie's hand. "Son," he said, "you've got plenty of nerve. Come on, boys, let's take a little ride."

They followed him out of the door. George had his bedroom slippers on but he went outside all the same. The door closed behind them and Eddie said, "I wasn't coming over after the last time. I told myself there were plenty of girls in New Jersey. But there weren't. Not for me. I had to come back."

Eddie had lost his belligerence now. He had come a long way just to talk to this girl and now suddenly he didn't know what to say.

"Eddie," Linda said, "could I ask you a personal question? Maybe you'd rather not answer it. When you took me home from the show, Eddie, when you came all the way out to Staten Island, did you do it for any special reason?"

Eddie blushed. "Well," he said gruffly, "it was dark and I thought—you know—at that time of night—a young girl like you—"

"Eddie," she said, "did you bring me all the way out to the end of Staten Island because you wanted to kiss me good night?"

"No," said Eddie, "but now that you suggest it—"

Then he kissed her. And Linda? Well, Linda didn't mind it a bit. THE END

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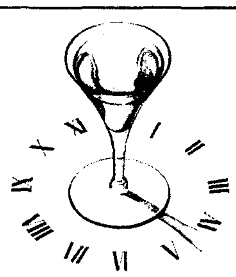

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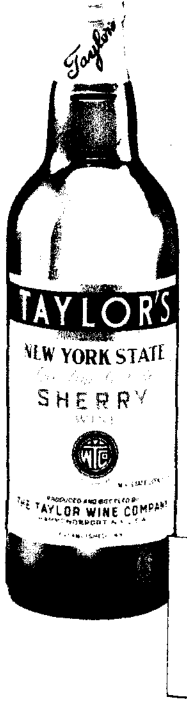
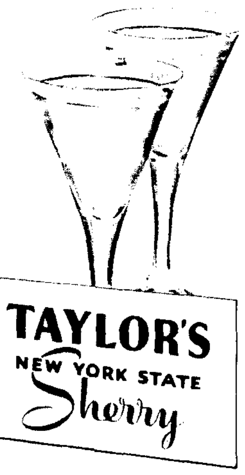




CAPTURED FLAVOR from the famous cellars at HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

NICE KID IN THE BIG LEAGUES

Continued from page 18

himself to correcting his mistakes. There's an awful lot on his mind now."

As the season got rolling, Groth's inexperience was costing him hits. This was to be expected. Everyone who knows him is convinced that he is not a flash in the pan. But he was getting his knocks. The sports writers were beginning to give him a little of the treatment that pros have to take.

That is precisely the point which convinces everyone who knows him that he has a great future. Temperament rather than sheer natural skill often is the difference between a bear-down star and an erratic chowderhead. Groth, who will be twenty-three on July 23d, has been in the public eye and ear for almost ten years and adulation has not yet altered the size of his skull.

The stamp of that vague, but instantly recognizable, quality called "class" is all over him, on or off the field. Clean-cut is the word, perhaps, that best describes a first impression of the beautifully built kid with the dark, olive complexion. The old prep-school tie still influences his conservative clothes and he affects the crew haircut popular in the college set. In baseball uniform, he resembles the Braves' Pete Reiser with his smooth, close-to-the-ground style of running.

Not the Show-Off Type

John's most distinctive personal characteristic is his poise. He meets people easily, without a trace of arrogance or condescension, and although he is articulate he elaborates on questions only if he has something pertinent to say. Otherwise, he keeps his mouth shut and lets others pop off. He is not a clubhouse cutup or a bloke who throws his weight around. His first homer of the season was an easy fly ball which was badly misjudged by Pat Seerey, the White Sox outfielder who is prone to that sort of thing, sometimes flat on his face. After completing the circuit of the bases, John didn't swagger back to the bench or stridently demand to know how long the big leagues had been a soft touch. He said only two words, kidding.

"Strategic hitting," he grinned.

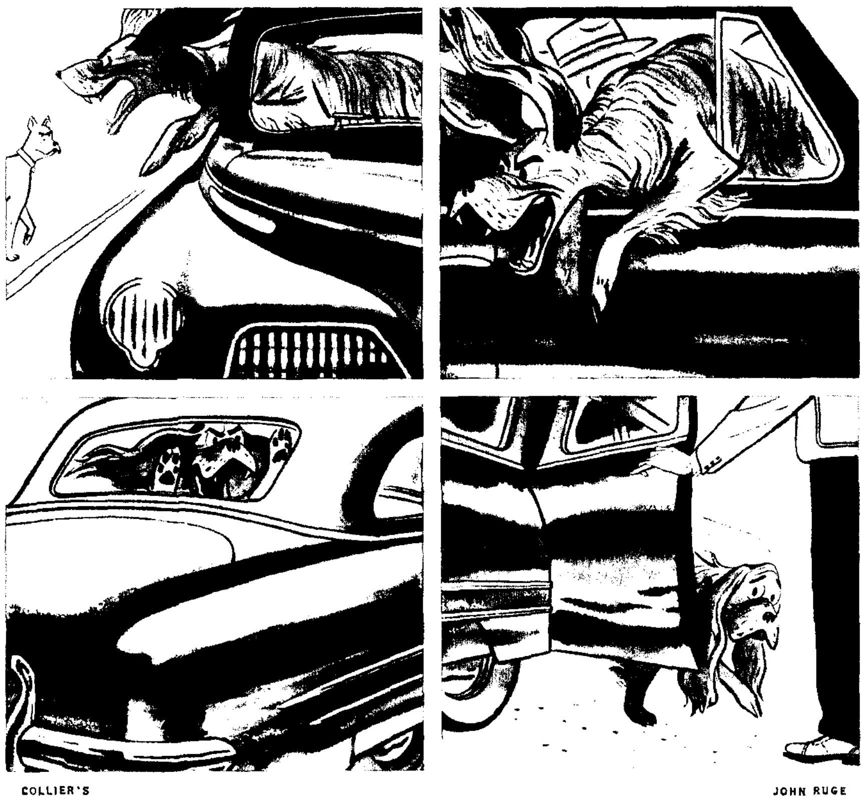
When he pulls a boner or falls into a slump, John does not sulk in a corner. His brow may be furrowed, but it is not with brooding. He is trying to figure how he can correct his trouble. Last year his failure to bunt on a squeeze play cost Buffalo a game. He immediately asked Manager Paul Richards for a special practice the following day to work on his deficiency; the same thing happened when he took the team out of a rally with an inept slide. Coming north this spring from training camp, John couldn't buy a base hit. His average nose-dived 100 points and it was touch and go whether Rolfe would open the season with him. Fortunately, John came out of the ether just in time to spread happy delirium among 53,455 fans, Detroit's largest opening-day crowd.

It is Groth's disposition that makes him such a solid bet for the long haul. More than one brilliant rookie has eaten, drunk, caroused or talked himself out of the big leagues. Johnny has too much sense and balance to be caught in such a sucker play. He knows he has nothing to sell but the health and reflexes that reside in his superb, six-foot, 185-pound body. No one has to tell him he would be an unknown working stiff doing the best he could, and not meeting with much success, if not for his physical attributes, and it's a cinch he will do nothing to squander them.

Groth was born on Chicago's North Side, five blocks from Wrigley Field, on July 23, 1926. Then, as now, it was a lower-middle-class neighborhood without facilities for supervised play and he had no opportunities to indicate he was a gifted natural athlete. Neither his father, an electrotype salesman, nor his older brother, Bill, was especially interested in sports.

"Pop was a lukewarm White Sox fan," John says, "but I think he did it just to be different on a block filled with Cub rooters. The only time I saw ball games was when I picked up papers at Wrigley Field before the gates opened. The kids who helped clean up the grandstand were allowed to stay for the game, but I don't

Clancy



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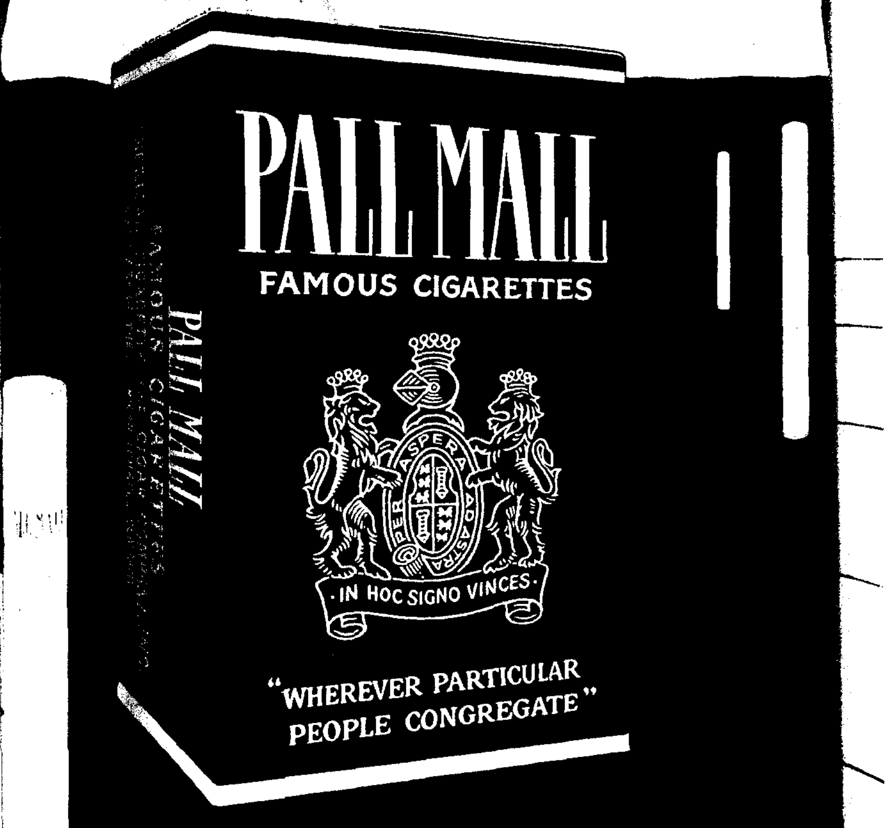

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Congressman, re
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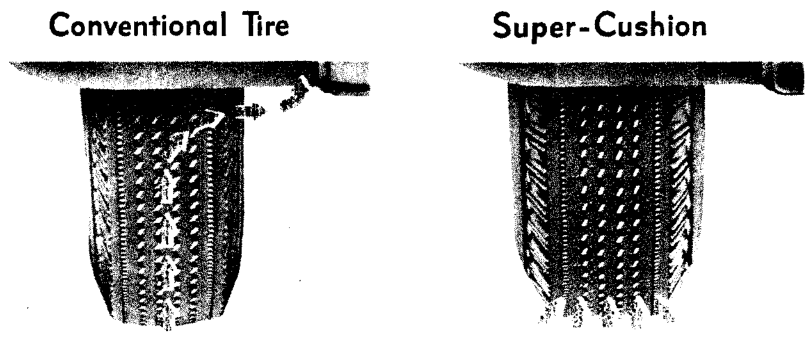
VICTOR WICKERSHAM is a Congressman from Oklahoma. He says: "In my last Congressional Campaign, I covered over 30,000 miles on all kinds of roads with one set of Super-Cushions. They really improve the car's performance. Steering is easier. And Super-Cushions make the car hug the road on turns, give me excellent traction even in wet weather."



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Ordinary ride

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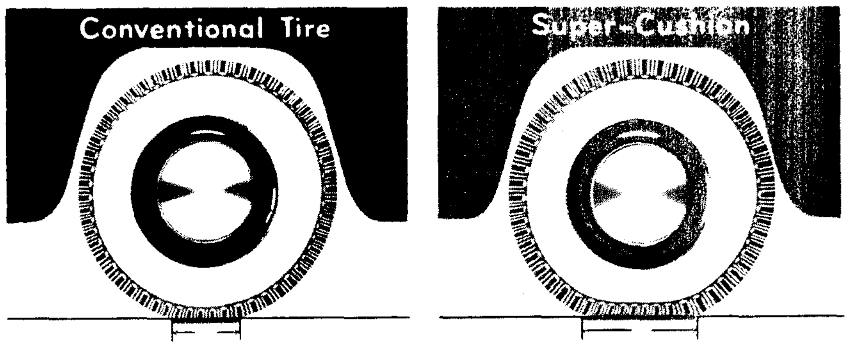
Softer Ride! The Super-Cushion is bigger and softer. *It runs on 24 pounds of air!* It absorbs road shock, jars and vibration. So you get a pillowy ride, less wear on your car, fewer rattles and repair bills!



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RICHARD D. POPE is a real estate man in Cypress Gardens, Fla. He says: "Believe me, I'm delighted with Super-Cushions. They make my car's ride just as smooth as silk. They make it easier to handle in traffic, cut down rattles and rumble—and are giving me lots of extra mileage. And they're the best-looking tires I've ever had!"

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MORE PEOPLE RIDE O

tor, and architect

(SO WILL YOU)

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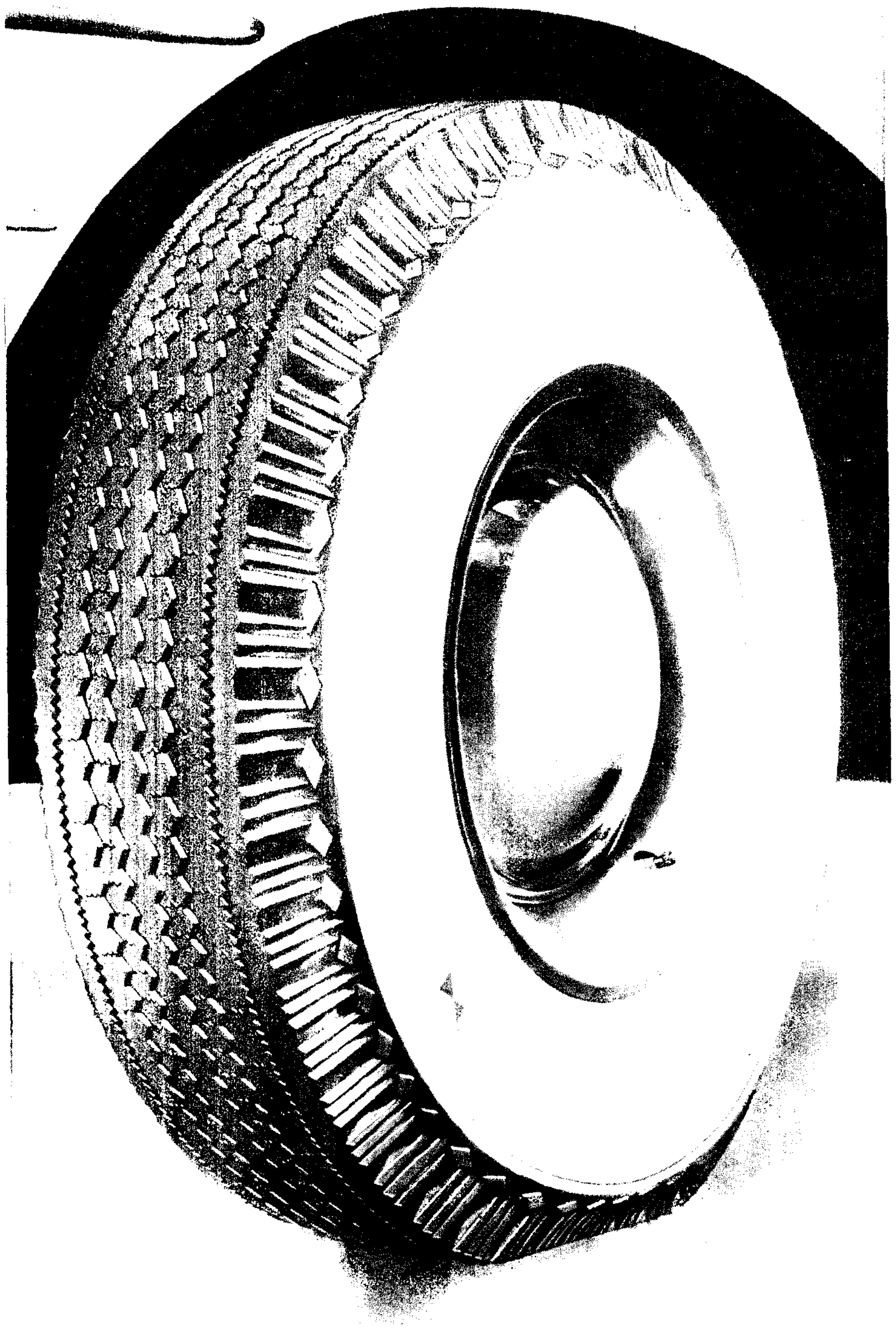

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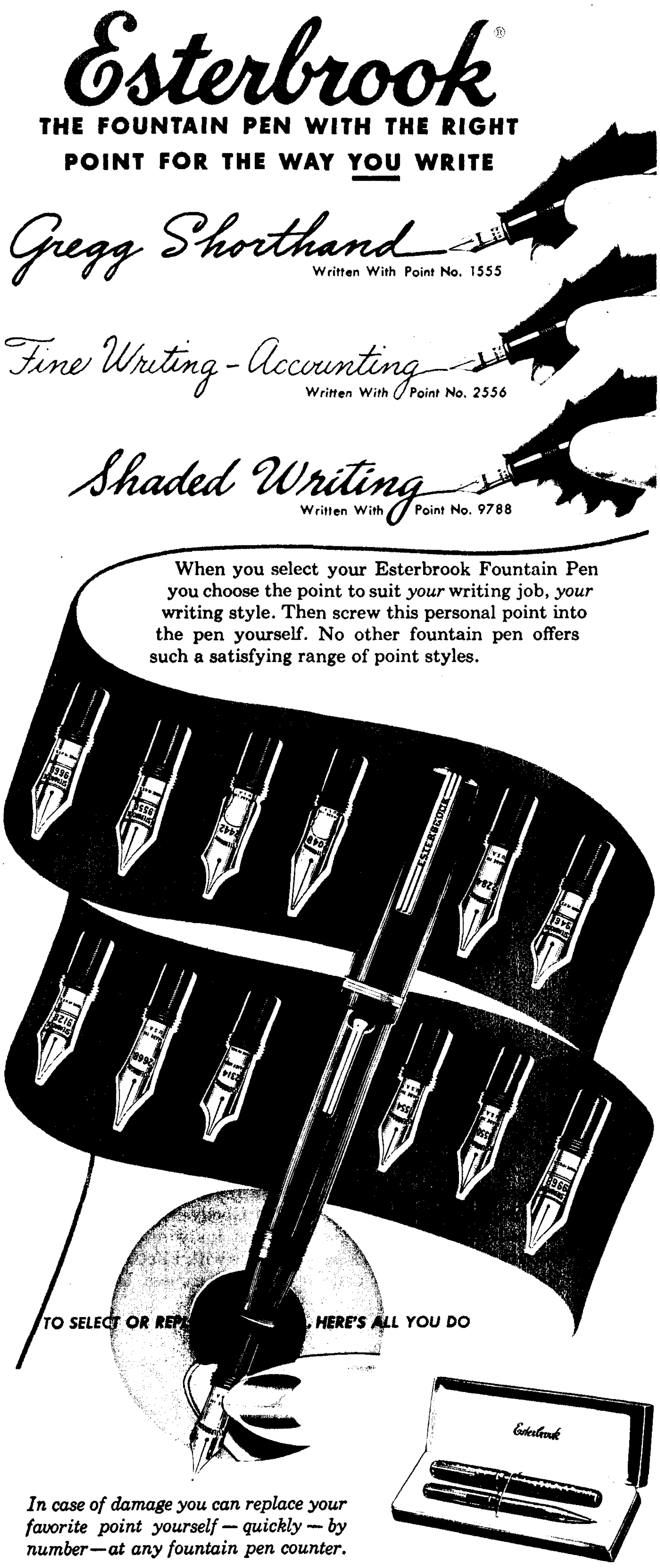

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remember doing it often even though the park was practically around the corner."

John is not given to idle speculation, but he sometimes wonders what might have been had he not tailed along with the gang one September afternoon in 1939 when he was thirteen. The Chicago Bears sponsored a 100-pound boys' football team that amused the customers between the halves of professional games and John remembers trying out for want of something better to do. He had played touch football on the street, of course, but beyond that he had only one other qualification. He weighed less than the maximum 100 pounds.

Hundreds of boys from all parts of Chicago turned out and John's potential ability must have been as conspicuous as the nose on Jimmy Durante's face. He was one of 17 kids chosen for the team and after two practice sessions he was appointed the quarterback and passer.

The Junior Bears milled around with childish, ineffectual zeal against other small-fry grid gladiators for no more than ten minutes a Sunday, but Frank Rokusek, football coach at Chicago Latin School, who had been captain of Red Grange's team at Illinois, saw enough to offer John a scholarship. Chicago Latin, one of the most exclusive prep schools in the Middle West, has standards and tuition fees that only wealthy families can meet.

"I was in the seventh grade at St. Michael's, a Catholic grammar school," John relates, "and there was a lot of pressure on the family to have me go on to parochial high school. My father finally accepted the scholarship because it opened up educational advantages and social contacts he never could have afforded to give me."

Chicago Latin's enrollment was confined to 80 boys and its teams never had won a trinket worth more than three dollars at any reputable pawnshop before John arrived to impersonate a one-man athletic department. The football team was runner-up twice in the Private School League, then rode to the championship and an undefeated season on John's broadening back in 1944, his senior year.

He made All-State halfback and led Chicago Latin to the Illinois prep-school title by licking unbeaten Todd, 34-26, in a postseason game. His contributions to that stirring piece of business were two touchdown runs, two touchdown passes and three points after touchdown. Someone accounted for the team's seven other points while John evidently was handling the seating arrangements.

A "Natural" at Many Sports

As for basketball, John played it as if he had invented the game. He scored 46, 38 and 31 points in separate games and was a fixture at guard on the all-city team. There wasn't a sport in which he didn't pick up all the marbles. Two months after hefting a tennis racket for the first time he teamed up with Bill Barborka and won the Private Schools doubles championship, then repeated the trick the following year. He competed in one city-wide track meet and walked off with second place in the shot-put in a city-wide meet.

Baseball, oddly enough, attracted John at first only as a fill-in between the basketball and football seasons. He pitched two no-hitters and hit "something in the six hundreds," but so few private schools in Chicago supported teams that Latin's schedule was limited to three or four seven-inning games a year.

John insists he didn't give a thought to baseball as a career and this rather improbable story is confirmed by his summer activities. Most schoolboy and college athletes gunning for the big leagues spend their vacations playing semipro ball under an assumed name. John each summer was a counselor at a camp run by James O. Wood, Chicago Latin's headmaster, at Eastford, Connecticut, and played only softball with the youngsters.

"The younger boys who were in school when John was here still worship him," Wood says. "Henry Metz, our janitor, raves at every opportunity about 'my poy Chonnie.' What is more significant to me, though, is that the other schools we meet in sports competition invariably ask about John. They admire him so much because, as they say, he was the cleanest athlete they ever encountered and because he never tried to humiliate anyone by running up scores at their expense.

"I don't want to sound stuffy about this, but the fact that John was a counselor at my camp for five years and that he was my son's best friend indicates how we regarded him personally. He was a quiet, well-mannered boy who fits into any company."

A Hot Prospect for Old Eli

In the normal course of events, young Mr. Groth would have gone to Yale and concentrated on football and basketball. Red Rolfe is not a superstitious man, but he firmly believes he and John were predestined for mutual aid and comfort. The Tiger manager was basketball and baseball coach at Yale six years ago when Paul Walker, the All-America end, began to rave about a kid back home in Chicago who was the hottest prospect since Bill DeCorrevont. Every school in the Big Nine, as well as the Naval Academy, Notre Dame, USC, Nevada and SMU, made overtures to Groth, but Yale alumni had him wrapped up for delivery at New Haven.

Events were not normal in 1944, however, for a boy approaching eighteen. There was a complication known as Selective Service and John's Greetings arrived in due course. He was inducted into the Navy on February 20, 1945, and was sent to Great Lakes for boot training. Great Lakes had a tremendous athletic program and John answered the call for baseball candidates issued by Chief Petty Officer Robert W. Feller, recently returned from a long and distinguished tour of combat duty in the Pacific. John fancied himself an infielder but thought better of it when he saw Pinky Higgins and Ken Keltner, established major-leaguers, in the crowd.

Every other aspirant had played minor-league baseball, but not too many responded when Bob asked the outfielders to step front and center. John, the youngest candidate, suddenly decided he was an outfielder. Again, there was quick recognition of the vital spark so obvious to the expert eye. Feller put him in center field in preference to a score of men with far more experience.

"I think Feller was attracted by my throwing," Groth says. "He was swell to me. He always was arranging to give me extra hitting practice and he spent hours teaching me the finer points of the game."

Never having played baseball seriously, Groth didn't know what he could do. Nobody was more surprised when he hit .341 for Great Lakes, which met all major-league, service and college teams in sight and won 28 games out of 31. Scouts from the Red Sox, Giants, Browns, Tigers and Cubs went through the motions of talking to Groth, but it was assumed that Feller had the inside track. Groth did promise he would give Cleveland first look at him when he was discharged, but Pinky Higgins, Detroit's third baseman *in absentia*, was selling him on the Tigers.

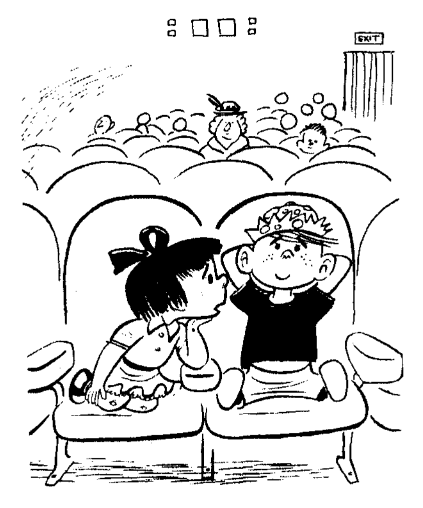
"Nobody makes a mistake going with Detroit," Higgins told him repeatedly. "It's the best club to work for in the business."

After six months at Great Lakes, Groth was transferred to Chapel Hill, North Carolina. By that time the war was practically finished and he was ear-marked to play football for the greater glory of the Preflight School. Before he got around to it, the base was closed and he was shipped to the Air Station at Dallas, Higgins' home town. Feller, who had been discharged in August, 1945, sent a steady stream of telegrams and letters to Groth reminding him of his promise, but Higgins was in there constantly talking it up for the Tigers.

Someday the Detroit management should erect a plaque to Higgins, who now manages the Red Sox farm at Birmingham, in recognition of his services in lining up Groth. Higgins opened the 1946 season for the Tigers but was traded to the Red Sox a month later. He had given Wish Egan, Detroit's chief scout, such an eloquent earful about John that the front office decided to top any offer Cleveland would make to the kid.

Higgins also alerted the Red Sox, who placed too much reliance on their man's friendship with the boy to clinch the deal. A little more dependence on folding money might have done it, at that.

Groth got out of the Navy the day before his twentieth birthday, but Egan didn't hear of it until a friend in Cleveland told him Groth had been working out with the Indians for a week. Eddie Mayo, a Tiger infielder who was laid up with injuries, was hurried to Cleveland to find out what was going on. He found that Johnny had returned home that day to discuss the Indians' proposition with his father. Egan called Bruce Conaster, his scout in the Chicago area, and ordered him to fetch Johnny Groth to Detroit at all costs.



"I've seen it through so many times I forget where we came in"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Two Favorable Impressions

One look was enough to convince Egan that Groth was worth all the loose money Briggs had lying around. Briggs agreed after meeting the boy although he was more impressed by John's modesty and good manners than Egan's technical recommendation.

Egan went back to Chicago to go into a huddle with Groth and his father. The conversation was as follows:

"We want you to play for us," Egan said. "We like you. Do you like us?"

John nodded.

"Okay. I know you have an offer from Cleveland. I don't know what it is. I don't want to know. All I want you and your dad to do is figure how much money you want."

John left the room with his father. He returned 20 minutes later with a nervous, apprehensive look on his face. "I want a bonus of $30,000 and a three-year contract for five thousand a year," he gulped. Groth knew he would have to go out for seasoning in the minors where salaries for rookies range from $250 to $500 a month.

Egan didn't bat an eye. "Sign here," he snapped. "You got any use for a Cadillac?"

Groth's maiden year, in 1947, at Williamsport in the Eastern League, proved he had not collected money under false pretenses. He hit .319 despite early difficulties with curves and his batting stance.

"The trouble was that I was lunging at the ball," he confides. "It was a bad habit I carried over from softball, where everybody runs up on the pitcher. I felt funny standing still in the batter's box waiting for the pitch. Pinky Higgins had told me at Great Lakes I'd have to dig in for a good toe hold, but I'd never had a chance to work on it."

Farming Out Causes Protests

Although far from ready for the big leagues, Groth was such a sensation at training camp in 1948 that many of the older players protested when he was farmed out to Buffalo. They thought he could help the team and one of the loudest subscribers to that opinion was Roger Cramer, the center fielder who now is filling Groth's old spot at Buffalo.

"It was an awfully tough decision," Bill Evans, Detroit's general manager, admits. "There was no question that the kid could've given us a lift last year and Lord knows we needed it with our lousy team. We would've kept him had we been selfish, but we knew he'd be better off in the long run with one more year in the minors. To tell the truth, we're rushing him right now, even though the averages don't show it. If you think he looks good, come around in two years. You'll really see something then."

The International League annually votes on the most valuable rookie and it was no contest last year when Groth hit .340 for Buffalo and led the circuit in hits, total bases and runs batted in. At training camp this spring, he took complete charge of the center field berth and all pitchers encountered in exhibition games until the team headed North. He hit major-leaguers for .380 and then, inexplicably, looked dreadful against bush-league humpty dumpties.

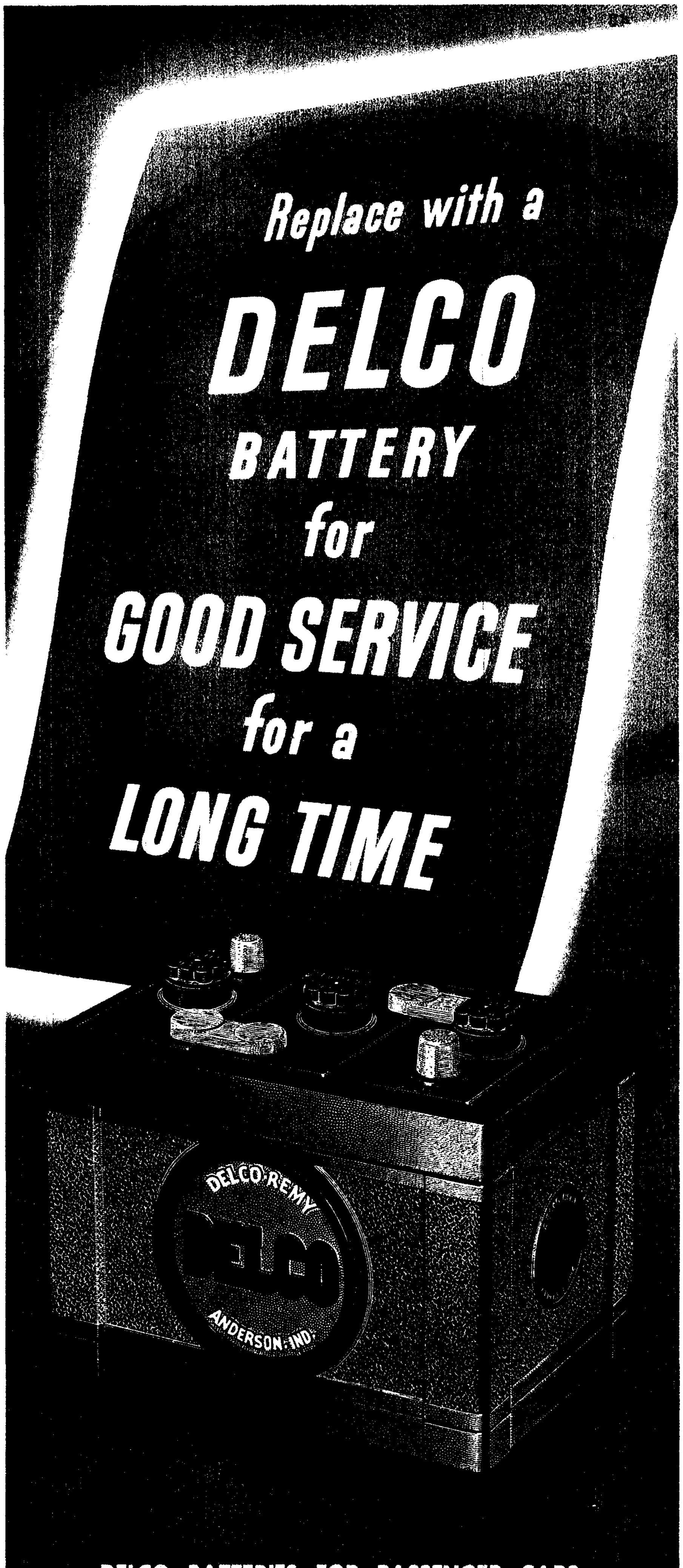
"He was moving around in the batter's box too much," Rolfe says. "We didn't want to tinker with him because there was the danger of getting him all mixed up before the season opened. John is such a good competitor that he came out of the slump when the bell rang. But his stance isn't quite right yet. We've got to work with him slowly. There are too many other pressures on him."

One problem disturbing John is the future, after baseball. He thinks about it a good deal more than most youngsters would with a comfortable nest egg in the bank and the certainty of steady employment at handsome wages for the next dozen years.

"I should be learning a business that will keep me active when I'm through playing," he says. "It's not easy to find something worth while. Baseball takes me away seven months of the year and I can't expect an employer to hold a spot open for such long periods. Sure, I've had lots of offers, but they're all from people who want to capitalize on my reputation. The jobs are honest but they seem phony to me because they don't require anything but glad-handing guys. Maybe I'll take some courses at Northwestern this winter so I don't wind up a real dope."

There will be one more change in John's life next winter. He will not be hanging around Chicago Latin, using the school gym after hours to keep in condition as he did last year. John will be married to Miss Betty Ann Stoll, debutante daughter of a Chicago financier, and if this is not an authentic success story, try dreaming up a better one. Hollywood pays big money for that sort of stuff.

THE END



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DELCO REMY *WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN*

The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DARED TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY OF A DANGEROUS MAN

The Story: The morning the BOY and I discovered LOUISE FREMPTON'S supposed suicide SOPHIE, the COUNTESS OF INDERSWICK, telephoned me, insisting I come to dinner and meet JAMES BELSIN. "EVE, you absolutely must," Sophie said. I did not know James Belsin then, but that night on meeting him I discovered he was young, handsome and wealthy. From his own lips I learned that he loved me and wanted to marry me. He was a prize for any girl, but unfortunately I discovered that Louise Frempton's suicide was not suicide—her body had been put into the sea by one of James Belsin's bodyguards, a man named HOOKER. Hooker told me the story but would not tell me who killed Louise. Later when I went to the Frempton cottage I learned that Louise had James Belsin's private telephone number. I told none of these things to the police, nor to JONATHAN PENROSE the young city dweller who was living in one of our cottages and insisted he was in love with me. James Belsin had invited me to see the plant in which he manufactured electronic equipment, and I went. He knew that I was suspicious because of Hooker, so he told me that Louise Frempton's husband had gone mad, thinking he had been cheated in a business deal, and finally Louise had cut her throat on Belsin's doorstep in an attempt to ruin his reputation. To prevent this scandal Belsin had the body done away with. He reasoned that if his business failed then all the employees would be jobless. I almost believed him and as I left I wondered if I were falling in love with James Belsin. On my way home, I remembered that Father was awaiting the arrival of some week-end guests—including the colorful GONZALEZ DI CALANCAR of Iraguay. Gonzalez knew Father as "the Commodore" because of his past connection with the Iraguayan navy. They had once been enemies, but Gonzalez now regarded Father as his greatest benefactor.

PART SIX OF EIGHT PARTS

NO ONE had to tell me that the week-end party, as I was expecting, had arrived from London. There was a big yellow Packard in the courtyard, and I could hear voices in the garden.

Most of the noise was of the Boy's making, but it was reinforced by occasional shouts of advice from Gonzalez or the Commodore or from both together. He was uttering cries of a nature I supposed to have been common to the early South American Indian when at war; at the same time he was throwing short, squat-bladed knives at a chalk circle marked on the big cypress tree.

It was nice to receive such rapturous greetings from everyone, and even Father gave me a cordial welcome. I told Gonzalez about Jimmy Belsin. He was pleased and impressed and also talked about commission for me as agent in the introduction, and when I said I had heard that taking commission from both parties was against the law, he laughed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

The moment I opened the door of my room, I was aware that something was wrong. I saw blood on blanket, sheet and silk cover

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Which is really Joan Bennett?

STARRING IN
"The Blank Wall"
A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION
(See answer below)

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IF YOU find it hard to tell which is glamorous Joan Bennett, it's no wonder you are confused when you try to select the best spark plug *just by outside appearance.* But when you replace your narrow-gap spark plugs with the sensational wide-gap Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs, you'll be amazed at the difference in engine performance and economy.

If you picked the photograph on the right as the real Joan Bennett, star of Columbia's "The Blank Wall," you're 100% right. The other pictures Miss June Cox of New York City. You can score another 100% when you switch to the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug, designed for the finest in engine performance, the maximum in engine economy.

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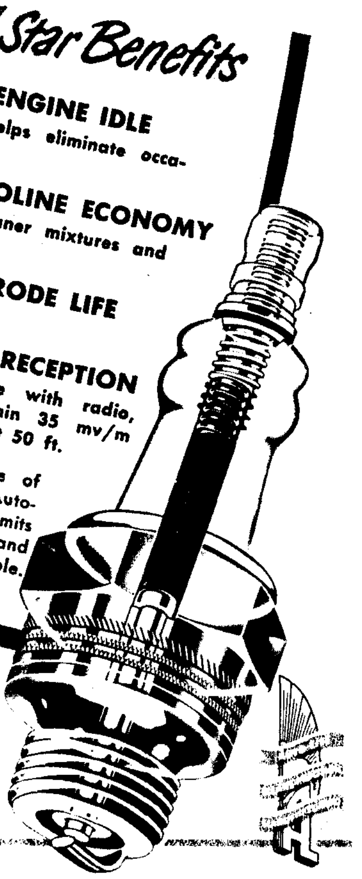

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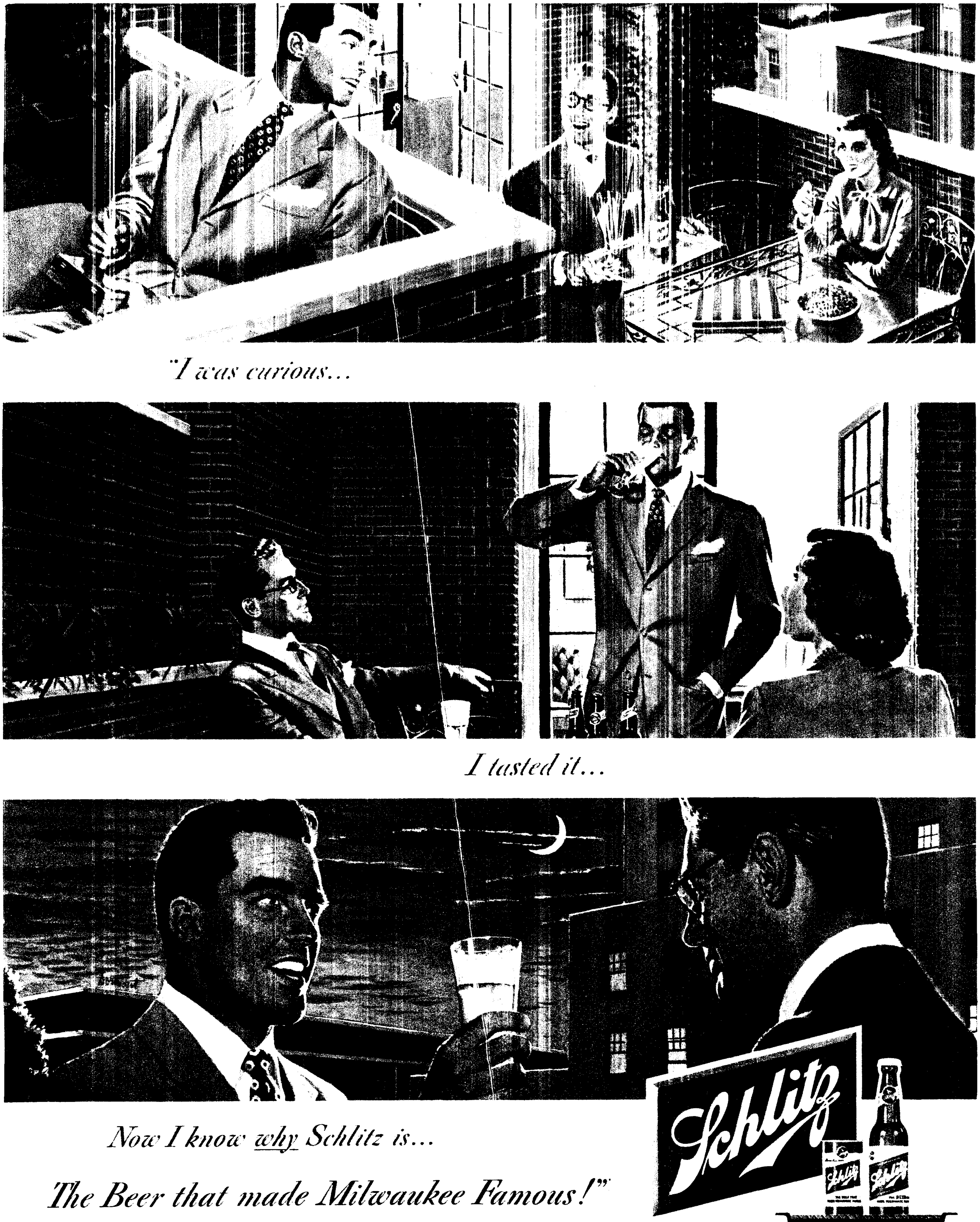

"*I was curious...*

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

© 1949, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

THE GOLDEN DART

Continued from page 48

till he cried and said he had forgotten what a funny place this England was indeed.

I made sure that everyone was comfortably arranged as to their rooms and that Mary and the girls were happy about dinner, that the oysters had arrived and were in the ice chest, that Jim had thoroughly raked the furnace of the boiler so that it would not go out in the night, and finally, at about five o'clock, escaped to my own wing of the house for the longest relaxing bath I had ever promised myself.

I had no sooner taken off my suit and was sitting at the dressing table removing my make-up than the Boy came, heralded by a loud knock on the door. He demanded to know if Belsin was a murderer.

"No," I said. "He told me all about it. It was an accident. It happened at his house and it was very awkward for him—and if he hadn't done something about it, there would have been a fuss and bother and maybe a scandal. He couldn't afford that, in his position, so he arranged for it to look the way it looked to Billy Bull and everybody. Except you and me, of course."

"Oh," he said. Then asked, "What *is* his position?"

I tried to tell him. Even sketched briefly and badly, the picture of Jimmy Belsin as headman of the Belsin Corporation was impressive, and I did not use any adjectives. But in the Boy's uncomplicated judgment there seemed to be weak spots in it.

"If an ordinary chap had someone die accidentally on him," said the Boy, "he would have to stand the fuss and bother and maybe scandal, wouldn't he?"

"Yes. But the circumstances round about Jimmy Belsin make him unordinary. That's what I tried to explain."

"I don't see it."

"What I'm trying to say," I added, "is this: What he did *was* wrong and it always will be wrong. But a wrong can be forgiven if the excuse is really, really good. When the motive, in fact is *un*-selfish."

He nodded slowly. "So he really only changed the scene?" the Boy asked.

"That's what he did. That was the wrong part of it, technically. You see now what I mean?"

HIS doubts and difficulties vanished. Where before he had been thinking the worst of the man, he now felt only admiration for the efficient fashion in which the scheme had been carried out. I warned him that he must not let Belsin know he knew all this.

"Of *course* I won't! But shall I see him?"

"He's coming to dinner tonight."

"I *say!*" He dashed for the door and paused at it. "But he isn't a patch on Uncle Gonzalez. He's *terrific*. Why couldn't you fall for *him?*"

"Who said I'd fallen for Mr. Belsin?"

"Nobody. But if you haven't, why all the song and dance?"

"Song and dance?"

"Lagondas and telephonings at midnight and being so upset because he might have been a you-know-what, and now you've asked him to dinner and you'll dab that stuff behind your ears that costs five pounds a tiddy bottle. And I bet you're going to have a bath!"

"I have a bath most evenings," I said.

"All the same—"

"All the same, you call up the cottage, ask Jonathan and Charlie for tea, and leave the rest to me. And try a bath yourself. Look at your knees!"

He snorted derisively and ran down the corridor to the stairs.

I stared at my reflection for several moments. "Lagondas and telephonings at midnight and being so upset—"

The great thankfulness at having been proved wrong about Belsin was beginning to absorb all other feelings. I could relax now, enjoy perhaps the normal emotions of falling in love. And why shouldn't I? There were things I did not like in him, things that grated and troubled me—his attitude toward himself, for instance; but when was there ever a perfect man for any woman—if she were honest about it?

MY NEXT visitor came when I was in the bath. It was the lovely Nerinda, already changed for dinner. She was apologetic; she'd forgotten to pack a scarf. The English summer evening might be chilly for her shoulders, which were as lovely as they were bare. I told her where to find a suitable scarf in case of need, and she stayed while I dried myself and began to dress in a leisurely way.

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GEORGE WOLFE

COLLIER'S "I'll swap my refrigerator for your trip to Bermuda!" GEORGE WOLFE

"Tell me, Eve, you do not want this investigator, this George Wicks, for yourself?"

Surprised, I assured Nerinda that I did not.

"You see, you brought him to us, so of course it might be he was yours. He is downstairs asking if you are able to see him. I said I would find out. I am suspicious, of course. You don't mind if I say these things? It is better, is it not?"

"Life would be a great deal easier if everyone had that point of view, even if it caused a bit of alarm sometimes."

"I am glad you do not need him." She laughed happily. "Some women want them all, even if they cannot have more than one. You will take that great, rich man I heard the Commodore talking about on the telephone to the lady?"

Lady? Puzzled for a moment, I then realized it must be Sophie, busy as usual trying to help matters along faster than Destiny could run its course.

"The Commodore looked very pleased," Nerinda remarked.

"I'm glad," I said, and added, more to myself than to her: "It's by no means settled."

"In Iraguay," she said, "we have a number of such men—Gonzalez is one. They are wonderful—but inclined to be much the same everywhere, I think."

"I would like to think this one is different—"

She nodded and sighed.

"For me these great, rich men come in all shapes and sizes, and to look at them, chalks and cheeses could not be more unlike. But I think they are all alike in one thing. They are forever the conquerors. They must overcome, and the thing which keeps fresh the feeling of success to greatness and richness is the love and loving of women. Not one woman, for men became great and rich by overcoming not one difficulty, one obstacle, one danger, but many such things. And the women—they are the symbols of the difficulties and obstacles and dangers—soft, warm dangers to remind them that great and rich men can get the better of anything."

"But once a man has become great and rich—" I began.

"Does such a man ever feel he is great and rich enough that he can stop trying to be more great and more rich? Look at Gonzalez. He cannot be still and fish the trout as your father taught him. He must forever fight for more power and more money. It is mad. And not nice for any woman who wants to love him. She does not care to be an overcome obstacle."

"You know, Nerinda," I said, "I think you are as sensible as I would like to be."

She laughed and went away, saying that since now I was in a dressing gown it would be *convenable* for George to be permitted to see me. She would send him up.

I began my make-up and was pleased to see that in spite of the rush and trouble of the past few days I looked fresher than I expected. Perhaps, I suggested to my reflection, it's love already!

GEORGE'S entrance broke in on these subtle considerations. "About Mayfair 87E4—" he began.

"Oh, dear me, yes," I said. "I'm awfully sorry, but I had you out of bed this morning on a wild-goose chase."

"You mean you don't need the information, such as it is?"

"Not now. I've managed to clear up the trouble, thank goodness."

He remarked that most of his work turned out to be a waste of time in the end and he was quite used to it. "At the end of the month you'll have a small bill from the firm. And any time you need me, just give me a ring. Go anywhere, do anything, no holds barred. Everything from missing persons to evidence for divorce. I suppose it *was* divorce, or maybe some gentleman pretending he was free. Name of Morgan?"

"Morgan?" I repeated.

"He paid the telephone bill for Mayfair 87E4. Small furnished apartment in Cork House, off Bond Street. Only two rooms, but expensive just the same. Hilary Morgan and wife. They took it about two years ago but gave it up during the last ten days or so. Went to America. The staff speaks well of them. A devoted couple. They had a house in the country, but the housekeeper didn't know exactly where. They only used this place for occasional week ends. Every month or six weeks—"

"Two rooms, George?"

"Bedroom and a living room."

"No second bedroom?"

"No."

"There was a couch in the living room where someone could sleep?"

"Possible, but small, a square-shaped thing. Most uncomfortable, but I suppose in an emergency—yes. But they didn't entertain—kept themselves to themselves."

On an impulse I fetched Louise' photograph and looked at her dead face. I began to tremble. George was watching me.

"They—you said every month or six weeks?"

"So the woman told me."

Everything fitted—even to the incidence of those visits to London when she left Diana with Mrs. Garseed . . .

THE silence deepened. George did not have to be very shrewd to know he had brought me something of vital importance. But the dreadful belief which now shouted in me for acknowledgment he could neither know nor share.

My head was like an overstuffed bolster with straining seams; if one stitch should burst, its insides, its secrets, its fears, its intuitions, and its dangerous—yes, this new and dangerous knowledge would come splitting out with all its unassailable certainty.

George must not know—yet. No one must. The truth . . . this was the truth: Everything James Belsin had told me to explain away what he and his people had done was a lie. She hadn't killed herself because she hated him!

Oh, yes, he would be able to explain . . . I scarcely needed to close my eyes to hear his voice as he would admit that it was true, he had invented that reason for her suicide. He would tell me all about it in his charming, contrite way, appealing for my understanding. You see, darling, how could I dare let you know at the very beginning of our friendship that she and I had been—lovers, for two years? It hadn't been real love; how could it be, in that secret, furtive way? I understood that, didn't I? Not real love.

How frightened he had been lest I find out about it . . . How awful it had been . . . her refusal to accept his decision that they must say good-by! Yes, she had killed herself because he would not come back to her. All the rest was true, I could see that, couldn't I? The covering up, the change of scene, putting her body in the sea, all that was true. Only her motive for suicide had been different, the only lie . . . was it that, the only lie?

I opened my eyes staring again at the photograph in my hands. To believe she would destroy herself in hatred to avenge wrong had been difficult, but it was beyond all understanding to believe now or ever that she would do so because she loved a man.

He had killed her because her claim had been too great. She had loved him more than he had loved her.

She had given up a husband and robbed him perhaps of his lost sanity in doing so . . . Mammon's black chariot might have been a Bentley? She was no light-o'-love. He could have bought or frightened a lesser woman into a peaceful parting of the ways when he tired of her, but not this one. She did not have to reproach him with words, make demands, or call upon him to do the right thing by her. Her existence alone was sufficient to produce the same effect on him, and with this state of affairs, this irksome sense of moral responsibility, had come a firm, clear-sighted decision to rid himself of a burden which threatened not only his valuable good name but also his progress to an even larger and more powerful future.

He could not buy her.

He could not frighten her.

So he killed her.

I had uncovered a dangerous thing, and it was my own responsibility to keep it hidden until it was safe to reveal it at the right time to the right person. To Billy Bull.

I could not give him proof of the murder, but I could give him an equation on which he could begin doing sums: Mr. and Mrs. Hilary Morgan equal James Belsin and Louise Frempton. The end of his arithmetic would bring him the truth. I knew that.

"George," I said at last, "you'd be a fool not to guess something has happened, but I would be a bigger one if I told you what it is. Not yet. One day, soon, perhaps."

"I'm sorry if I've thrown a spanner in the works. But you wouldn't have wanted me to check on that telephone number unless—"

"Exactly. Now go and find Nerinda and give her a drink. I must finish dressing."

"Ah, yes," he said, moderately cheerful again, and left me.

I went back to the bedroom and looked at the telephone. Billy Bull would have left his office by this time, so I rang his house. He was out.

I heard the soft crunch of tires on the gravel of the drive. Only one car. Was the other Bentley parked down the road somewhere, well out of sight, lest I should be reminded of the ugly but necessary accompaniment to his daily life? Protection. He needed protection now if he ever did!

THIS great, rich man! This fine, respected public figure surrounded by crawling lickspittles who existed only to raise him above other men in the eyes of the world! His law was greater than the little law which governed the sheep in his fields. He stood so high . . . he could rob and swindle and cheat and suborn the hearts and loyalties of ordinary men and women according to his need and whim. He could kill, and men would help him kill, and it was right because he said so . . . this great rich man!

I went downstairs.

He came across the drawing room to meet me and took my hand and held it closely. This was the man in the dinner jacket again, the man who had taken me into the Inderswick garden and kissed me under the stone god of the silent pipes. This was James Belsin, this was love . . . this was the man for whom that dead girl had left her husband to spend those furtive week ends. This was Mammon, this was murder.

"Jimmy, dear," I said, "you really mustn't look as though you could eat me in front of all these people."

"It's my good appetite, darling."

"Save it for dinner."

"I'm saving everything for dinner."

I did not notice any significance in that, but took him back to the other end of the room where the others were at their cocktails. Gonzalez smiled at me expansively.

"You've done more for me in three minutes," he said, "than I could have done for myself in three months. I think my mission is going to be a great success," and he inclined his head at James Belsin, who said:

"Eve, I took the liberty of opening the subject of a possible trade relationship between the corporation and Señor di Calancar's agency."

"In fact," said Gonzalez, "your good offices may well be rewarded by a nice fat commission. In fact, we will all grow rich together."

Father had been listening to this sordid talk about money with great good humor; when Nerinda joined us he drew me aside to discuss the wine for dinner, which had already been discussed and settled.

"More I see of him," he said, "more I think he'll do. In fact, I've told him I've no objection."

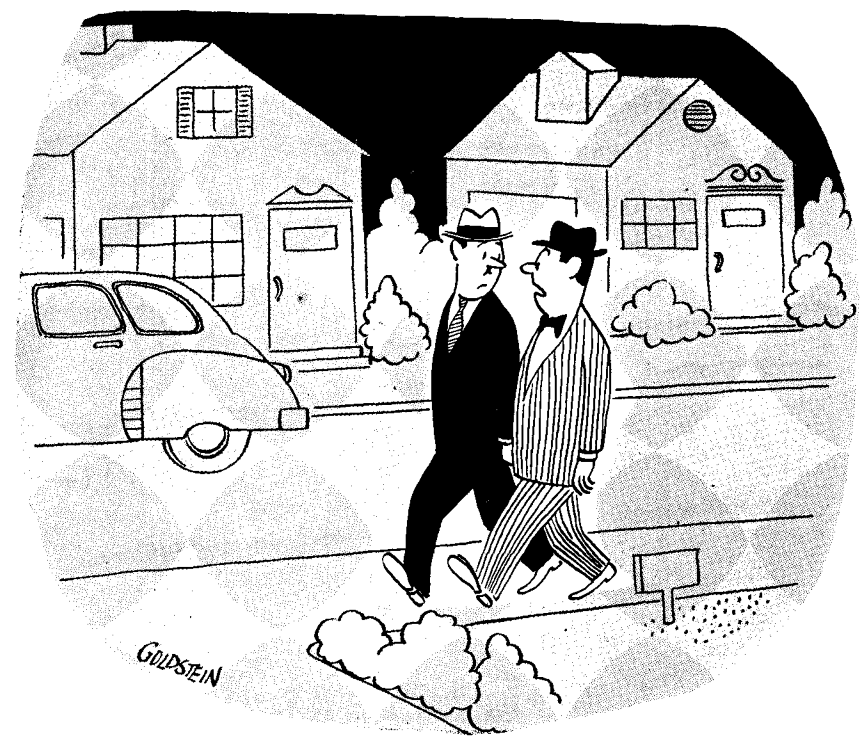
"You've *what?*"

"Given him a straight answer to a straight question."

"Oh!" I said.

"Must be practical."

"I thoroughly agree," I said icily. "I've known him three days."



COLLIER'S "The problem is how to brag about the seventy-five bucks I won, without letting her know where I've been" GOLDSTEIN

"Bah! Three days—three years! He's a man to know what he wants—goes after it— Wants a wife. Picked on you. Sound choice. My God, he'll be in the Cabinet before he's fifty. Think of that. No, don't think. Act."

When Father's short sentences shorten to monosyllables he is showing the uncertainty of his ground. But that does not mean he will retreat from it.

"Act!" he said again.

"I see. Perhaps you'd like to announce the engagement at dinner?"

"Damn' good idea! And why not?"

I should have known better than to leave him still on his feet by saying no more than: "For Heaven's sake, there's no hurry, is there?" . . .

If I could have forgotten the truth about James Belsin, I would have had nothing to complain about as a hostess. Father sat in his high-backed Charles II chair at the head of the refectory table in the Long Room and I sat at the other end, our guests on either side. Charlie and Jonathan arrived at the dessert stage and we made room for them; the Boy, tense with an endless, silent pleasure, edged his chair up to the corner between me and Gonzalez on my right. James Belsin was on my left, Nerinda on Father's right with George Wick opposite her.

Only Jonathan seemed a little out of it, with his brooding eyes too often turned toward Jimmy Belsin. It both worried and irritated me when now and again his bony head moved with impatience, perhaps more with himself than with anyone; it was neither a nod nor yet a shake, but I thought the Boy's word for it, "waggling," fitted it well.

The candlelight played golden fire into the little pools of brandy in the wide glasses, and I found myself becoming slightly detached from myself, a feeling I welcomed and encouraged.

When Father began to make a small speech about "this important occasion which brings two great friends together after many years of separation," I was scarcely embarrassed at all on anyone's account. Gonzalez was obviously delighted, eyes glistening with the happiest of tearful sentiments.

But I was in no way at all prepared for the second half of the speech. In fact I was scarcely aware that Father had moved from one subject to another, from the first reason "for regarding this a memorable day" to the second and to his mind the more noteworthy:

". . . as you have no doubt guessed, all of you," he was saying, "a father's feelings must always be somewhat mixed when he comes face to face with the reality . . . of handing over his only daughter to the care, however tender and considerate, of another . . ."

But it was poor Jonathan's face which really sharpened my realization of what was happening. Suddenly he was as pale as death, his thin hands clenched. I straightened in my chair and all but cried out in an effort to make Father stop. The candle flames danced in a gale which was nowhere but in my senses.

Please God the others would not see any sign of it, that James Belsin too would read the downcast head and heaving breast as normal and natural evidence of a young woman's happy embarrassment.

I heard Father's voice laboring on in unaccustomed clichés, telling them that it had been a whirlwind courtship of the most romantic kind, but nonetheless how happy its auguries . . . how fortunate we both were—and as father of the girl, he would be the first, and there would be no last, to say that Jimmy was the right husband for her—the right husband . . .

I swallowed and dared to look up. Father raised his glass to call the toast.

Everyone accepted it well except Jonathan, who fought against acceptance, helplessly lost in his own futility, as always, to prevent the inevitable. I thought my Jimmy's eyes rested on him for a moment of contemptuous triumph, then I was given the benefit of his irresistible, pleading charm and a whispered urge that I should forgive him. What could he have done but storm the last citadel by a fifth column within the gates? He loved me, and all was fair— "And here," he said aloud, "is a token."

I felt his hand touch mine, and a coolness on my finger, and I looked down at an unimaginably lovely ruby glowing in a delicate nest of small diamonds.

The word "murderer" rattled in my head in a disconnected fashion, and then my mind reached out for the precious, comforting knowledge that tomorrow—yes, tomorrow—early tomorrow, this business would be finished. Billy Bull would finish it.

THEY were clapping and making noises on plates and glasses with Queen Anne fruit knives, which was bad for them. I heard words coming from my mouth, but they must have been so remote from reality that I cannot remember them. Our plans for getting married hadn't really been discussed yet . . . but probably in a few months, perhaps Christmas or the New Year . . . something of that sort.

"August the twenty-first," said my fiancé.

Nothing stirred in me now except deep rage, now directed almost equally at James Belsin and a world so blind and so negligent.

I had three conversations which stand out of the mélange of voices and sounds which, to the tingling bouquet of Piper Heidsieck, composed the rest of that part of the evening as I remember it.

The first took place when the party decided to move out into the garden where the moonlight was bright and the air soft. James Belsin pushed Father in his wheel chair, nursing three bottles of champagne he had put in the ice chest before dinner. The Boy acted as outrider, bearing the fourth bottle.

I stayed behind a moment to collect glasses and found that Jonathan was with me, alone, which I might have avoided if I had been more aware of things. He held a tray while I put glasses on it.

"I hope you will be happy," he said woodenly.

"Thank you, Jonathan."

"You love him?"

"Oh, please—" I began.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't—except that he is totally and absolutely the wrong man for you. *Wrong!*" His voice rose a little.

I did not mean to let out any of the deeper emotion in me, particularly against him, but it was nearer the surface, perhaps, than I realized.

"*You* know best!" I said, managing to keep my voice down. "Oh, yes, you always do. You spend the best part of the year nursing a lovely, pure, hopeless, knight-errant, self-sacrificing love for a worthless, heartless career woman who wasn't fit to live, and then when you get bored with it you turn to me. A year too late you tell yourself that I saved your life and you owe me everything and how wretched you must have made me by ignoring my feeling for you—yes, my love for you, or what I thought was love, and now, in your own good time, you open the cupboard to see if I'm still there. Oh, I'm sorry—"

"The glitter has got into your eyes," he said. "You can't see the other things."

"I think I can."

"If I believed this were the end of you and me," he said, "I don't know quite what I would do. I—I shall use every weapon."

And he turned and blundered off toward the lawn, the glasses rattling dangerously. I stood a moment and watched his gangling figure recede. Should I have given him some inkling of the truth, but how, in that short, difficult moment?

The next second I was very glad I had

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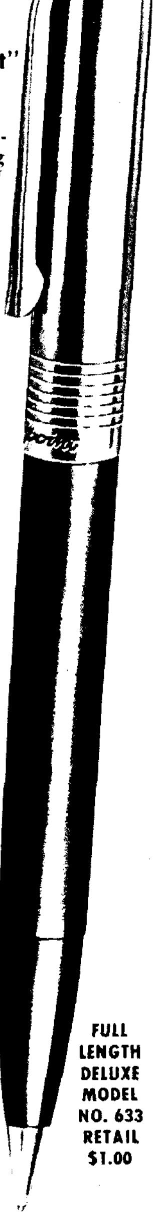

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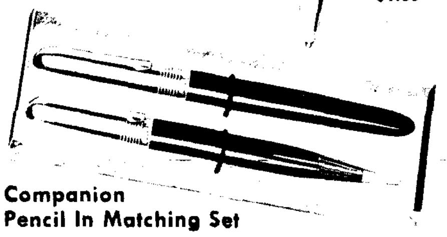

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not, for James Belsin came around the azaleas and confessed at once that he had heard the last bit of the conversation.

"Poor chap," he commented, and his condescension pricked at my anger. He added: "I don't like to hear that a man is reaching out for 'every weapon.' "

I laughed as lightly as I could. "You're not nervous, Jimmy?"

"I think I—you and I—can look after ourselves," he replied a little coldly. "You've told him, I hope, that there was nothing after all in your theories about Louise?"

I said, "Of course," without immediately remembering how I had let him think this morning that I shared with someone my suspicions about her death. I had meant the Boy, but realized now that he had assumed it was Jonathan. Of course he had! And in saying "of course," I had to stick to it. The terrible importance of those two small words did not occur to me until it was too late.

"Because if he really meant he would use every weapon—" James Belsin paused.

"Jonathan is capable of wanting to do this and that," I said, "but he is shockingly bad when it comes to having to do anything positive about it. In point of fact he would not hurt you because he would rather die than hurt me—and on reflection, he'll see that he couldn't do the first without risking the second."

"There's no danger that he may not see that?"

I laughed again and said with truth that when Jonathan wasn't pausing and reflecting, he was reflecting and pausing.

"You mustn't tremble like this," he said. "Surely you aren't frightened of me?"

"Only of myself," I said, successfully pleasing his vanity. He kissed me, presumably to make sure I stayed frightened of myself.

I realized that I had never feared any human being as much as I feared him.

Thus I arrived in my room in a state of breathless suspense, having ignored the nearer telephone in the hall as being too public; also James Belsin had been obstinate about being put back with the rest of the party. "I can't bear being without you," he said, and telling him I knew just how he felt and how happy it made me, I asked him did he really think I could appear in front of the others, even in moonlight, looking like *this?* Love does ravage one so . . .

WHILE I listened to the telephone ringing in Billy Bull's study the other side of Halesworth, fifteen miles away, I expected my ardent lover to come banging at the door at any moment to find out what was keeping me from him.

At last Billy Bull's cheerful hello! hello! and why this honor? Trouble, he supposed.

"God forbid," I said with all honesty. "I want a quiet life. But you wouldn't care for me to keep quiet about anything which you ought to know about the Louise Frempton thing?"

"Ah!" he remarked. "Now we're getting to it."

"Come to breakfast tomorrow," I said.

"You did say *breakfast?"* He sounded a trifle startled.

"See you at eight thirty. Use the side door from the courtyard; it will be unlocked. Come straight up the back stairs to my rooms and don't stamp with your great boots. Father would hear you."

"My! My!" he said. "I'll wear rubber soles." But his voice was serious.

Just as I was about to say good-by he said casually, "By the way, you're in the gossip column of the Suffolk Mail tomorrow. I met the 'little bird tells me' man at the club tonight. He thought it was worth a paragraph—said his source was reliable—"

"What *are* you talking about?" I said and in that second caught sight of a movement in the left-hand wing of the dressing-table mirror. The door behind me was opening and the dark sleeve of a man's jacket broke the straight line of the cream molding of the doorframe. I had the sense not to turn my head. James Belsin's impatience had overcome his good manners.

BILLY BULL was saying, "Mind you, in *my* business I wouldn't regard his source of information as anything but idle chatter. However, if you *are* even vaguely likely to get yourself engaged to one of the richest men in the country, whom I didn't even know you knew—well, I hope you'll have the kindness of heart—that's all it requires of you—to tell me about it before I read it in the local squeaker. I may say, however, that we policemen regard him with favor, as the fairy godfather of the Police Orphanage. He bought it a new home last year and we pray for him nightly."

"He's a very wonderful man," I said. The sleeve didn't move.

"But I want an explanation just the same," said Billy Bull.

"You don't expect me to go into that sort of thing on the telephone, you silly man?"

"In that case you damn' well better had tomorrow morning, when I see you," he grumbled at me, and hung up. I continued to hold the receiver.

"But even so," I said into the unhearing mouthpiece, "he really is utterly charming, and I know you'll get on excellently with him. Oh, Richard, I'm sorry about everything, but honestly, it wouldn't have worked. So please don't persuade yourself you're heartbroken. Look about for one of those redheads you really prefer . . . Yes, Richard . . . No, Richard . . . Promise? That's fine. Good night, my dear."

I put the receiver in its cradle and sat without moving, as though slightly wrapped in sentimental farewell to my lighthearted spinsterhood. But my heart was pounding. Had James Belsin heard any of the earlier part of the conversation? Was he standing in the doorway reluctant to disturb my tender thoughts or because he was deciding how to deal with me as someone who was about to lead him to the hangman?

At last he spoke. "And who is Richard?"

I leaped up, my hand to my breast, in an alarm I did not have to fake. "Oh, Jimmy! How you made me jump!"

He strode across the room and gathered me masterfully in his arms.

"Darling, did I catch you out?"

"Catch me?" I asked, genuinely frightened.

"Who is he, this Richard?" He held me tightly.

"You mean, who *was* he?" I said.

He laughed, but I could not blind myself to the suspicion in his eyes. "We mustn't pry into each other's pasts," he agreed, but only with his voice.

"Mine isn't so terrible."

"Mine, on the other hand, would make Bluebeard blush." He said it lightly and mechanically, which robbed it of none of its beastly truth. How much had he heard?

"Richard is practically a babe in arms," I said, "and not worth a moment's thought. Never was, even for me."

He relaxed and I was breathing more easily, not only because his arms had loosened.

"So this is your bedroom," he said, looking round it. "This is where you sleep and spend so much of your intimate, personal life. I am glad to have seen it. That's really the reason I deserted the others and followed you up. I wanted to be able to visualize you here. That's your own sitting room through there?"

"Yes," I said, realizing it was only to be expected that he should be well informed. "Tomorrow, if you like, you

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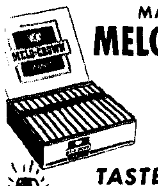

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shall come to tea with me there. It's very untidy just now . . ."

"I shall come to tea tomorrow."

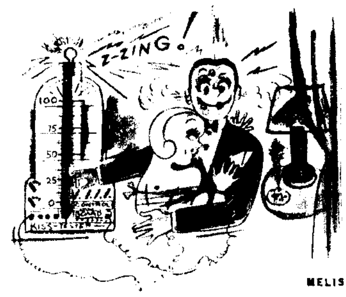
I was very relieved he did not insist on going in there; it would have been a singularly bad moment for me to have him see on my table the photograph of the woman he had murdered.

We went downstairs. I think he held my hand.

At about eleven o'clock the party began to show signs of having had a full day, and I seized the opportunity to break it up. I said I would see Jimmy to his car.

He stopped only once to kiss me and say, "I want you, Eve, and I shall not rest until I have you."

The chauffeur who had brought me home came out of the kitchen quarters, where Mary and the girls had no doubt included him in their own celebrations. I had the infinite satisfaction and relief of seeing him drive his employer out of the courtyard and down the drive, and what I had every reason to believe was out of my life forever, except, of course, for the dreadful, tedious and inevitable processes of justice in which I was almost bound to be a witness against him.



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Scientists have devised an Osculometer to analyze the dynamics of kissing. —John E. Gibson

Science now has come to this:
Machines to calibrate the kiss;

To measure and weigh it,
To chart and assay it
For traction, intensity,
Dew point and density.
Valves pop, sparks leap,
Boards blaze with lights,
As oscillant needles
Chart osculant heights.

Science marches on, hup, hup!
Plug me in and pucker up.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

I WAS under the archway when my feet stopped moving almost before I realized I had heard something else besides the night sounds, the small scurryings in the grass and snapping of dry twigs under soft paws. It was a sibilant noise, a kind of hiss. The hiss became words: ". . . Miss Gill . . . Miss Gill . . ."

It was Hooker.

Hooker! My brain was working again. I might still be able to hand him over to Billy Bull as a star witness!

So I moved casually toward the shadow of the wall and into it. My eyes were still full of moonlight and I could not see him.

"It's all right," I said quietly.

"They're *every*where." It was the same peevish, fearful Hooker to whom I was accustomed.

"Where did you get to this morning?" I said severely.

"About a hundred yards from that barn and nearly walked into them. I went back, mostly on my stomach by way of the ditch, and climbed into the loft and took it easy. What else could I do?"

I said, "Belsin is finished, however unlikely that may seem to you. They're going to hang him for the Louise Frempton business. Jones and, I dare say, one or two others are going to hang with him. Unless they're smart. But they'll have to be very smart. That includes you."

"The chief—I don't believe you," he said flatly.

"The superintendent of the East Suffolk Police is arresting him about ten o'clock tomorrow morning," I said with equal flatness. "Take it or leave it."

HOOKER took it. He had to. His bitterness against them was almost greater than his fear. "How smart do I have to be?"

"It depends what you've got in the way of real evidence to be smart with."

"Damn!" he said. "King's evidence?"

"Only if it *is* evidence. You may have seen enough."

"She was dead when I saw her."

"When you *saw* her? You said she was in a sack."

"I opened it. I wanted to know what the score was, just in case. Natural, wasn't it? All I knew was Bill Jones had me out of bed at three in the morning to go pronto to my boat at Walerswick. To wait for 'something' which had to be got rid of—that was all. He and Alfie brought the sack in a gray coupe—her car—at about a quarter to four. And a little girl. Nobody had said anything about a little girl. Bill explained about the suicide plant. He looked at the map and picked on your creek, blast it!"

"Get on!" I said sharply, wondering who Alfie was. "What else?"

"I told you, we dumped her three miles out over Prawl Deep — seventy-odd fathoms by the chart—with three great rocks tied to her, the poor dame. If you want more, ask Bill or Alfie. That's the lot so far as I'm concerned."

"No," I said. "No. There's one thing you haven't told me. You opened the sack. You saw her. *How had she died?*"

"Strangled," he said.

"No—wound? Her throat wasn't cut?"

"I'm telling you. She'd been throttled in the ordinary way."

I shuddered. The ordinary way . . .

"The way you would have done it," I suggested.

"I don't bump off women and I'm not a strangler. Nor is Bill Jones!" he said. "Now, for God's sake, let's get going!"

"I see," I said. "Alfie's the strangler."

"No. Hasn't the stomach for that sort of stuff."

"Then who did it?"

He did not answer for a moment, then, almost as though the suggestion frightened him: "Who do you think?"

Lese majesty was easier for me. "James Belsin," I told him.

He swallowed but he did not deny it.

"Where did he kill her?"

"Her cottage—"

"You were there?"

"No! I keep telling you! I didn't know a thing until Bill and Alfie turned up."

"Then how do you know it now?"

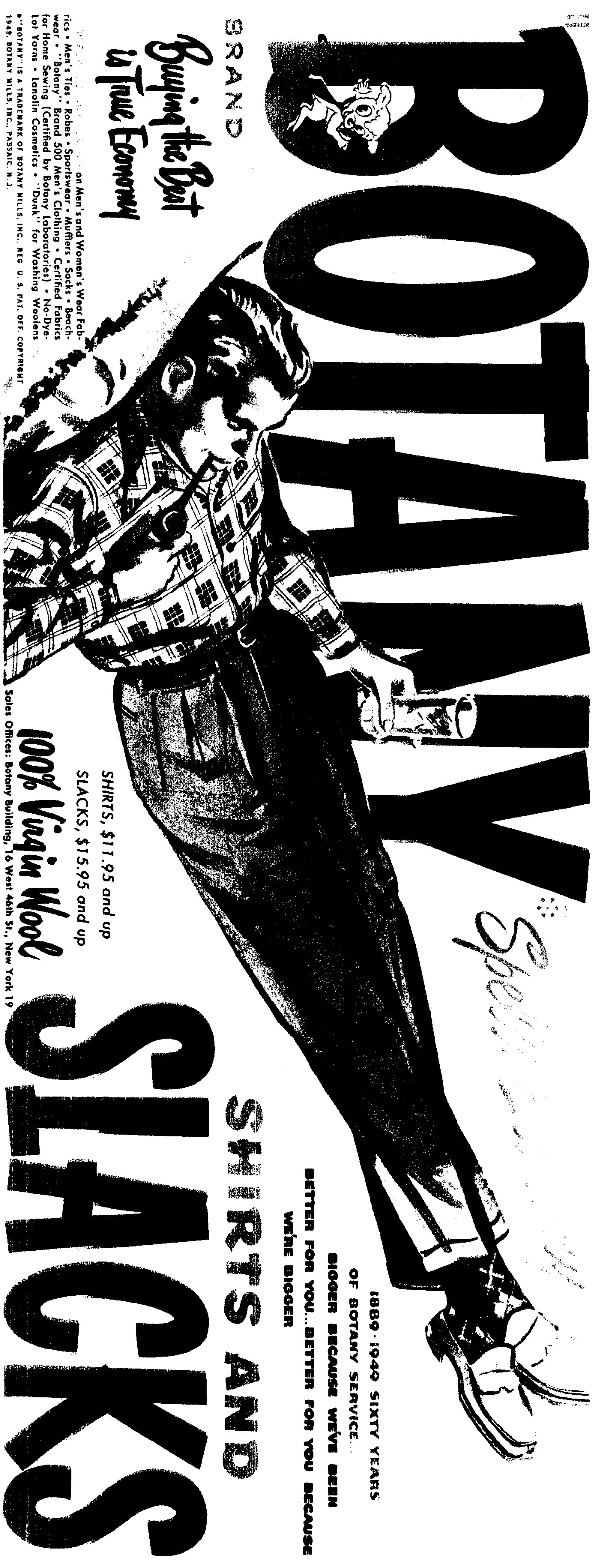
"They told me, and that's not evidence," he said to comfort himself.

No, I thought, it's not evidence, but it was what I wanted to know. And what Billy Bull will want to know without another moment's delay.

Tomorrow morning had seemed too late when I faced the fear that James Belsin might have heard more of my telephone conversation with Billy Bull than he had let me see. But now it seemed a hundred dangerous years away. Now! He must be told the whole terrible story *now*. And Hooker—I had got my hands on Hooker again. In this mood he would break down at the mere sight of a policeman, even in pajamas.

"Well?" he was demanding. "That's all I know and all you'll get."

I doubted that, but it would be Billy



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Bull's job to get it out of him. "All right," I said. "I'll do what I can."

When he had arranged himself on the floor at the back of the Lagonda, I closed the lid on him; and since he did not immediately raise hell I knew that he had not heard me turn the handle of the well-made lock.

The road was empty, the turnpike deserted. I thought it very unlikely that any of them would dare stop me, but if they did, what more reasonable than a newly engaged girl's inability to sleep for the joy and the thrill of her happiness?

Unfortunately, Billy Bull was *not* at home. He had gone out ten minutes ago. A telephone call. Carson *thought*, but he could not be sure, that it was one of the stations. It was, usually. He was quite unable to say which station.

"I wouldn't like to suggest you should wait for the superintendent," Carson said awkwardly. "He may not be home before daylight."

I WENT back to the car, which I had left out of earshot down the lane, and with my mouth close to the side of the rumble said, "Sh!" with as much urgency as I could get into the sound. I got behind the wheel and drove back the way I had come. After a few minutes I told Hooker that it was just as well I had gone ahead to see if everything was all right with the Nancy Jane.

"There was bound to be someone watching her."

Enforced silence for so long gave power to his expletives. What in hell was he to do?

"Wait until morning."

"What difference will that make?"

"They won't dare touch you with people about. I could drive you right up to the jetty and you could be away before they knew what was happening."

It was fine. I *could* do that for him. Not, of course, that I would.

"And meantime?" he asked.

"You'll be all right where you are."

I drowned the obscenities with a sharp pressure of my foot on the accelerator, and there was no more conversation. Indeed, the only further words I had for him were in genuine warning of danger, for as I turned into the courtyard I saw in the moonlight someone sitting on the mounting block.

"Why," I said, "there's Mr. Jones, of all people!" And I said it loudly. If there was a note of uncertainty in my voice, even of misgiving, I think only Hooker noticed it and doubtless attributed it to my concern for his safety. He remained absolutely still and quiet while I drove into the coach house, switched off ignition and lights, and got out. Jones had left the mounting block and now helped me push the double doors together. I took the spring padlock from its hook and clipped it fast through the staple, hoping he did not know that we seldom bothered to do such a thing.

"The chief," Jones said without preamble, "wanted me to let you know that he regards the next few days as likely to be rather busy—that the announcement of the engagement has been given to the press agencies and it may cause a good deal of unwelcome attention from journalists and the like. He wanted you to know that we—myself or one of the section—will be in attendance from now on, to protect you in every way"—and he repeated with more emphasis—"every possible way. I shall be within call."

I could hear his master in his words.

"For instance," he said, "should you want me during the night—suppose the London newspapers start telephoning, as they easily may—just open your window and give me a yell. Okay?"

"All right," I said, "but if I catch as much as a glimpse of you in your 'attendance,' I'll be extremely cross."

"You'd be entitled to. Good night, Miss Gill."

"Good night," I said, and went slowly to the side door of the house, very troubled in my mind.

Yet he had been polite and his story reasonable. If he meant harm, why had he revealed himself?

It was not long before I knew. The moment I opened the door of my room I was aware, even though the greater part of it was in darkness, that something was wrong.

My hand reached for the light switch, pressed it down.

Jonathan lay on his back on my bed.

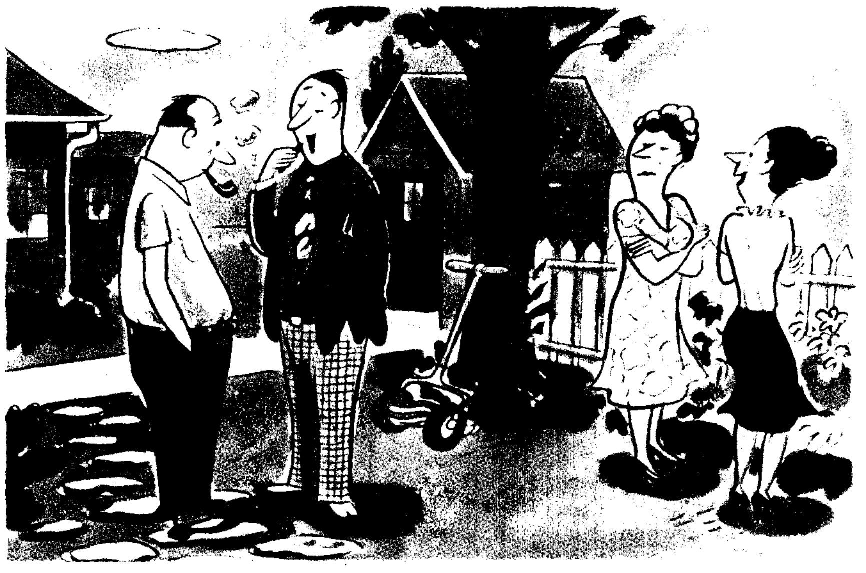
He was dead. His eyes were staring at the ceiling from a shrunken, skull-like face. The hilt of a knife stood up from below his thin ribs.

The knife, the knife. . . . I knew from its corded hilt it was one of those the Boy had been playing with.

My last movement was to grope for the switch and put out the light, then I must have slipped down onto my knees and fallen forward on my face across the doorway. That was how I was lying when the roaring sounds in my ears came to an end and I was partially conscious again.

(To be continued next week)

Viewpoint



"Personally I prefer more conservative clothes, but she's been after me to pep up my taste—wear sports stuff!"

"He kept steering me past this counter of flashy sports wear. So finally I gave in"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

When the sun is high, load your camera (*any* camera!) with Ansco Plenachrome Film and get crisper, snappier pictures . . . get *better* pictures!

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The most inexperienced photographer can get swell album pictures using this foolproof camera. Lens is already focused; two view finders for horizontal or vertical pictures. Makes eight 2¼ x 3¼" pictures on 120 size film.

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Ansco All-Weather Film
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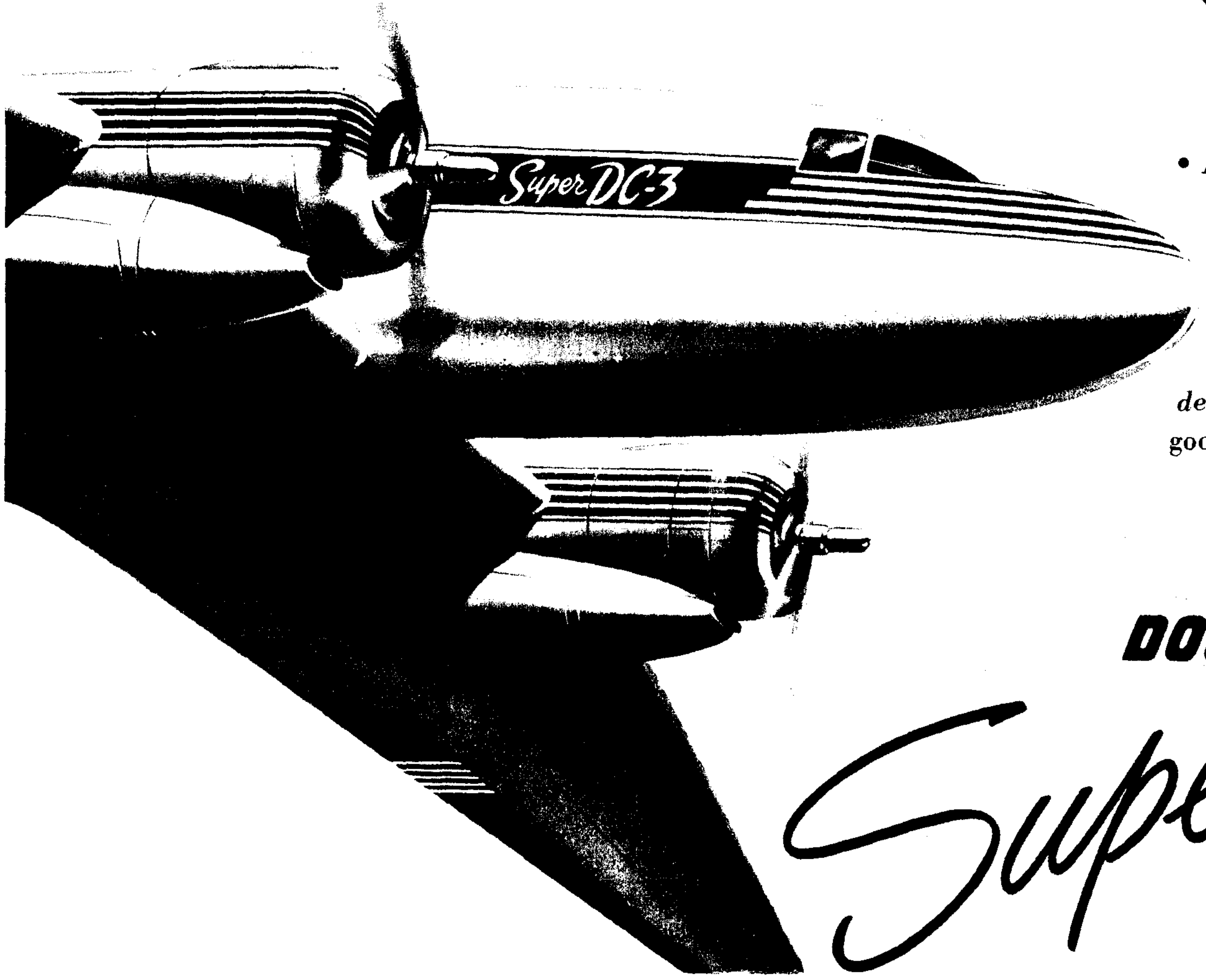
NEW---FAST---DEPENDABLE!

• Billions of passenger miles have been flown by the DC-3—the world's most famous air liner. Now comes a *new* model of this time-tested transport—the Super DC-3! New swept-back wings . . . powerful new engines . . . and many new conveniences will enhance your future travel aboard this modern sky liner.



• A cargo version of the Super DC-3 is also under construction. It will carry more cargo greater distances at less cost on leading airlines throughout the world. Thus the pioneering spirit at Douglas again leads the way in the swift, efficient, *dependable* transportation of passengers and goods by air. Douglas Aircraft Company, Inc., Santa Monica, California.

DOUGLAS

Super DC-3

I WAS KING OF THE SAFECRACKERS

Continued from page 27

had. There wasn't much more than two grand, and Stahl blew his top. "I thought you big shots had a hundred grand here," he said. "I don't like it, see?" He pointed his rod at a player and put a slug through the guy's neck. Fortunately it was only a flesh wound, and we got out of there in a hurry. I never trusted Stahl after that and I told Bertsch, who was no daisy himself, that I wouldn't work with guys whose gun fingers itched. I got rid of Stahl eventually and never saw him again.

In Wait For the Mail Truck

Three days after the poker-party raid, we pegged our shipment and went out to clean it up. We parked our cars two blocks from the railroad crossing and left the motors running. Bertsch and Stahl were in one car. My brother Louis and I were in the other. And Herb Cox, who had been my partner from the start, was hunched in the shadows beneath the watchtower. We had two .30-30 rifles and a sawed-off shotgun, as well as a couple of gats apiece.

But we didn't have Big Harry Woods, and I missed the old gorilla. I begged him to come along on this caper, but he wouldn't have any part of it. "Don't get sore, chief," he said. "It ain't nothin' personal against you or the guys; it's just that I don't like foolin' with Uncle Whiskers." We used to laugh about Big Harry's wooden head, but he wasn't so dumb after all.

The mail truck came rolling along right on schedule that unforgettable night. I blinked my headlights, the signal for Cox, and he bounded up the tower stairs. He flashed a badge at the old watchman and yelled, "Get those gates down! I'm a federal agent and we're trapping a bunch of crooks." The old guy was so startled and confused that he didn't stop to argue. The gates shot down and the mail-truck driver slammed on his brakes. At the same instant, our cars got there and we had the truck between us, like a nut in a cracker.

Bertsch and Stahl jumped into the truck, threw their rods on the mailmen and took over. The gates flew up, Cox hollered, "Thanks and so long," at the watchman, and away we went. The whole business took less than two minutes, and nobody on the street got a peep at the heist. Even the cop on the beat was late in getting the news because Helen had coaxed him into a restaurant six blocks away and was giving him the big-brown-eyes routine while we pulled the job.

We hustled the mail truck to Mateo Street, a deserted little road behind a big steel plant, and handcuffed the driver and his guard so they couldn't get away. It didn't take long to throw the registered pouches into our cars, and half an hour later we unloaded the loot in Cox's cozy little house on West Forty-second Place. We got almost a thousand pieces of mail out of the twenty pouches; it took us all night to sort the stuff. We typed out lists of the swag so every man could have a copy, and then we added it up. It ran close to half a million, not counting the checks—a terrific haul for a few minutes' work. I decided I had been wasting my time with safes and vaults. This was a better racket, short and sweet.

Two days later, Joe Bertsch, Lou, Helen and I boarded trains for Chicago, loaded down with hot bonds for our Eastern fences. I was impatient to knock off another mail truck before the government could clamp down, and Cincinnati looked like the best bet. The town was like an old friend—we had blown half a dozen safes there at one time or another—and there was a roadhouse near the city that we could use as a headquarters. The place was run by a retired mobster who had important police connections just across the river in Kentucky, and I knew he could supply hot cars, guns, ammunition, phony license plates and other equipment.

I had the toughest guys in the mob for this caper. Charlie McGuire, a Chicago mobster, and George Garibaldi, a gorilla, were already in Cincinnati, and my brother Lou moved into their hotel with them. Helen and I stayed at a swanky downtown hotel. Joe Bertsch made a quick trip to Chicago and came back with Joe Blue, who had once been a Chicago hood, and two sawed-off shotguns.

Joe Blue had been taking a refresher course with the Chicago boys and he thought we were going to perforate the mail clerks. He was plenty burned when I ordered him to keep his sprayers at home. Things were already bad enough, and I didn't want any dead men keeping me awake nights. Later I wished Blue had stayed in Cicero, because he certainly gummed up the show. He not only bought handcuffs in a Cincinnati pawnshop—where the owner got a good look at his ugly face and remembered it later—but also gave us a bum steer on the mails.

"The truck we want," Joe said, "leaves the Baltimore & Ohio station for the post office at 8:10 P.M. It should have a hundred grand in cash."

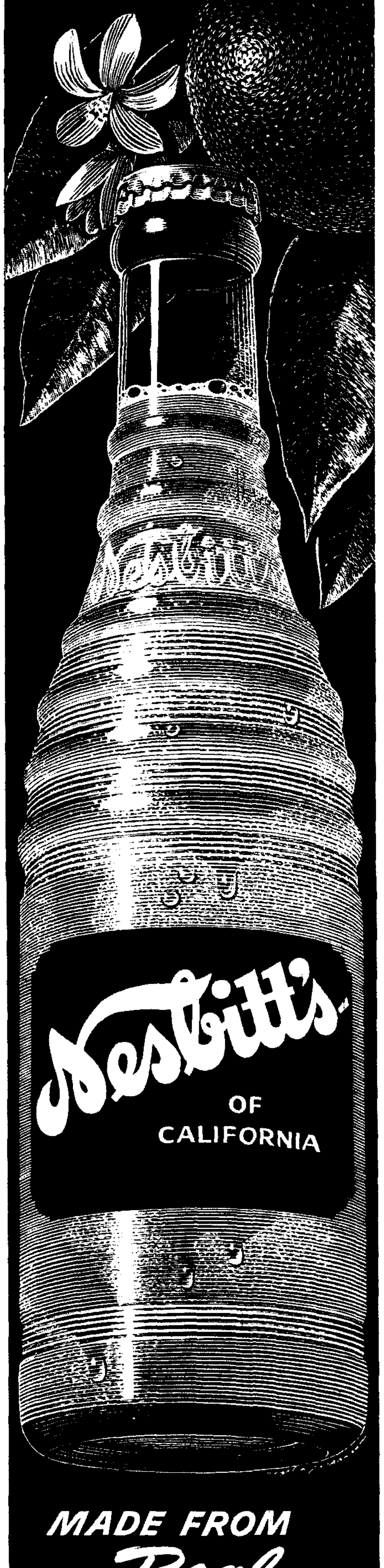
So we grabbed that truck when it was just 100 yards from the station. There was nothing to it. We sideswiped it with a car from the left and jumped aboard from a second car on the right. We ran the truck right over to Wingate Alley, gagged and handcuffed the driver and guard to the steering wheel and lifted the registered mail. Within half an hour we were in the roadhouse garage. I knocked the locks from the bags with a jimmy I had had specially made for the job. The first sack had a lot of old, torn money that was en route to Washington to be destroyed. There wasn't much of anything in the second or third.

Loot Wasn't Worth the Risk

By the time we reached the last two pouches, we felt like people who find themselves cut out of a rich uncle's will. The job was a dud. The haul didn't run over $20,000, including some custom-made jewelry that's hard to fence. The guys were so disappointed that I put $8,500 of my own dough into the kitty to increase the cash, and then took all the jewels as my cut.

I secretly blamed Blue for the flop and was determined not to use him again, but now I know it wasn't his mistake. The truck with the hundred grand made its run that night all right, but the train had come in early for the first time in years. We must have been sitting in our cars, nervously waiting, when the truck with the cash rolled past us.

Returning to Los Angeles after this dismal flop, with Helen trying to cheer me up by telling me how much she loved her new jewelry, I still wasn't sure what I wanted to do next. I finally snapped out of the mood and slipped back into the old routine for a while. We blasted a couple of safes and fattened our bank accounts, but somehow the thrill was gone. I couldn't forget the speed and the danger of the mail robberies. I couldn't forget those fat pouches and the suspense as we dumped out the loot. It was like unwrapping a lot of gifts from people we didn't know. I can still hear Helen saying, "Who says Christmas comes but once a year?"



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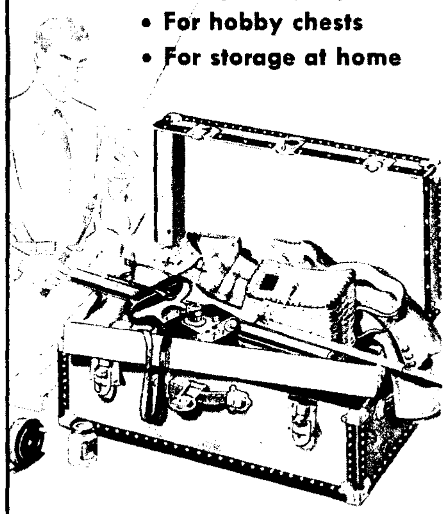

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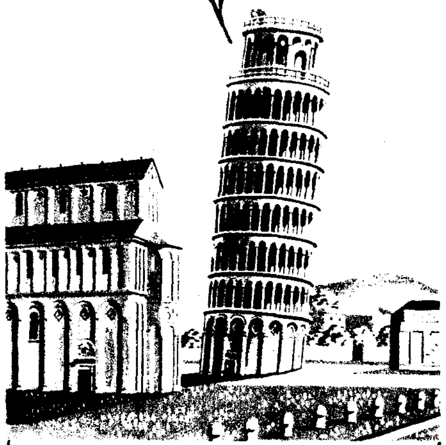

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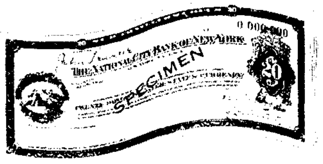

BACKED BY THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK
First in World Wide Banking
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Yes, I had planned to quit. I thought it would be easy. I had a lot of money stowed away and I didn't need any more. The cops had never heard of me and never would. I had outsmarted them. But still I couldn't quit. Crime had obsessed me. It was running through my blood like a disease—but I didn't want a cure. I called in Bertsch, Garibaldi, McGuire, our grease artist Cheeny Grenager, and Lou, and told them to get set for another crack at the mails.

The third robbery was as smooth as all the rest. It was merely a repeat performance of the first Los Angeles job, except that this time we pulled it in broad daylight right at the height of the downtown rush hour. Risky? Not at all. Joe Bertsch put on a postman's uniform and hailed the mail truck as it came along Los Angeles Street.

By a remarkable coincidence, the driver was the same man we had muscled eight months before on the other stick-up. Why he fell for this ruse, I'll never know. But he stopped the truck and Joe swung aboard with a big .45 in his hand. The driver couldn't believe his eyes when he saw the gat and asked Joe to have a heart. But Joe wasn't doing any favors that day. He forced him to drive out to Omar Street, with the rest of us in cars close behind. We parked behind a big billboard there, transferred the mail and left the driver handcuffed to the truck.

It was almost dark now and we speeded out Sunset Boulevard. We had arranged to borrow an empty cottage on North Belmont Street owned by an underworld friend; he was waiting at the curb as we pulled up. We started stripping the bags at once, working by lantern light because the electricity had gone haywire, and we built a roaring fire in the fireplace to burn the envelopes and wrappings.

The room was a shambles, with jewels, money and bonds scattered around the floor, when suddenly someone knocked at the back door. I dived headfirst for the nearest door and the other guys scattered like quail. The owner of the cottage answered the insistent rapping and I heard a woman's shrill voice, "What's going on in there? This is half my house and I got a right to know."

The fellow came back as though he'd just faced a firing squad. "It's my wife," he whispered. "She wants to come in."

Joe Bertsch snapped the barrel on his Colt. "Okay, let her come," he said.

"No, no!" the guy screamed. "Not that, Joe."

"Aw shut up," Joe said, "you been wanting to get rid of her anyway."

There was a terrific racket at the back door; the guy's wife was waking the neighborhood with her shouts. I didn't know what to do. We were cooked if the woman didn't lay off the noise.

Joe knew it, too, and he shoved the husband out of his path. "I'm gonna let her have it," he said. "You can tell the cops she bumped herself."

The man got down on his knees and crawled after Joe, clawing at him. "No, Joe! No! No!" The tears were running down his face and he was sobbing for Joe to give him a chance—he'd get his wife out of the way, he didn't want her to die. I couldn't take it any more. We were in a bad jam, but killing women wasn't part of the deal.

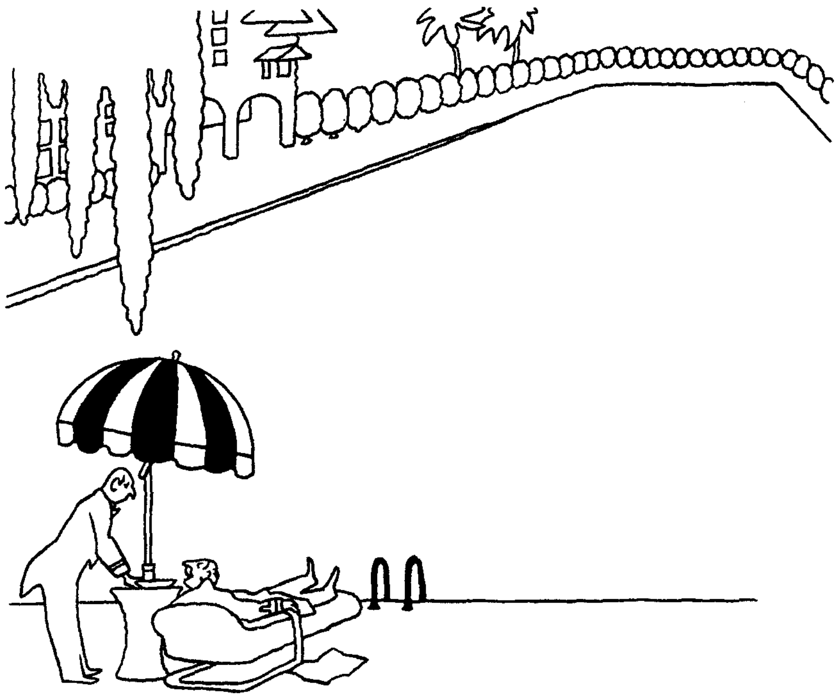
I went after Joe and snatched the rod out of his hand. "Let's scram," I said. We gathered up everything and ran out to the car, where McGuire was sitting at the wheel. The last time I saw the husband he was stumbling toward the back door. I could hear him croaking, "Honey, honey . . . it's all right . . . it's all right . . ."

Rich Pickings This Time

We sped out to Hermosa Beach, ditched the empty sacks in a vacant lot and finished counting the take the next day. It was another great haul—better than two hundred thousand—and we started East immediately to fence the stuff. Herb Cox hadn't been involved in the job—he said later he never did like ordinary stick-ups—but he went East anyway just to help out. We stopped in Chicago for an hour, got rid of 5,000 pounds in English money and then went on to New York. I stayed at a hotel on 34th Street until we finished our business; then we started back West on different trains.

It was about a week before Christmas, and Helen and I were as gay as a couple of kids on a spree. The train raced across the plains and we sat in our drawing room with a bottle of bootleg champagne. I kissed her and told her that next year we'd really start to live. Next year we would quit. Sure, she said. Sure, we will. I didn't know I was all washed up. I didn't know I'd never kiss her again.

Cox, alone on another train, was also feeling good. He was going home to his wife and kids, and he had held out a bag of pennies from the Fifth Street Store job just for Christmas. He made friends with three affable guys on the train, played cards with them, and asked them to drop



"Do you know, Ekins, sometimes I wish I could swim"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"I'm Sick of Being Called 'Miss Mistake!'"

"I'm the Gal who objects!

"Even the boss has started in calling me 'Miss Mistake'. . . and I'm not! If this office just wasn't so noisy, I could concentrate and do accurate work . . . getting things right the first time, too! But this continuous clicking, ticking, humming, and talking build up to such a racket that . . . well, a girl can't even *think* straight, much less *work* efficiently! And all because of this distracting noise! What they need around here is some peaceful, working *quiet*. Then I could do a good day's work without errors and overtime hours."

"I'm the Chap who can stop it!

"Take it easy, Miss M. Don't boil over until your boss has called me in for a chat. Perhaps he doesn't know how easy it is for me to eliminate harmful office noise, to Sound Condition an office at night while the employees are at home. Why *me*, especially?

"I'm a member of the largest and most experienced Sound Conditioning organization in the country. Acousti-Celotex has completed over 200,000 ceiling installations . . . more than any other company in the business! We supply the proper materials for *every* kind of Sound Conditioning job. If you are interested in increasing production efficiency, I'd like to give you a free analysis."

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LUCILLE BALL'S *Diet Luncheon*

keeps her trim—
keeps her going

Menu
1 broiled lamb chop
⅓ cup steamed summer squash
1 thin slice whole wheat bread and butter
1 8-oz. glass milk
½ medium-sized fresh grapefruit
LUCILLE BALL
Now appearing in
"SORROWFUL JONES"
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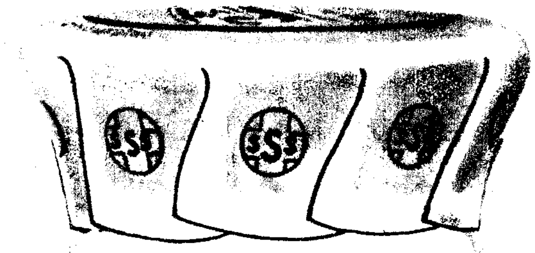
Vivacious Lucille Ball takes no chances with her figure . . . or energy. Picture work is strenuous work and stars need glamor plus plenty of zip. That's why Miss Ball builds a diet around a *quart of milk each day!* By substituting milk for foods which might prove fattening, she still gets many necessary vitamins and minerals. Try Lucille Ball's Diet Luncheon! And for more of your favorite stars' daily luncheon menus, ask for a Free Booklet at your dairy.



And here's another health tip!

When you buy milk, look for the bottle that's protected by the sanitary Sealright Hood. Every drop of milk you drink passes over that bottle's pouring surface. Because the Sealright Hood is sealed on the bottle under sterile heat, it completely protects this vital pouring surface from the dairy to you . . . your assurance that the milk you drink is as clean and pure as when it was bottled.

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around at his house sometime. They said they'd be delighted. They were still with him when he got to Los Angeles. When he stuck out his hand to say good-by, they grabbed it and they didn't let go.

"Cox," they said, "you're under arrest."

I was at home, taking it easy in my pajamas. It was two nights before Christmas. I was just crawling into bed when I heard someone banging on the front door. I looked at my watch. Two in the morning. Maybe it's Cox, I thought. I hadn't seen him for several days. The house was dark, but I didn't switch on the lights.

I walked downstairs softly. Suddenly I heard voices. Somebody was calling my name and it didn't sound like Cox.

Caught in a Mantrap

I got to the hall and something heavy thudded against the door. The house trembled, and wood was splintering. My heart pounded and I thought I was going to be sick. I ran to the nearest window and peeked out. The yard was full of moving shadows, and the voices were louder. The moon came out from behind some clouds and I saw guys with guns. They were calling me.

"Come out with your hands up, Wilson. Come out, Wilson. Come out. We're government agents, Wilson. Come out with your hands up. You haven't got a chance. Come out!"

I heard them. I can still hear them. I opened the door and went out.

They took me to the Federal Building and politely put me through the jumps. But I didn't talk. I yelled for a lawyer and told them it must have been two other guys. I was a retired minister, I said. I didn't know they had Cox. I didn't know he'd been singing for two days. The postal agents turned me over to the local cops for questioning on the safecracking jobs.

The cops bustled me into a car and we started a long, fast ride toward Newhall, 20 miles away. I was going to be "incommunicado." I knew what that meant. When we were near the city limits, one of the county deputies stopped to get something at his house. I jumped out of the car right after him, bounded over the sidewalk and raced for the corner. I could hear the guns popping and two slugs ripped by coat. I ran down the street and wheeled into an alley. Another slug chipped some stone over my head, but I made it.

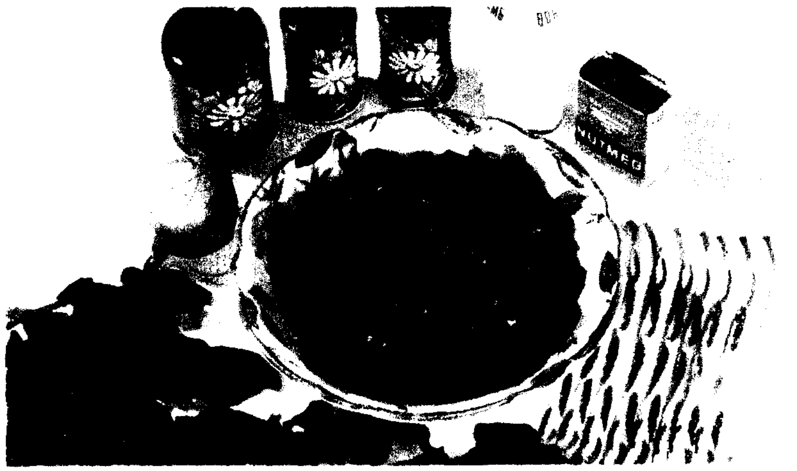
I was gaining. My lungs hurt but I didn't care. I was free. I reached the end of the alley and there I fell flat on my face. I was stuck in two feet of soft mud. I couldn't move. The deputies caught up, slapped handcuffs on my wrists and marched me back to the car.

We drove three miles and they stopped the car. They shoved me out on the road. One of the private eyes who had come along slammed his fist into my front teeth. They broke off and I spit them out. They socked me in the stomach and slugged me behind the neck. "Run, you dirty rat," one said. "G'wan, run." I didn't move. They slammed me again. Sure, I know. I had it coming. They knew it, too. They clipped me on the jaw and I folded up. By the time I got around to clear thinking again, I was in the Los Angeles County Jail.

The news of Cox's and my capture got around before the government was ready to round up the mob, and the boys went into a panic.

Dr. David de la Pena and Colonel Hugh Cosgrove, spotters for the mob, killed themselves in the East. My brother Lou skipped town two jumps ahead of the postal inspectors and fled 400 miles

EATING—*with Charlotte Adams*



TONY VENTI

Creamed Spinach from Imhof's, in Germantown, Pa.

THERE is a homespun atmosphere about Imhof's that struck me the minute we entered. Whole families were chatting and dining. Red and white checked cloths covered the tables. Sturdy dark furniture seemed to complete the feeling of solidarity.

Papa Imhof's restaurant at 143 Chelten Avenue in Germantown, Pennsylvania, is really family and typically German. He's the boss. George, one of his sons, is the chef, and Ernest, another, is a captain of waiters. They have a following of substantial Philadelphians who love to bring the children along.

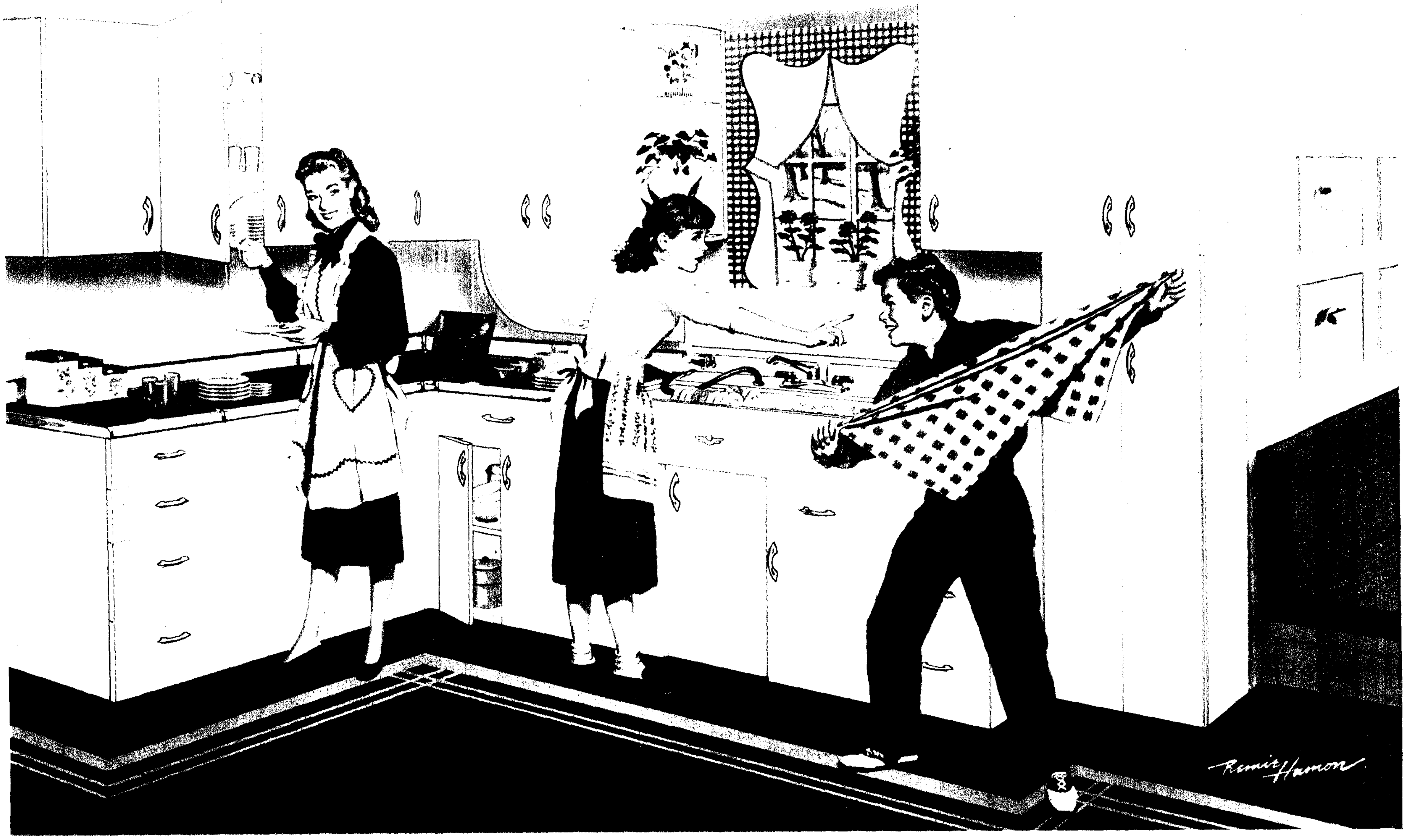
I ordered that city's great specialty, snapper soup—a rich and satisfying cup of it—for a starter. Then came kidney stew and the best creamed spinach I have ever had. George does this so well that I got his recipe to pass on to you.

The prices are reasonable. Table-d'hôte dinners range from $1.40 to $3 and generous cocktails are served from the small bar.

CREAMED SPINACH

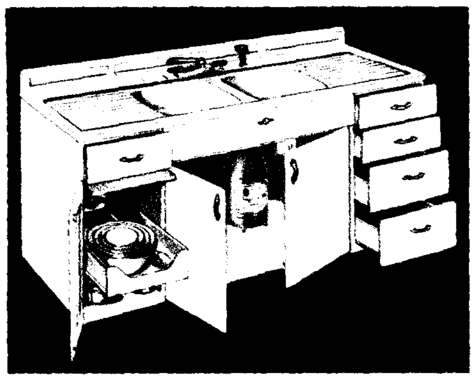
4 cups cooked, ground spinach
2 Tbsp. bacon fat
2 Tbsp. finely chopped onions
2 Tbsp. flour
1 cup light cream
1 tsp. salt
Dash freshly ground pepper
¼ tsp. nutmeg

Sauté onions in bacon fat until golden brown. Add flour and blend. Add cream and stir with a wire whisk or fork until thickened. Add spinach and seasonings and blend thoroughly. Serves 4.



Visit your Youngstown Kitchen dealer and see this gleaming, white-enameled steel beauty—*exactly* as illustrated. It's so easy to own!

Dream kitchens with wished-for price tags



Beautiful 66" twin-bowl Kitchenaider-Mullinaider Combination (one of 10 models). Dishwashing and food preparation are wonderfully easy. Five drawers, two huge compartments. One-piece top of *finest, acid-resisting porcelain enamel.* Sparkling white finish blends perfectly with modern appliances and any wall and floor color scheme.

THERE'S more pleasure for your family in a Youngstown Kitchen than any other home equipment.

A gorgeous kitchen of lifetime, white-enameled steel that's *just right for you* is created by arranging a Youngstown Kitchenaider cabinet sink with base and wall cabinets and accessories. No costly remodeling!

This month Youngstown dealers are featuring the lovely kitchen shown above. Stop in and see the work-saving, 48" twin-bowl Kitchenaider with *laundry-deep* second bowl (11"). Note the lavish storage space, wide work areas . . . the "extra touches" you're *sure* to want. Then you'll know it's Youngstown for you, whether you build or remodel.

The price is like a wish come true. A Youngstown Kitchen costs only a FEW DOLLARS a month, financing through dealer or bank. *No wonder Youngstown is the unquestioned kitchen leader!*

To learn the name of a nearby factory-trained dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25 . . . or send coupon.

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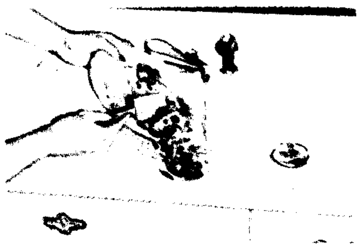

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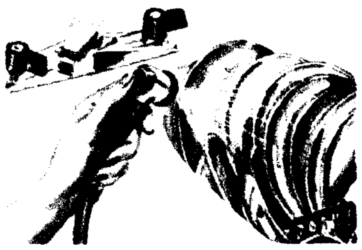

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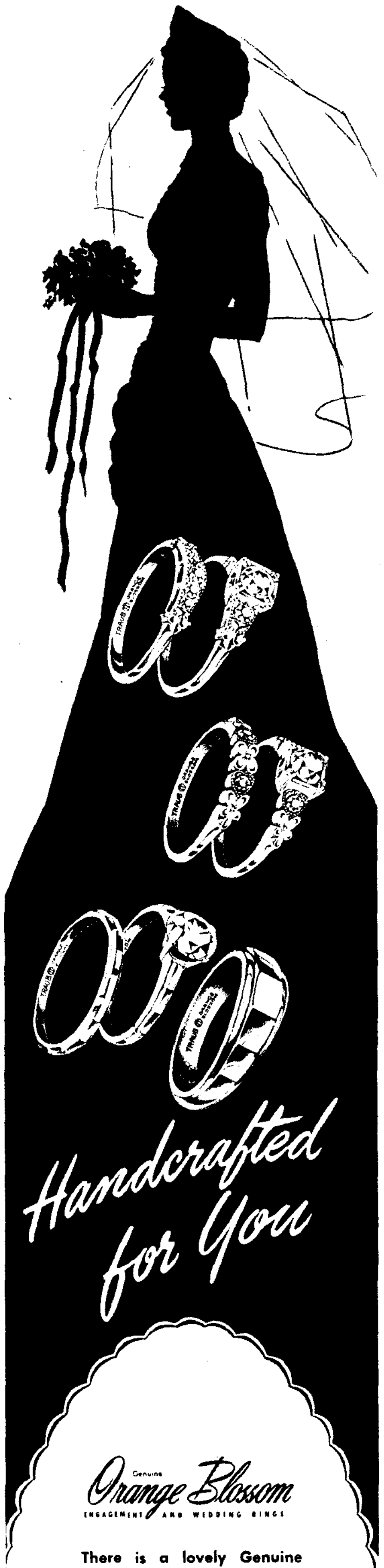

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north to Vallejo, where an old fellow named Tobe Williams ran a hospital as a refuge for guys on the lam. Grenager and Garibaldi jumped all the way to Memphis, where Lou met them a month later. But the postal agents were sniffing around there, too. Lou and Garibaldi were tipped off by a bellboy and beat it without taking their bags, but Grenager was nabbed. He was lugging a trunk that contained many of our burglar tools and three pints of nitroglycerin—and he was through for a long, long time.

Doc Redding, who had been with me from the start, went underground and was later killed in Kansas City. Jack Peer, the Toledo gorilla, thought he'd blow just one more safe in Ohio, and was smacked dead by a train at a crossing while running from the cops. Old-time peteman George Bisset was rubbed out by a jealous mobster in Detroit, and Rhea Rathman took too many sleeping pills in Miami Beach. The rest of the guys disappeared—but not for long.

The Guy Who Talked Too Much

Cox and I were in jail. I had lost confidence in Cox. I felt he had turned weak sister, and I was sure of it after I found out how the inspectors had got the tip-off. It seems that Cox got drunk one night with a neighbor who was an ex-convict—I'll call him Johnny—and boasted that he knew a thing or two about a certain mail robbery. Cox didn't give names or details, but what he said was enough.

Two weeks later, after a violent quarrel with Cox, Johnny marched downtown and blabbed to the postal inspectors. It was the first clue they had, and they really got their teeth into it. They shadowed Cox and looked into his bank account. They opened his mail, which was full of double-talk about the mob. When the agents found a carbon copy of the mail loot in Cox's safe-deposit box—I don't know why the damn' fool kept it—they wasted no time in getting out to his house. There, behind the davenport in the living room, they found all the newspaper clippings on the first robbery, a lot of stolen postage stamps and the telltale sack of pennies. That was all the evidence they needed and that was when they started tailing Cox.

I didn't know how much he had spilled, but I remembered that Cox had a fortune in stolen bonds hidden away somewhere. I was short on cash because the postal agents had seized $20,000 in currency from my box at the Merchants National Bank—and I knew we'd need plenty to fix the case.

Helen was holding about $17,000 in cash for me, and I offered it to Cox—through the grapevine—if he would let her pick up the bonds. He stalled me, so I sent Helen on a desperate search for the stuff. I had a hunch she could find it in Detroit at the home of Cox's aunt, and I was right. But Cox double-crossed me. He told the postal agents, and they won the race to Detroit. The bonds were in a neat, waxed package, and they were worth exactly $272,677.35. It was a nice haul for the government.

I knew that those uncanny postal agents would have me embalmed for good in no time at all. They'd connect me with everything but the Custer massacre. I could see the cards were stacked and I made up my mind to break out.

It took three months to arrange. One bleak Sunday afternoon, a jailer left my cell unlocked. Herb Cox and another federal prisoner, named Eddie O'Brien, got out of their cells and the three of us started across the Bridge of Sighs, a stone passageway connecting the jail to the courthouse. There was a barred door at the other end, but I had hack saws for that. All the while, Helen was cruising around outside in a car, and there was a plane waiting to fly us South. I sawed the bars; there wasn't a sound from the jail. O'Brien crawled through the hole first and stood up.

Suddenly the whole world exploded. The courthouse was crawling with deputies and they all blasted at once. The slugs spattered the walls and bounced off the bars. O'Brien hugged the wall and threw up his hands. Cox whirled around toward the jail and I squeezed into a corner. The lead was drilling little patterns into the wall, inches away. I was finished. I knew it. I thought they wouldn't need any trial. I waited for the next one to hit. It missed me and I heard it smack something. Cox stopped running and he had a funny smile on his face. He rocked a moment, and then he caved in. There was blood on his hands, and his mouth bubbled. He was dead before the smoke cleared away.

They said they found a gun under Cox's coat, a .38 wrapped in a handkerchief, with one shot fired. They beat the hell out of me and wrestled me into a cell. *They said I did it. They said I killed Cox. They wrote it down in the book—murder. They said I'd swing for it.*

I lay around in the tank for months; my brain was on fire. So I was king of the safecrackers. I was the guy who never left a clue and never made a mistake. I was the guy with the hand-picked mob. My pals! They had crawled down into their holes and only Helen was left. She came down to see me one day and she looked a hundred years old. I told her I wasn't going to do any rope dancing. I said I'd crash out of the crummy joint if it killed me. I told her to get me a gun at any price. She got it, for a thousand bucks. I waited until a morning in October when Guard Elmer Condon came past my cell.

"Hey, Elmer," I said, "I got some laundry. Can you take it?"

"Sure," he said. "Shove it through the bars."

But the bundle was too big, as I had planned. Condon unlocked the door, and I slammed the laundry in his face. I gave his arm a terrible twist and simultaneously my cellmates, Adam Ward and Guido Spingoli, snatched the .45 from his holster. We had two gats now and didn't wait for a reception. We tore down three flights of iron stairs and bumped into Henry Purrier, the guard at the street door. I told Purrier to give me the keys. I said I'd kill him. But he had guts and told me to go to hell. Ward had a brass faucet in his hand, wrapped in a towel. He swung it on the guard and knocked him cold. We were out.

Worried Fugitives

It was still dark outside and we raced down the street. Just at that moment a car pulled up to the curb; there were two men in it and the guy at the wheel was a postman. His name was L. M. Story and he didn't peep when we put the gats on him and told him to start driving. We steered him way out into the country and drove around and around until we found an empty rabbit hutch. We shoved Story and his friend into the hutch. Then we sat there all day, beating our brains out for the next move.

I didn't dare call Helen. I had no place to go. There wasn't a friend in town I could trust. Finally, Spingoli suggested we hole up with Tom Garwood, a one-time safecracker who lived not far away. We waited until nightfall, handed the jail keys to Story, and drove off. We found Garwood's house, and he agreed to hide us for the night. We fell into bed, exhausted.

It was almost daylight when Garwood's sister ran into our room and shook me like a mop. "Get up!" she screamed. "The cops!"

We grabbed our rods and looked outside. It was no use. There were twenty deputies surrounding the house, and they had more guns than a duck club. We went out with our hands up.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

I didn't know how they found us and I didn't care. My life seemed to be running out. Helen scrambled all over the country raising dough on the stuff we owned, and before my trial was over we spent $200,000. I gave District Attorney Keyes fifty grand, and maybe it saved my neck. I don't know. The jury found me guilty of killing Cox and gave me life. Life for murder. They toss you into a cell and throw the key away. I said at the time I'd rather swing. I moped around the jail for months, hoping some of the mob would show up. But they never came, and I tried to beat the bars once more.

Helen got the right keys made, but some stool pigeon tipped off the guards, and they ransacked my cell. When Helen heard about it, she broke. She dragged herself around day after day, but her heart was dead. We were finished and we both knew it. One day she didn't come, and I heard she was home in bed. I sent doctors, but they didn't know what was wrong. I knew. I never saw her again and a week later she was gone. They wouldn't even let me go to the funeral.

The Mob Is Hunted Down

There was nothing left for me after Helen died.

I sat down with the postal inspectors and agreed to tell them all I knew. I was bitter about the guys in the mob and I was going to close up the books. I went to San Quentin and waited for the government to run them down. It took almost five years, but the post-office dicks finally caught up with them. Charlie McGuire couldn't stand the suspense and surrendered to take his Atlanta rap.

Bertsch, Garibaldi and Blue were brought to Cincinnati, and I was in the federal courtroom when they swaggered in to go on trial. They spotted me right away and they went white, like kids in a haunted house. They changed their pleas to guilty at once and went off to Atlanta, swearing they'd kill me if some of the cons at San Quentin didn't get me first.

Some of the cons did try. They mauled me once in the prison yard and later shot a poisoned arrow into my neck. The gang had hoods prowling the railroad yards whenever the government moved me around, and maybe they're still on my trail. But Bertsch and Blue won't do the job. Blue got his first, driving home in Chicago one night. The typewriter boys came along in a big sedan, and Joe never got to read what they wrote on his chest. Two weeks later Bertsch was entertaining some cuties in a Fox Lake bar when a couple of guys in long black coats shot the gold toothpick out of his mouth.

And my brother Lou? He went out in Toledo one night to blow a Standard Oil safe—a job I had warned him against long before. Snow was falling on High Street when Lou went in to muscle the night watchman—maybe his fingers were cold and slow. The guard pulled a rod; so did Lou. They shot each other dead.

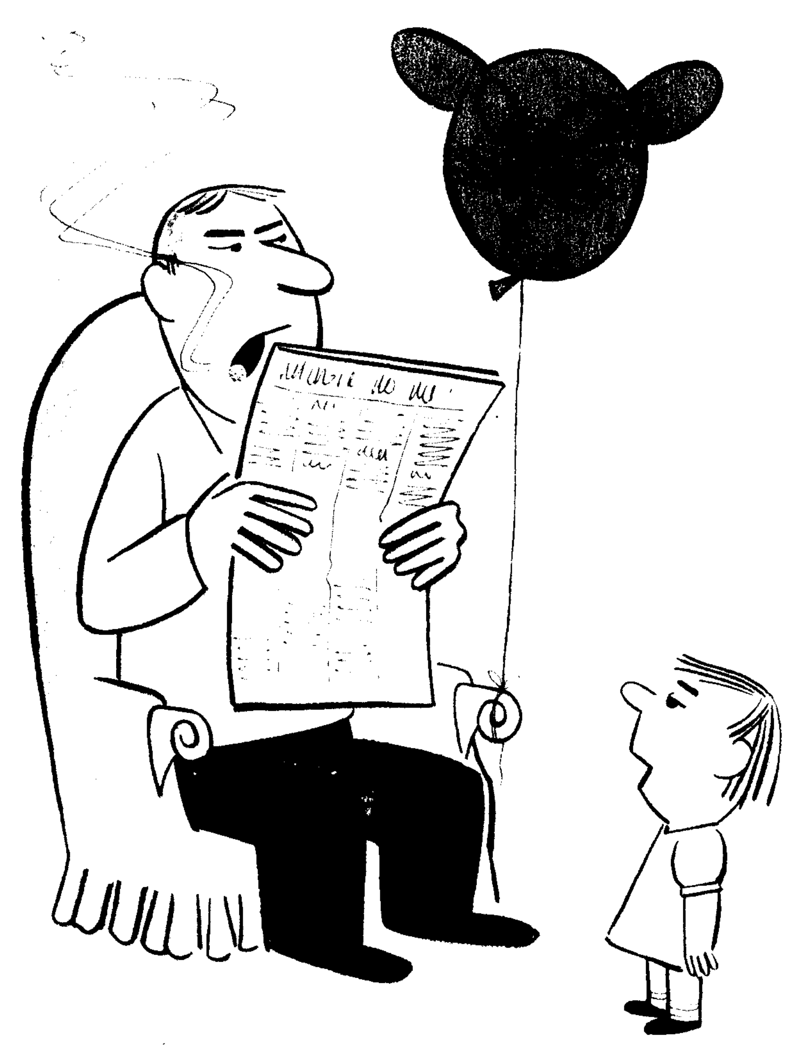
Not long after I got this news at San Quentin, a guard came to my cell towing a tired old man in prison gray. The man was new, and scared. I had seen him before and he knew me right away.

"Hello, Herb," he said.

"Hello, Asa."

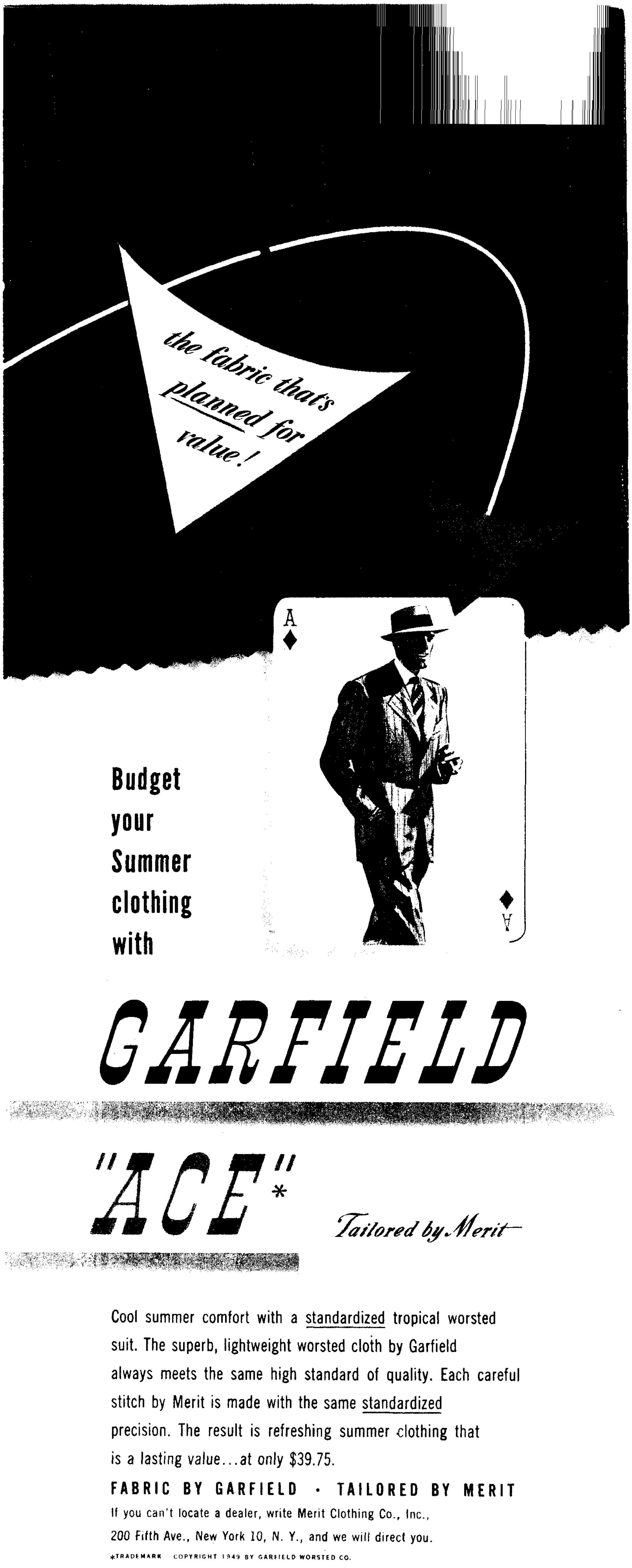
He was the district attorney who had sent me up: they had caught him taking a bigger bribe than the one he got from me.

What is it they say—that crime doesn't pay? They must be right—it paid me nothing but grief. I spent 20 years behind the walls and came out broke. It killed my girl and killed my brother. It brought suicide and bullets and bars to 20 of my friends. But I see by the papers that the pete boys are still around, working on safes and vaults. I guess they don't know what I know. Do you think they'll learn? THE END



"I'm going to help Mother with the dishes and I don't want to hear any loud bangs while I'm gone"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN



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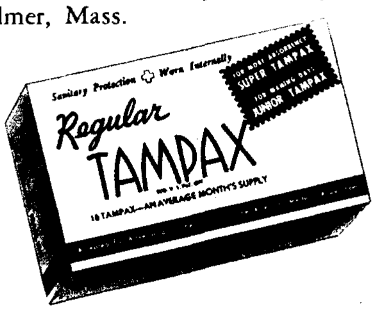
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KNOW YOUR TRUE LOVE BY HIS HAT

Continued from page 17

winding stairway. "Stood up pretty good, hasn't it?"

"It had to," said Mrs. Atkinson with a faint smile.

He nodded. He coughed and said, "Uh, Dolan, the real-estate man, sent me." He smiled wistfully. "Understand you're selling the place."

"Yes, we are."

"Always admired this house. The wife used to laugh when I'd come home and rave about it. She never hoped to see the day when I might buy it."

"But Mr. Dolan should have told you." Mrs. Atkinson was regretful. "This is a very big house and I'm afraid we have to ask a very big price for it."

"Sure." He gazed about. "Dolan told me the price, and it's worth it. They don't build 'em like this any more. They couldn't—not for double the money."

Mrs. Atkinson was digesting the fact that a house painter was able to buy a house that she must sell.

"—always knew I'd be in the dough someday," Mr. McLean was saying. "A contractor stands to make big money, but I didn't know I'd hit the jack pot so soon. But what with a couple of lucky investments and all, and getting a lot of these projects on account of I can always line up the men to do the work—my boys," he said happily, "stick with me. I'll say that—"

Mrs. Atkinson was due at the hair-dresser's shortly and her attention wandered, to be jerked back.

"—all of them except Stevie. You remember Stevie, don't you?"

"Yes, of course," she said smoothly, "I remember Stephen. How is he?"

If Mr. McLean had hoped to fix her with a roguish eye he saw at once that he was mistaken.

"Kids!" he muttered and shook his head. He asked her chattily what she thought about them flying back and forth across the country like a flock of damned birds, and took her startled look for one of indignation.

"If you'll pardon the language," he said and got past that with more talk. "It's kind of a blow, you might say, me not having Stevie go in with me now that he's through college." And Mr. McLean chuckled again. "I tell him teaching's a sissy job, but I guess if that's what he wants he's earned it—what with the war and all."

"Yes, I see."

Somewhat frustrated, Mr. McLean examined the inside of his hat, rubbed an elbow over an invisible spot on the brim, and cleared his throat. "Look—you going to mind having—uh—working people like us maybe live in your house—"

"Oh, Mr. McLean!" She was sweetly hurt. "But—and I'm sure this is something you haven't thought of—*one* of the reasons we're selling is the servant problem, and when your wife realizes the number of rooms—"

"Don't you worry about that," he said heartily. "The wife doesn't have a lazy bone in her body. We got three girls—three girls and three boys—and she brought 'em up right. I mean—they're all used to pitching in—"

"Sometimes," laughed Mrs. Atkinson, "I think everyone should be brought up to 'pitch in.' " It had never occurred to her before.

"Well, now, I don't know. It's kind of nice to think of ladies like you that never had to lift their hand. In a big booming country like the U.S. there ought to be some people," he grinned, "I was going to say that could afford to be classy but my kids don't like that word. Well"—he held his hat in one hand now and banged it gently against his knee—"I won't keep you. I just wanted to be sure it was all right with you if I go ahead with Dolan."

The heavy door closed easily on its precise hinges, and Mrs. Atkinson stood there alone for a moment. She took it well. But of course it would not do. In fact she would not have it. Her violet eyes glinted as she walked across the hall and stood at the foot of the stairway. Her hall. . . .

Oh, yes, she remembered Stephen. Over there, high on a scaffold, she had first seen him. And she had been captivated by him. Like a young god, she had told Quinby humorously, up there among his clouds, with his head of thick brown-yellow curls, his six feet two or three emphasized by his painter's overalls. But there had been nothing amusing in the spectacle Ellen began to make of herself.

They should have known that nothing would ever have come of it. No wilder than others of her generation, Ellen had been wild enough at seventeen, and quite able to manage her own affairs, thank you.

Her affairs that summer seven years ago had consisted of hanging around the godlike young painter, of wheedling pitchers of lemonade from the busy servants for him, of sitting on the banister with scuffed saddle shoes dangling, her skirt too short, her hair in a long gilt veil to her shoulders.

Mrs. Atkinson had spoken sharply to Ellen while the boy stared down with a quite disrespectful smile. Mrs. Atkinson had not been seriously worried—not until Kate Warner called her up. To Kate it was a joke that little Ellen was meeting some boy, McLean his name was, at the Warner house. A big wholesome kid, said Kate — good-looking too, but not knowing him from Adam she thought she'd better check.

Hurried plans were being formed to put Ellen in school in Switzerland when, abruptly, the whole thing was over. And it had turned out to be the best possible experience for Ellen. It had scared her. With a dawning common sense hardly to be expected, she had seen where her recklessness might lead her. And there had been no moodiness. Smiling a new remote little smile Ellen would not discuss Stephen McLean, but the change in her was complete and very gratifying. From then on she was co-operative, entirely amiable, and slipped back readily into companionship with her own group, the boys and girls she had grown up with . . .

Affection warming her eyes, Mrs. Atkinson went upstairs. She would have Quinby call the real-estate man in the morning. It was unthinkable—in *her* house. . . .

Several hours later she drove back into the garage and saw that Ellen's car was there. It was already sold, but Ellen was to have the use of it for three more weeks.

Upstairs Ellen's shower was going forcefully. The wisp of bridesmaid's gown was spread out on the bed.

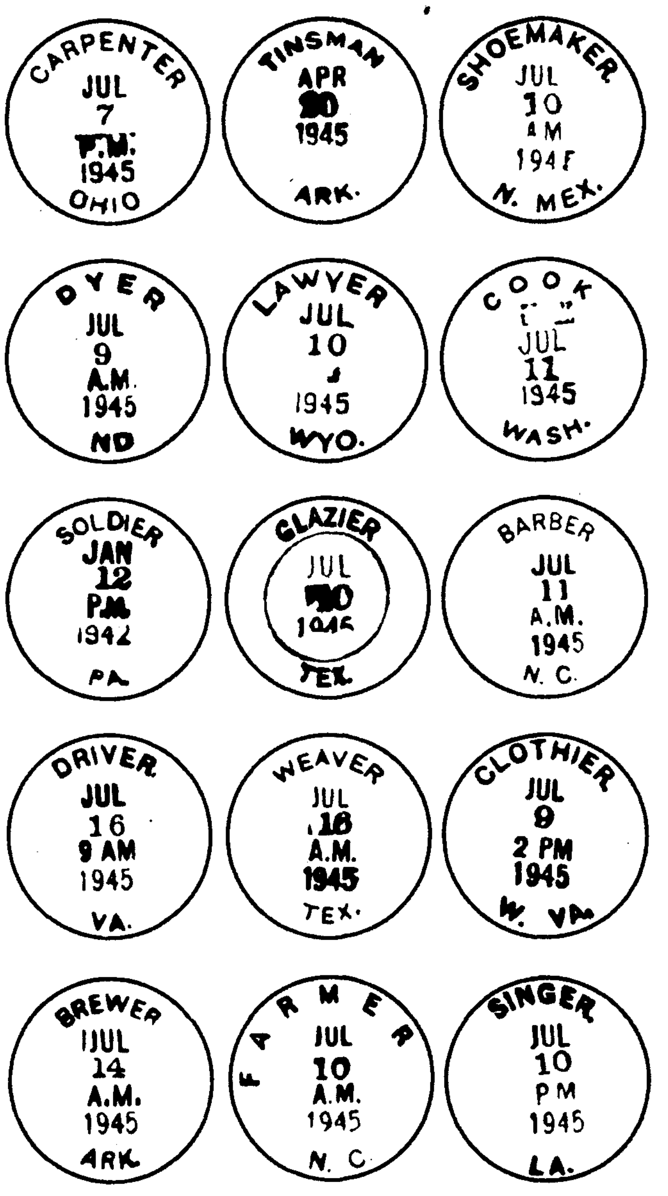
Mrs. Atkinson slipped out of her mink coat—old—lighted a cigarette and sat down. In a moment Ellen emerged swathed in yards of bath toweling.

"Hiya, cutie-pie," said Ellen. "I see you have your wedding face on. All ready for the big clambake?"

This was the kind of talk which had been so irritat-

Picture Postmarks

AFTER GRADUATION — WHAT?



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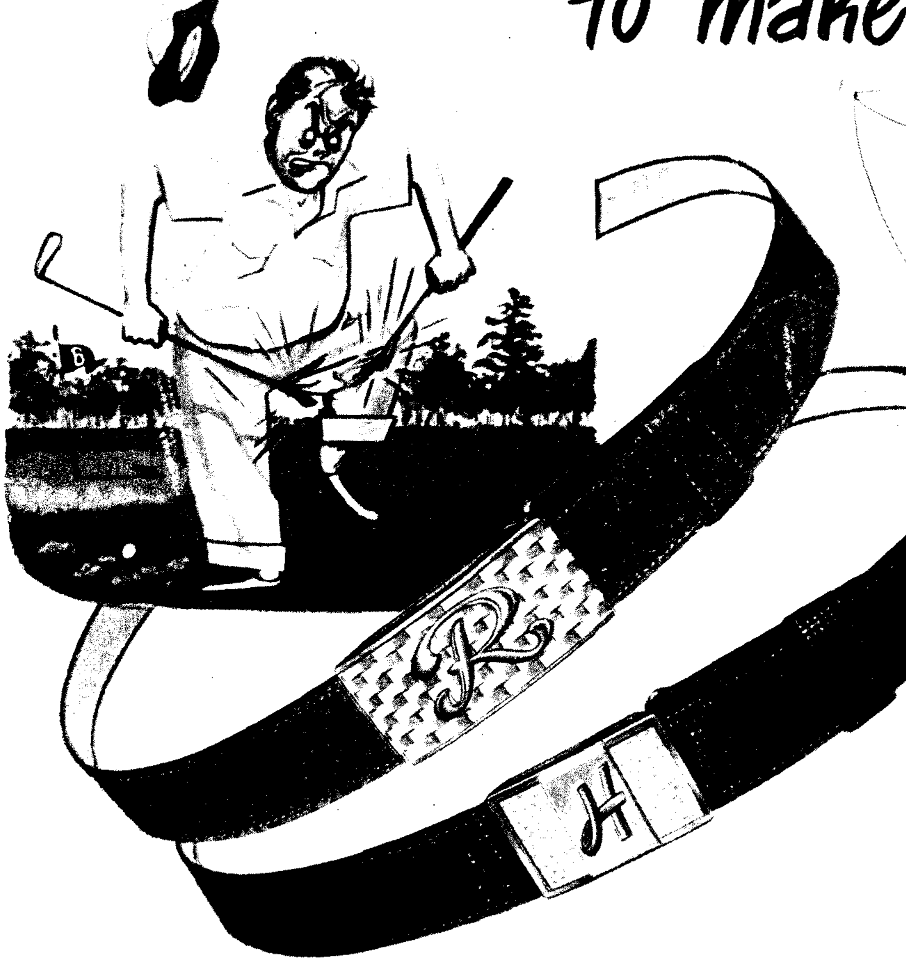
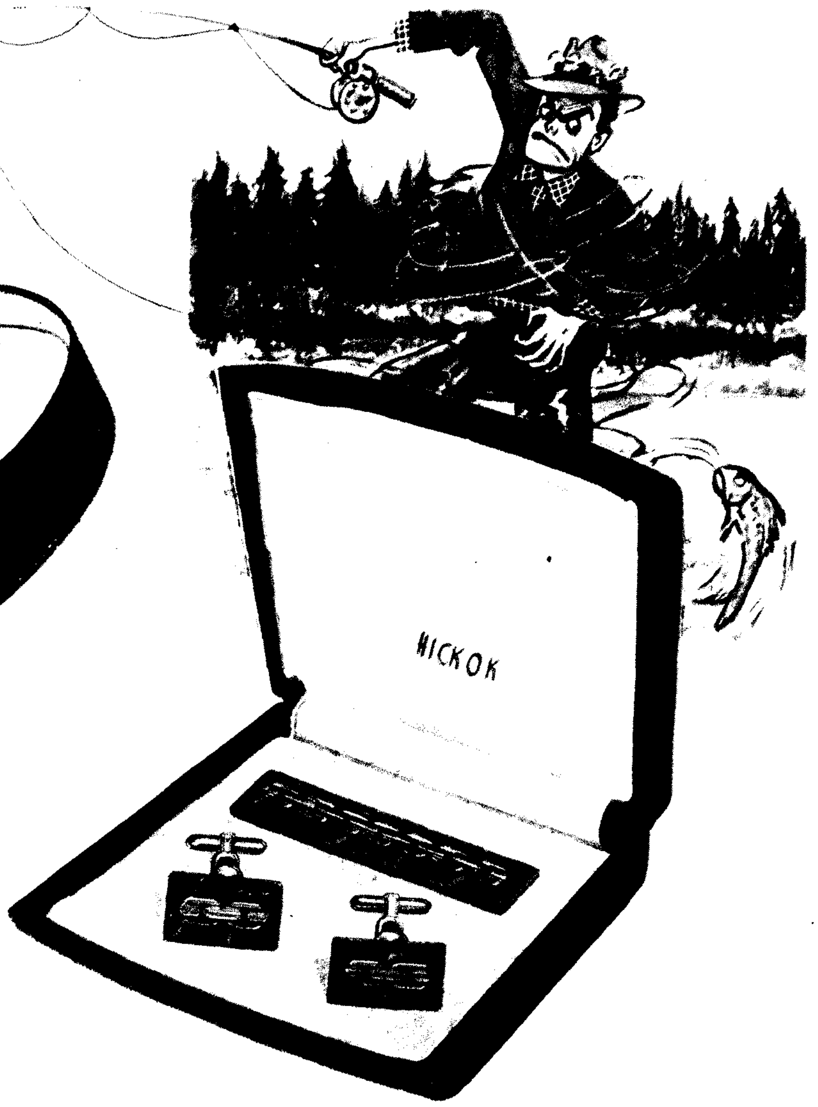
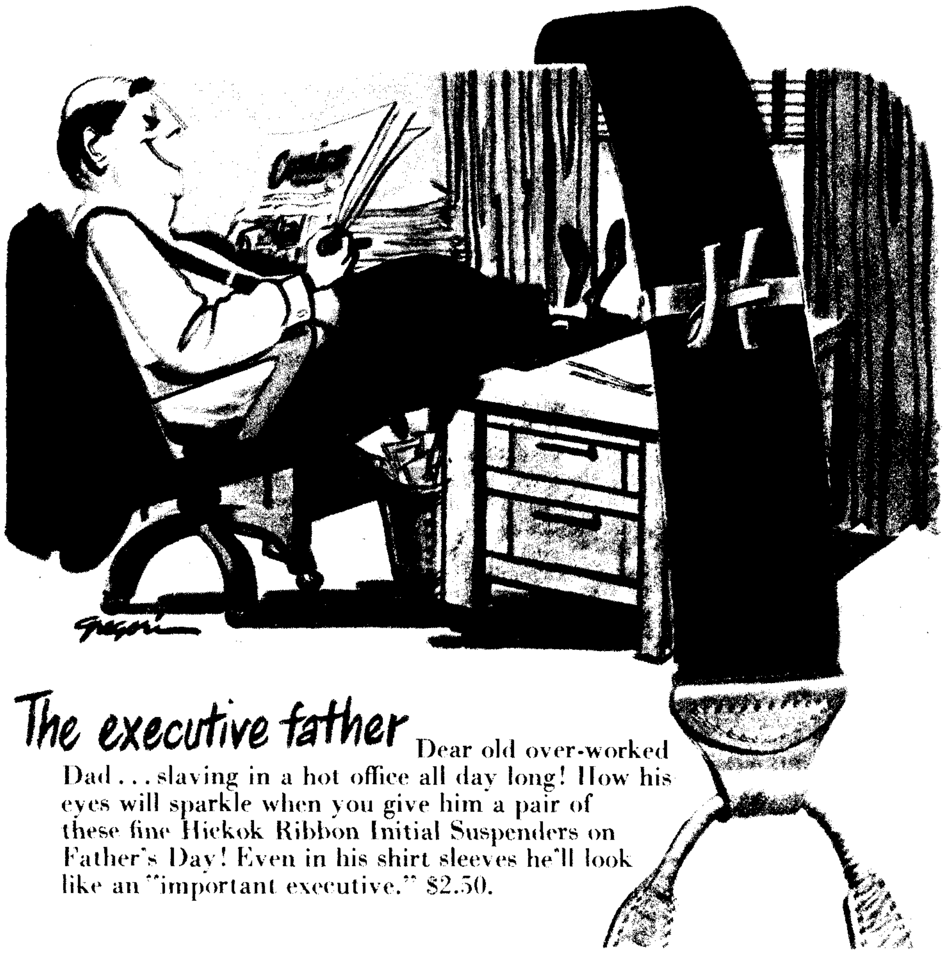
It takes all kinds of Fathers to make a Father's Day!



The athletic father Whether Dad's a duffer or plays under par, he'll *look* like a champ if you give him either of these handsome belts by Hickok. Glazed English pigskin belt with Basketweave Initial Buckle, set $4.50. Cowhide belt with Ribbon Initial Buckle, set $3.50.



The sportsman father If Dad is the "outdoor" type . . . if he likes "he-man" accessories . . . he'll go hook, line and sinker for this handsome leather-and-metal set of Tie Bar, $2.50, and Cuff Links, $3.50. They've got plenty of the "Bold Look" so popular today. Set, $6, plus Fed. tax.



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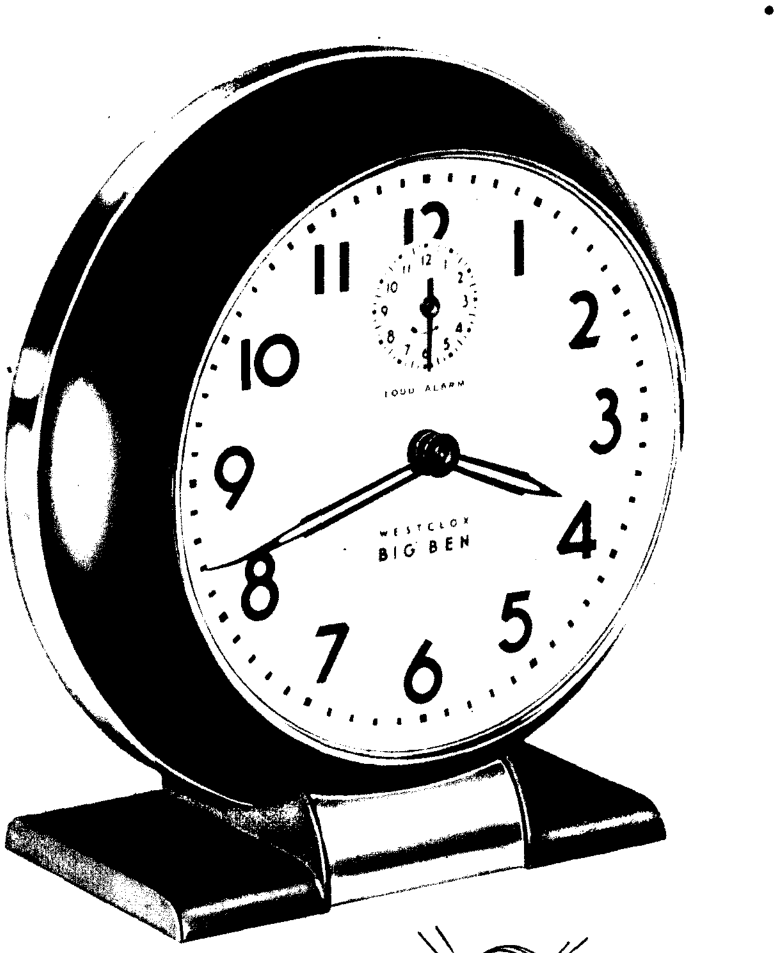
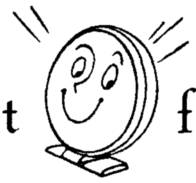
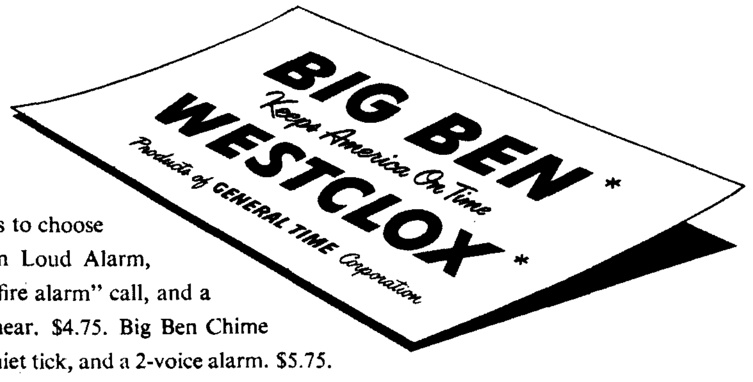


Know this pleasant  fellow? Often he is good-naturedly cussed, but always deeply respected because millions the world around trust him to get them up on time, keep them on time . . . Yes, this is Big Ben . . . the best known, best loved alarm clock in the world!

Three Big Bens to choose from. Big Ben Loud Alarm, above, has a "fire alarm" call, and a tick you can hear. $4.75. Big Ben Chime Alarm has a quiet tick, and a 2-voice alarm. $5.75. Big Ben Electric, with his pleasing gong alarm, is $8.95. With luminous dials these clocks are priced at one dollar more. Prices quoted do not include tax, and are subject to change.



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ing in the adolescent Ellen, but it was not unattractive in an Ellen who had threatened to become a shade too sedate.

Some other time she would tell Ellen about the McLeans who so amusingly planned to move in here, *in here* with their huge family. Ellen's humor could take disconcerting forms. "More power to them—I hope I'm here to pipe them over the side," or something like that, she would say.

Struggling into an unaccustomed girdle, fastening garters to the cobweb tops of invisible stockings, Ellen chattered, scrupulously remembering everything about the bride's luncheon today, the screamingly funny rehearsal last night, which her mother would want to hear. Yes, the ushers were a presentable crew—Julian, of course, and Ann's brother. The other four were from California where the Blairs—Bob's family—lived. Bob was the bridegroom.

Ellen reached for the filmy slip.

"I warn you, darling," Mrs. Atkinson said. "I'm going to be very tiresome about your wedding. The Warners are spending thousands on Ann's wedding and I think it's a great mistake for them to be careless, slipshod really, about it. But that's the way people are about everything today—all the graceful traditions seem to be too much trouble. I want people to remember your wedding as being absolutely perfect."

Ellen was leaning to the mirror, removing powder from her silky sable eyebrows, so much darker than her blond hair. Not, perhaps, beautiful, she gave the effect of beauty, with those lovely little hollows beneath her high cheekbones, her mouth generous and tender.

"You and Julian," said her mother, smiling indulgently, "can be as delirious as you want, and I'll see that there isn't a flaw."

Turning, Ellen seemed pale. But that was because her blue eyes, always deepening under emotion, were quite black as she gazed at her mother. She did not find the right words at once, hesitated, and then smiled tremulously. "Julian," she said in a low voice, "is the grandest guy who ever stood in shoe leather."

"Oddly enough," said Mrs. Atkinson, laughing, "that's just what I think. Now I'd better get dressed myself."

"Fine," said Ellen easily. "I'll model for you when I'm ready."

WELL pleased, Mrs. Atkinson went to her own room. She had not pushed this thing. All she had done was include Julian in small dinner parties, suggest that Ellen and Julian use concert tickets she had, little things like that. If either of them had shown the least reluctance she would have dropped it. Julian was only a few years older than Ellen, a good-looking clever young lawyer who spent a great deal of time with his parents' friends. It was as though Ellen, in her new maturity, had been waiting for him, Ellen who at twenty-four had had dates with some of the really big fortunes in the city, and had let chance after chance slip by.

The blue cocktail suit had been just a touch too extreme last year, but it was very good this year, and Mrs. Atkinson's hat was new. She was sorry that Quinby had refused to wear formal clothes, his high silk hat. There were so few opportunities, it seemed, for that kind of thing, and he wore a silk hat as few men could.

"Not necessary at all," Quinby had said, "we're not even relatives. I suppose I can't get out of wearing it for Ellen's wedding, but after that I think I'll give it to the missionaries."

After that—as though there would not be anything at all for them after Ellen's wedding. That was stupid, but then Quinby was often stupid. They had lost a great deal, but not everything, not their friends, not their solid position in this old city. When they secured exactly the right apartment they could live very nicely, entertaining at their various clubs, which Quinby said they could probably manage to keep.

Her bath over, she was almost ready when she heard Quinby come into his room. The door between was open and he called out, "Hello. Just once over lightly with the razor, a quick shower and I'll be ready."

"All right, dear."

At her dressing table, Mrs. Atkinson looked like a woman who is intent on giving the finishing touches to her pretty hands. In reality she was considering the fact that Quinby's attitude, of late, might indicate that she had lost him, too. And she was wondering if she would mind very much. She glanced in the mirror.

"We're a couple of choice dishes," said Ellen observing her from the doorway.

Her mother turned and regarded her with a slow satisfied smile. "*You* are anyway."

And it was not only the exquisite frock that fitted so sweetly, or the nosegay of bridesmaid's flowers. Ellen was excited. Her eyes spilled light, her cheeks were faintly flushed.

"Thanks, chum. The Warners' chauffeur is here," she said and swept away.

A FEW minutes later Quinby came in, complaining that he had not had a look at Ellen before she left. With the right light touch Mrs. Atkinson told him who had been here this morning to look at the house, identifying Mr. McLean for him. Quinby snorted.

"Funny damn' thing," he said. "We move out and they move in."

"Not quite. We could hardly do that to the Tealls, and the other people on the street. It wouldn't be fair."

"Fair? Everyone's getting out—these big houses are anachronisms. And the Tealls are old—they said themselves they didn't care whom we sold to so long as we didn't pull the place down to save taxes."

"They'd care very much," she said, walking to the highboy, "if they found themselves next door to a large family of noisy ill-bred youngsters."

"Oh, the Tealls always liked kids. And not many people have the kind of money to buy this house."

His humor was always a little obtuse. "Money," said Mrs. Atkinson gently, "isn't everything."

The drawer of the highboy open, she took a moment to select a pair of matching gloves, aware of his stare.

"This," said Quinby with mock weakness, "from you!"

She found herself considering the fact that very few people did have the kind of money to buy this house—if she could impress on Mr. Dolan that the house must not be shown to anyone until after Ellen's wedding, so that there need be no contact with the McLeans—and she and Quinby could go on a cruise, perhaps, while it was being dismantled.

"You know," she said gaily, closing the drawer and pulling on her gloves, "I think we'll have fun, once we get rid of this house. We'll be free, we can travel—if we save on other things—"

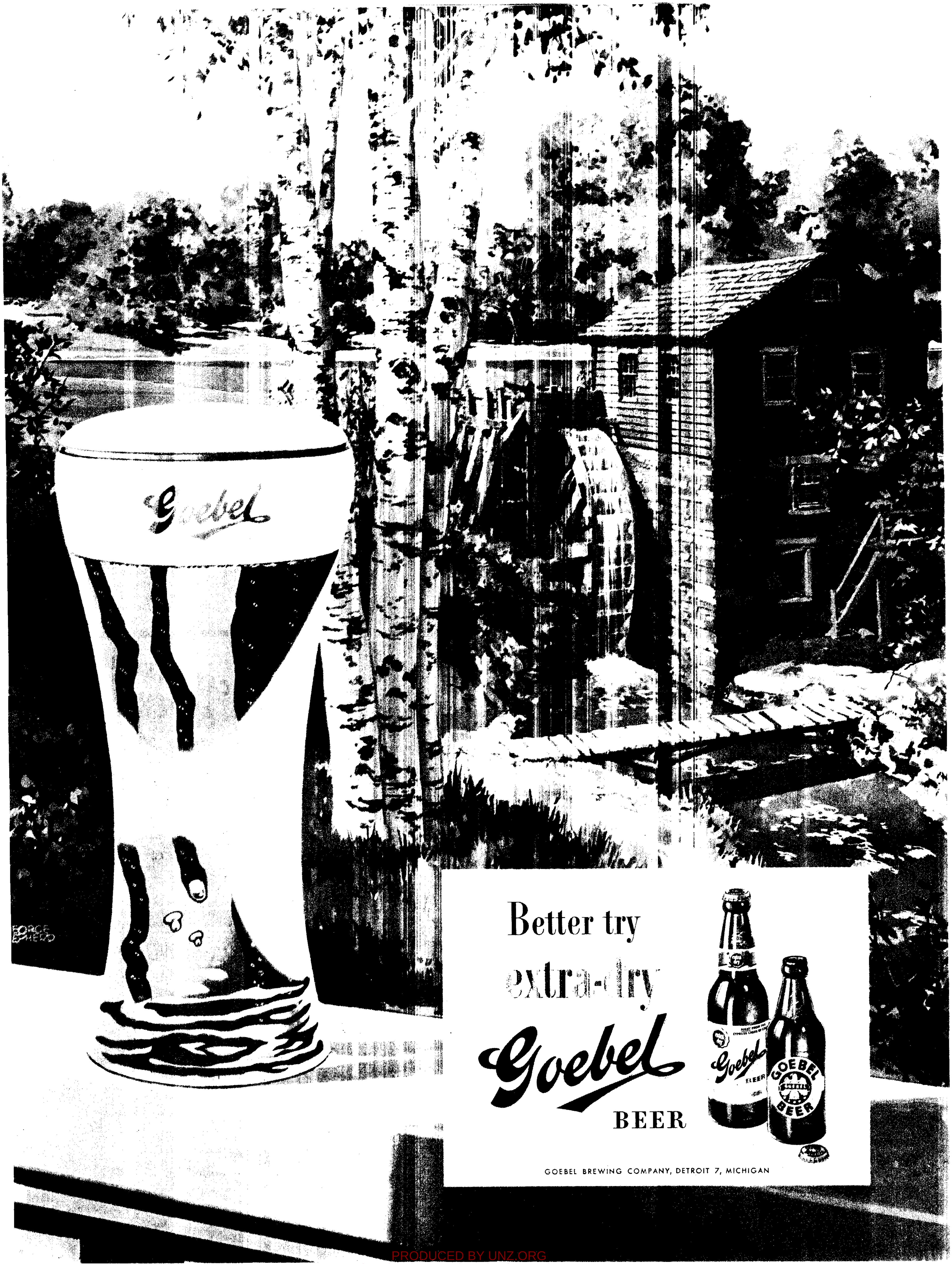
Quinby looked at her with something like approval. He had always liked her in her lighthearted moods, never thinking that she had less and less to be lighthearted about!

"Hurry, dearest," said Mrs. Atkinson, "or we'll be late for what Ellen calls the big clambake."

He gave her a quick half smile, held her coat for her and patted her shoulder. They went down the wide stairway together. Yes, she would mind very much if she lost Quinby. . . .

The church was packed, a solid mass of feathers and furs and mingling rich perfumes. They were not actually late, since the white canvas was not laid yet.

Dear Julian, so at home in his cutaway, his Ascot tie knotted precisely, was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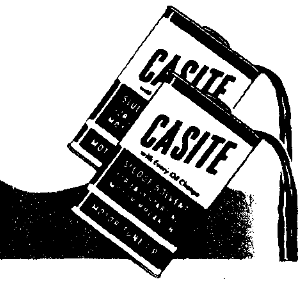

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watching for them, his fine dark eyes a little anxious. Not tall, Julian had the good small head of intellect, and a kindly ironic mouth.

"Friend of the bride," said Mrs. Atkinson blandly.

"And the name, please?" murmured Julian, offering his arm. "That's some hat, Dolly." She and Julian were the best of friends.

"Thank you, darling," she said. "I wasn't quite sure."

As old and intimate friends of the Warners, the Atkinsons were far down the aisle, on the left, past the ribboned pews. She and Julian moved forward leisurely.

"You don't often make a mistake, in hats or anything else," said Julian. "And you'd be very unhappy if other people made them."

SHE smiled at him as he handed her into the pew, where there was barely room, and then blinked. Julian was not given to such pointless remarks. Quinby crowded in beside her, asking her in a loud whisper if she wanted to sit on the outside. She shook her head, smiled and nodded to the right people, allowed her eyes to slide off other faces turned to hers. Kate and Gus Warner had some of the weirdest friends.

Almost immediately one of the strange ushers, from California, passed with Kate—handsomely but somewhat too youthfully clad in one of the larger-size pink outfits—on his arm. Mrs. Atkinson smiled with pleased guilt at Quinby. They were just in time, after all.

Kate was in her seat, now. The usher was a splendid-looking boy, tall indeed, with yellow-streaked hair. He had a good profile. The organ music swelled. Then Julian and Ann's brother went briskly up the aisle to the chancel, where they stooped to the neat white folds of the canvas, seized the ends and walked back, careful to keep it in a straight line.

A hush settled over the church, and the organ crashed into the solemn heart-shaking proclamation that the bride was here. Every head swiveled and an audible sigh went up. Mrs. Atkinson allowed herself a brief moment of not altogether conventional emotion.

Oh, dear, why didn't Gus keep well to the *left*, so that Ann's train would remain on the canvas?—that's what the canvas was *for*. A dark, flashing girl, Ann was a very picturesque bride; a little too eager, too ardent perhaps, her eyes already on the groom at the altar. And (really this was too bad) the best man was on the wrong side of the groom—they'd be sorry about that. But they did not seem to be sorry at all as they blithely changed positions and a murmur of laughter went through the church. So unbecoming—and no gloves on either of them. You would hardly call the groom distinguished—all that red hair—*nouveau riche*, no doubt. The only one of the strange young men who was at all distinctive was the one who had taken Kate down. Goodness, Gus's part was over and why didn't he sit down instead of grinning around like that?

These little gaucheries kept her pleasantly interested, and it seemed no time to Mrs. Atkinson until the organ pealed forth once more, joyously now. This was Ann's moment and she did very creditably, poor dear, as she came down the aisle on her husband's arm, a little too gay, perhaps, but then—

In the vestibule, friends fell upon Dolly and Quinby, and Dolly and Quinby fell upon friends, all lingering there until the bridal cars had moved away. When they finally moved out onto the steps of the church it was dusk, and cold. Mrs. Atkinson jogged Quinby's elbow lightly.

"That boy there," she whispered. That boy there was laughing as he closed the door of the last of the bridal cars. "I like the way he wears his hat—with such an air! Such a nice-looking boy—I noticed him before—he reminds me of someone—who?"

"I'll bite," said Quinby. "Think we can go now? I need a lot of champagne quick." . . .

In the receiving line Kate said out of the side of her mouth, "Good girl, Dolly. Chin up!" Kate was very sentimental and had, obviously, been weeping. She would do well to keep her own chin up.

Farther along the line Ellen was watching her mother with a kind of grave mischief.

"Darling, you did beautifully," laughed Mrs. Atkinson. "But you're not supposed to be so radiant today. This is Ann's day, you know."

Ellen laughed too, as though relieved. "You're blocking traffic, Doll." The little flippancy was very endearing.

Spacious as it was, five hundred people filled the downstairs rooms of the Warner house for the buffet supper. A nucleus of the Atkinsons and their best friends took over the library. Kate, still very much the mother of the bride, found them there, waved a distraught hand and vanished.

When the bride left, throwing her bouquet to the flash of photographers' bulbs, the nucleus did not reassemble in the library. Quinby had had some champagne, but not more than he normally allowed himself, and a great deal of excellent food. He was solicitous.

"How about it?" he said to Mrs. Atkinson. "Time to leave the party to the kids, isn't it? You have all this ahead of you, you know."

Mrs. Atkinson said there were two or three people she must have a word with, and she would meet him outside. Kate was not to be seen: hidden away somewhere, probably, for a good cry. But Gus was bellowing around that he was damned lucky, he'd got one of them off his hands. He was as sentimental as Kate, and no one was fooled. Mrs. Atkinson said the right things to him, endured the bear hug he gave her, and was prettily regretful at having to leave.

She slipped out the side door where she could wait under the covered portico until Quinby came up with the car.

THE night was sharp, and her first reaction, as she saw the couple in the locked embrace, was, "How *silly*." Then, her face rigid, she walked straight ahead to the parking space, not answering the voice that spoke to her.

"Thought you were going to wait at the door," said Quinby cheerfully as she snapped open the car door and got in.

Aware that she had not answered he maneuvered past the carelessly parked cars, and when they were out on the street he said, "Bushed?"

"No," said Mrs. Atkinson in a tight voice. "Quinby, I just saw Ellen kissing one of the ushers, outside in the dark."

"Well, if she and Julian want to—"

"It was not Julian. It was a tall boy, the one I pointed out to you."

"Maybe it wasn't even Ellen," Quinby suggested.

Mrs. Atkinson laughed, not pleasantly. "She said, 'Hello, Mother,' when I came out. As if nothing could be more proper than for an engaged girl to be kissing another man! What can she be thinking of?" Quinby tried to break in but Mrs. Atkinson rushed on: "It's absolutely insane! Julian is the last decent chance she'll have. And Julian's no fool. He won't take that. I thought she was all over that early wildness of hers, but I might have known—"

Interrupting firmly, Quinby said, "Ellen isn't wild. And what's a kiss? They've probably all had too much to drink, although Ellen doesn't go in for that—"

"Oh, keep still!" said Mrs. Atkinson rudely. "What chance will she have now, living with us in a cramped little apartment—"

"You're a little ahead of yourself, aren't you?" said Quinby coldly. "Or

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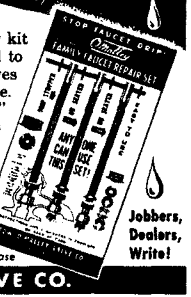

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has the engagement already been broken?"

She held back her exasperation. Quinby had always been on Ellen's side. But perhaps she could talk to Julian. He would listen to her. If she explained that everyone was a little giddy at weddings— And she would describe how Ellen had looked today when she mentioned Julian's name. That would help—

LATER, in her house coat, Mrs. Atkinson wandered restlessly about the house. Quinby was in the small bookroom. He looked apprehensively over his newspaper at her, as she came in. "Thought you were going to bed," he said.

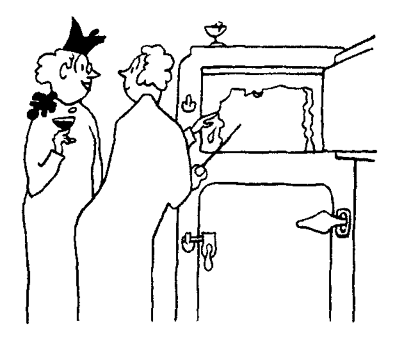
"I can't sleep," she said icily. Surely he could understand why.

He glanced at her ineffectually, and she sat down with a magazine, pretending to read. She would not say the things he was afraid she was going to say, but if he thought for one minute that Ellen was going to get away with this—

The heavy front door closed with a thud, and they both looked up, listening. Only Ellen had another key to the front door, and it was too early for Ellen. But it was her voice laughing—and another voice, a deeper one.

Mrs. Atkinson stood up slowly, clasping her magazine. Quinby said, "Now, now," and got up too. He went over and opened the door.

"Believe me, baby," Ellen was saying, "I can handle it better by myself at first—"



"Why don't you simply have your husband attach a plug to it and make it electrical?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"I feel like a heel—leaving it to you," the deep voice said.

"Go on out. And if I'm not there in fifteen minutes you can come in and claim the remains."

The front door closed again. Quinby said, "We're back here, Ellen."

"Hello, Mother," said Ellen in the doorway. Her eyes were enormous and she was very pale. She had never looked so beautiful.

"Yes. I seem to have heard that an hour ago, and under very peculiar circumstances."

"No. Not peculiar. You saw Stephen, didn't you?"

"Stephen who?" But Mrs. Atkinson's quick mind had already darted back over the long day. Naturally she would be the last to know. Mr. McLean had been going to tell her—Julian had tried to prepare her—Kate thought she knew—and then Ellen herself, waiting so tensely in the receiving line. All of them thinking she was taking it bravely—

"Didn't you recognize him?" Ellen could not believe it.

No, she had not recognized him because his hair was darker and no longer curled—or was it because she did not want to recognize Stephen McLean?

"I never dreamed you wouldn't," said Ellen, "and I thought you'd see—oh, you must have seen—how happy I've been! He's been here all week. He's an instructor at the big university in California where Bob Blair and the others went, and all the students are crazy about him—"

"How nice!" said Mrs. Atkinson. "And where is Julian?"

"Having himself a time with all the bridesmaids. Julian's been simply super about it—so understanding and not a bit *noble*. The minute I saw Stephen I knew—we both knew—and of course I told Julian right away." The color had come back to Ellen's face, and the radiance. "Mother, you're not going to be a stinker about it, are you?"

"*Really*, Ellen. And I suppose it isn't worth while to remind you that you went through this once before? And that young as you were then you had sense enough to give up this—this—"

"Not me. I never gave him up. He gave me up. He was nineteen then—and he was going into the Navy and he said he couldn't be here with me to buck what I'd have to buck if we got married, or tried to. He knew how you felt. He said there was a war on and we were just a couple of casualties. After that I didn't care much about anything. I was stunned and I stayed stunned for years, I guess."

"No, dear." Mrs. Atkinson put down the magazine she had been holding all this time, found a cigarette and lighted it. "You're stunned *now*, by your own romantic foolishness. Handsome young workman makes good." She gestured with the hand that held the cigarette. "From overalls to cutaway in no time at all. Quite the neatest trick of the week. And where," she asked with bitter humor, "did *he* acquire the air of wearing a high silk hat as though born to it? Which he certainly was not."

"Well—" Ellen laughed with no bitterness at all. "I suppose he got it from the same place that everyone who wears one in this country gets it. From a long line of hard-working people who grew themselves good straight backs and good sound heads—I'll bet there were some in pioneer days who wore their coonskin caps with an air—our best people—"

FOR the first time her father made a sound. It was a quiet laugh. Mrs. Atkinson looked quickly at him. He had laughed at what Ellen said but he was gazing at her, his wife, with a strange expression. Surely not one of warning but—yes—as though this were her last chance—

"He's out in the car, Mother." Ellen pulled her fur coat about her shoulders. "Shall I get him or"—she regarded her mother with grave eyes—"or shall I go with him now?"

"Darling, don't be so dramatic." Mrs. Atkinson smiled as she spoke, but her thoughts were whirling. *The Channings would be furious, of course, but if Julian was not going to make a fuss—and Mary Channing was a sweet old thing, easy to get around—time marches on. And if you did not want to be left behind . . .*

"Your choice," said Mrs. Atkinson—and her voice hardly wavered at all—"your choice is our choice, Ellen—of course. Bring him in, by all means."

Ellen clutched her coat and ran. Mrs. Atkinson looked thoughtfully at her cigarette and, just before it burned her fingers, put it out in an ash tray.

"Come on," said Quinby, "let's go to meet them. Whole hog."

Turning, she intended to smile valiantly at him. Not old yet, Quinby looked tired—but patient and kind.

She smiled lovingly at him. "Whole hog," she said and took the hand he held out to her.

They went together into the hall. Coming toward them was Stephen, hat in a careless hand. Neither cocky nor jaunty, he walked as though he belonged here. Which, it seemed, he did.

"Hello, Stephen dear," said Mrs. Atkinson.

Then she said brightly, as she had said often to Ellen's friends, "I was talking to your father this morning—" THE END

Mr. Smith

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Inside Sports

By BILL FAY

There would be no Conibear stroke, and the line-up of coaches at Poughkeepsie would be a lot different if the White Sox had not won the pennant in 1906

INTERNATIONAL

Washington's Al Ulbrickson and California's Ky Ebright, who shared 9 of the last 11 winners

BACK in 1906, when tobacco juice was a popular disinfectant for spike wounds, Hiram Conibear, trainer of the Chicago White Sox, decided he was tired of baseball. "If we win the pennant," Hiram announced, "I'm quitting. I can get a better job in Seattle—rowing coach at the University of Washington."

The White Sox won the pennant—and Conibear went to Washington. Hiram was uniquely qualified for his new position: He had never rowed any kind of boat in his life. But there were books on rowing, and Hiram had ideas. He tossed stylized, 1906 theorems overboard, developed the common-sense, comfortable (and now famous) Conibear stroke, and launched the Huskies on their amazingly successful career in the Poughkeepsie Regatta, rowing's World Series.

Conibear has not been around these many years, but in 23 Poughkeepsie attempts, the Huskies have been up there among the first three boats 21 times. Record: eight firsts, six seconds, seven thirds. Thanks to the efficiency of the Conibear stroke, the roll call of coaches at Poughkeepsie on June 25th will sound like a Washington alumni reunion.

Heading the list will be Ky Ebright, coach of California's Olympic champs, who was coxswain of Conibear's last crew (Hiram died in the summer of 1917 after falling from a tree in his back yard). Rusty Callow, Penn's veteran coach, will also be answering the roll. He was No. 6 man in that 1917 boat, later succeeded to Conibear's post, and taught Al Ulbrickson, who has been the Huskies' headman since 1928.

The other Washington-trained coaches preparing for Poughkeepsie are Walt Raney, Columbia; Stork Sanford, Cornell; Jim McMillin, MIT; Delos Schoch, Princeton; Charley Logg, Rutgers; and Norm Sonju, Wisconsin. Navy's mentor, Commander Charles S. (Buck) Walsh is not a Washington alumnus, but Buck admits that he took a postgraduate course in advanced Conibear during a tour of duty at a navy yard near Seattle.

Since 1932, Poughkeepsie has been a private feud between California's Ebright and Washington's Ulbrickson. They've combined to win nine of the last 11 regattas, with Navy breaking through the monopoly in 1938 and 1947. Last spring, Washington whipped California at Poughkeepsie by two lengths, but California edged out Washington by three feet in the Olympic trials.

Ebright and Ulbrickson also have monopolized the last four Olympic titles, Ky's crews winning in 1928, '32, '48, and Al's Huskies winning in '36.

"West Coast crews have all the best of it," Ky maintains. "We can row outdoors during the winter months while Eastern crews are working out in gym tanks."

Little Ky insists that rowing is a sport for big men—with big legs. "You read a lot about broad-shouldered, strong-armed oarsmen," Ky admits, "but legs are more important . . . It's strong leg action in the stroke that gives power and drive in the shell."

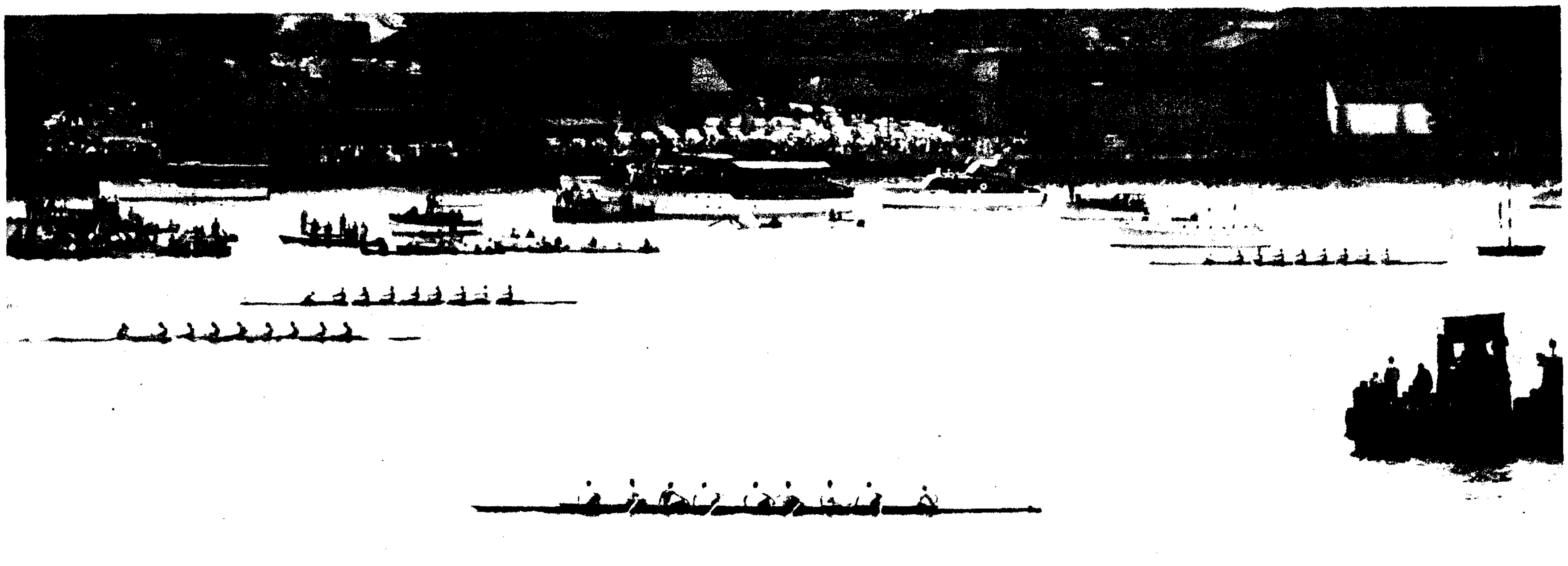
Ebright's preparation for the annual regatta starts every fall with a squad of around 100 six-footers, ranging from 170 to 230 pounds. Picking the winning combination—the eight best men—from this beef trust requires more patience than perception.

"Rowing isn't like baseball or football," Ebright explains. "You can watch a boy hit a baseball 400 feet and you know he's got power. But you can't tell much from watching a boy row, because his power combines with that of the seven other men in the shell. So, we have to keep shifting personnel. If a shell improves after a switch, we assume at least one of the new men is a powerhouse. We keep switching until we spot him—and then he gets a chance on the varsity."

Despite California's Olympic victory, Ebright anticipates another Washington triumph at Poughkeepsie. "Washington's got the power for that three-mile Poughkeepsie pull," he concedes. "The Olympic trials were roughly a mile and a quarter."

Win or lose, Ky's always glad to get back to Poughkeepsie for the annual Washington alumni outing. Launching down the Hudson on a sunny June afternoon and munching chicken sandwiches and apples while the oarsmen practice, is pleasant coaching work. But Ky and the other Washington-trained coaches probably wonder sometimes what would have happened if the White Sox had finished second in 1906.

THE END


WIDE WORLD

New York's Hudson River is crammed with spectators' boats, launches and rowing shells as college crews vie to see who can win rowing's World Series

☆ ☆ ☆ with the Stars

By GEORGE WHITE

Each month one of the nation's leading sports authorities writes a special sports article for this page, "With the Stars." Each article carries the sign-off signature of the writer. All statements contained therein are the author's own and in no way are to be construed as an endorsement of Wilson Sporting Goods Co. or its products. Neither does the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. necessarily subscribe to any comments by the author. George White, well known sports columnist of The Dallas News, is this month's contributor. —***Wilson Sporting Goods Co.***

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THE MIRACULOUS MR. MANGRUM

REMARKABLE scientific developments and modern age production wonders notwithstanding, there's still one field in which there are no short cuts. Find a fellow with reasonable ability who knows what he wants and has the perseverance to work for it and you'll be close to a future great in sport. If you follow him to the pinnacle, chances are you'll be taken on a long, arduous trail.

Most striking current example is Lloyd Mangrum, the newest recognized Mr. Golf and a member of the Wilson staff.

There never has been a nomad of the links who had a tougher struggle from cabbage to caviar. Sometimes it was much less than cabbage, but he got there. Winner in 1946 of the most coveted and elusive prize in golf, the United States Open championship, Mangrum has been a top performer ever since. World's greatest golf money winner of 1948 with a record-totaling $45,898.32 to his credit, the Dallas-born ex-GI is the one player in the field whose shot-making magic rivals fear most.

Lloyd didn't reach the top until after years of golfing disparity, a three-year hitch in the army and, at one stage, the doctors' pronouncements that he'd never play again. This was after he suffered a broken arm in two places when the jeep in which he was doing reconnaissance on Omaha Beach, while driving without lights for security reasons, was involved in a terrific crash and capsized. In this connection, Lloyd is of the opinion he may hold another record. He entered the service in January and participated in the invasion of Hitler's fortress Europe in June.

The miracle of recovering from that arm and shoulder injury realized, Mangrum had two more close calls. A German sniper clipped his knee. A piece of shrapnel hit his chin.

Practically raised on a golf course, Lloyd came up the hard, tough way. Until the early 1940s his chief recognition was that of being the young brother of Ray, a fairly consistent tournament player. Lloyd, himself, never had money to spend for lessons. Pro Wylie Moore of the Stevens Park municipal course in Dallas remembers him only as one among a large group of kids who caddied to eat and played the course to pass the time when they weren't employed. His principal activity, however, was at probably the least regarded course in Dallas, a fee layout first known as Cliff-Dale and later changed to El Tivoli Country Club as a night spot.

There, by day, Lloyd was caddie, caddie-master and assistant to Pro Johnny Parnell, wrapping and polishing clubs. At night he parked cars and served as club policeman.

Following brother Ray to California in 1928, he continued to caddie and work in golf shops at Lakeside and Los Angeles Country Clubs. He played when he could, got his lessons studying the form of the masters, whose clubs he carried. Repeatedly, lack of success on the tournament trail forced him to turn back. Prior to the war he finished first only twice—in the Atlantic City Open in 1941 and in the New Orleans Open in 1942. Just as it looked like he was about to arrive, greetings came from his draft board.

All of that now is behind and Lloyd Mangrum is on top — reaping the rich reward for perseverance unmatched in the realm of sport.

His is not an isolated case.

Babe Ruth had one of the hardest struggles of all the baseball great from St. Mary's Industrial School on through the minors as pitcher and outfielder before reaching maximum success. Rogers Hornsby, who had a 23-year batting average of .358 in the National League, once was released by Dallas because he couldn't hit. Carl Hubbell, who won 20 games for the Giants five seasons in a row, three times led the National League in victories, twice in winning percentage, three times in earned run average, was cast adrift by the Detroit organization in 1928 on the suspicion he lacked the courage essential to major league baseball success.

Pat Newman, a fighting old Irishman who was managing the San Antonio club in the spring of 1929, watched the awkward manner in which a rookie pitcher stood on his mound and quivered with fear as the strong-armed novice threw near the heads of his batters. He tossed the kid's glove over the fence and commanded him to go after it and never come back. That was Dizzy Dean's baptism into professional baseball.

Jack Dempsey tells me he first felt the ambition to be a boxing champion July 4, 1910. In his backyard he spent the afternoon punching a stuffed gunnysack on which he had pictured Jack Johnson in charcoal. That was the day Lil' Arthur beat Jim Jeffries for the championship at Reno, Nevada. From there, Dempsey had a long road of brawling in back rooms and riding on freights before he reached success.

Watch the athlete who has to win to eat! There you'll find a future champion. —*George White.*

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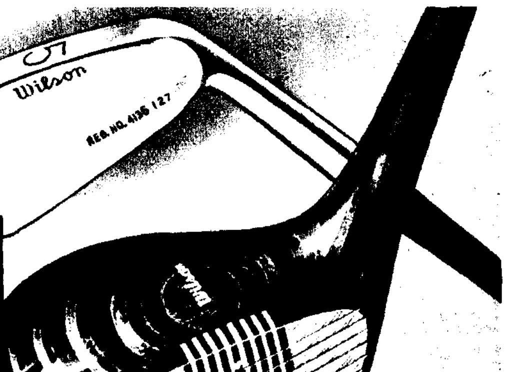

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BLUEPRINT FOR DISASTER

Continued from page 15

General Lucius D. Clay once sardonically observed that a U.S. citizen leaves his Constitution behind him when he goes abroad. At the time, your correspondent corrected: the American citizen leaves his Constitution behind only when he is lowered into his grave. But the Department of Defense now goes far beyond that. In effect, it holds that when an American boy is drafted he becomes a second-class citizen in his own land. Should his superiors blunder away his life, should they mistreat him as a man, should they squander away his vitality and youth through some misguided whim of theirs, these facts could not be brought out before Congress—except by permission of the Secretary of Defense.

Humiliating the Lawmakers

The day Congress accepted this usurpation of its sacred constitutional duty, congressmen should have tied a small piece of crepe to their brief cases—in memory of great Representatives and Senators who would have been carried down the Capitol steps to their hearses rather than countenance it—instead of crawling back to their offices under such public humiliation to themselves and to the American people.

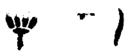
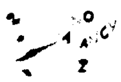
Can anyone imagine Daniel Webster being refused the plan of campaign by General Winfield Scott? Would Calhoun have taken without a whimper an order limiting his brilliant interrogations? Had Senator Walsh been ignored by the Interior Department, the Teapot Dome scandal would never have been exposed.

Over the Senate door there should be placed this inscription: "Through these portals since November 8, 1948, passed the most stultified Senators in American history." The Senate has been defied before—but never successfully—and never without a fight. Now, for the first time in our land, a Senator must confide to you—if he is telling the truth—that, militarily, he doesn't know what is going on, because the Department of Defense won't tell him.

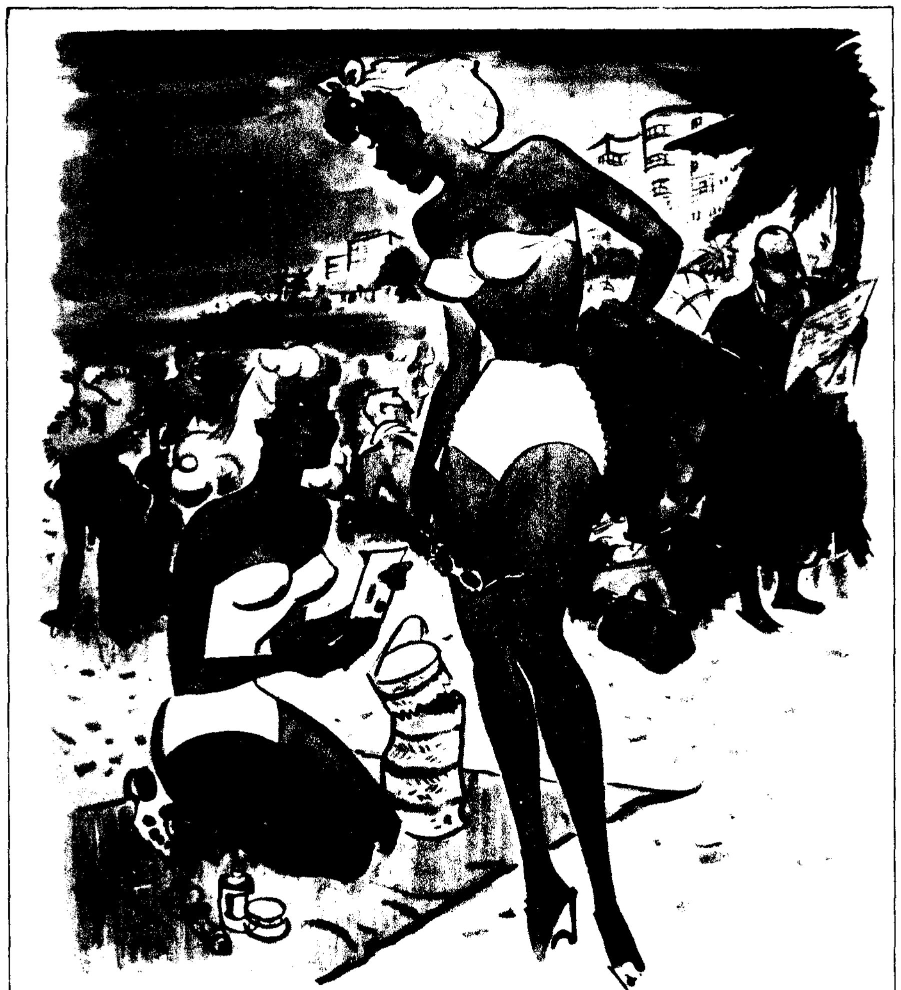
The vast powers about to be made the law give jurisdiction over more than mere numbers of men. The essence of the Bill of Rights, and of the American way, is the respect of personality. If the right of personality belongs to the individual American, how much more does the *esprit de corps* earned on the field of battle belong to its great fighting services? When the frigate, U.S.S. Constitution, was to be scrapped ignominiously a hundred and twenty years ago, the American public rose en masse. The Constitution is still afloat—and fully restored. Her "tattered ensign" has not been torn down, "And many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky"—the frigate's officers and crew—would rejoice to see how the American people have preserved the ship, the flag and the country they loved.

Weapons have changed since they sanded her gun platforms before she en-

Debunking Expedition

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING	
Herpetologist, University of California	Desert reptiles do not like excessive heat. They will die if long exposed to even the spring sun.	
Agriculturist, Massachusetts State College	Pigs don't roll in the mud to get dirty, but to get cool, because they lack adequate sweat glands.	
Botanist, Buffalo Museum of Sciences	Frost has very little to do with the autumn coloring of leaves—the cause is decomposition of chlorophyll.	
Zoologist, Edinburgh	Dogs have many sweat glands, and do not have to depend entirely on panting to cool off.	
Aviator, Shrewsbury, England	The magnetic North Pole isn't where it's marked on your map, but 200 to 300 miles away from that point.	
Ornithologist, New York City	The male bird that sings in the spring is not pitching woo—he's warning other birds to stay off his premises.	
Explorer, MacGregor Arctic Expedition	The Arctic Crockerland reported as a discovery by Rear Admiral Peary simply doesn't exist.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



"I have to go to the bank to cash a letter from my husband"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

gaged the enemy—sanded them to prevent slipping on her bloody decks in battle. But there is no new 20th-century model of a human heart. Old Ironsides won her reputation for the valor of her crew far more than for her oaken bulwarks. The Battleship Missouri, the Carriers Coral Sea and the F.D.R., plowing through the billows, are sparked by the morale of their officers and crews far more than by the steam in their turbines.

That applies to every branch of the American forces. The Fighting 69th, the U.S.S. Salt Lake City, the magnificent Second Division, Patton's Third Armored, the 82d Airborne—these are names which rang out like their own musketry fire in the hearts of men who followed their colors into battle. Congressional Medals of Honor have been awarded to men who waved these colors in the face of the enemy.

The tattered battle flags of the Republic cannot become rags overnight by a mere act of Congress. They have lived far too long—and they have been carried by too many brave men—to be put to death with the scratch of a pen in a *departmental* order.

Traditions That Are Sacred

A fighting ship or battalion is not an administrative classification, but a tradition which lives in the souls of sailors and soldiers—and it will be a tragic day for this Republic when the men who wear the uniforms feel otherwise. The personality of a service is entitled to as much consideration as the personality of an individual. For one reason, the Republic owes its very life to the existence of an *esprit de corps*—and the existence of the Republic depends upon its continuance. To see 175 years of pride in fighting service traditions kicked around the legislative halls as if our fighting men were a self-seeking mass of supplicant office seekers, is about the most ungrateful act that a democracy can perpetrate.

For instance, Iwo Jima was—even by tough Marine standards—a very rough show indeed. On D-Day minus 1, the day before the landing, it was estimated by the command that Iwo would cost 15,000 leatherneck casualties. The hearts of Marine generals faltered for love of their men. But neither the men nor the generals faltered when they looked at the globe and the anchor. That famed insigne had been faithful for 174 years.

A Grim Toll of Casualties

Fifteen thousand dead and wounded American men on a strange beach are enough to make even the Marines swallow hard—swallow everything but their pride in their corps. You know the rest. The Fourth and Fifth United States Marine Divisions went in, and then the Third. The enfilading fire from Mount Suribachi to the left and Motoyama to the right mowed them down.

Semper Fidelis means "Always Faithful" in Latin; to a Marine it means the honor of the corps—and on February 19, 1945, it meant "Faithful unto Death." Colonel Harry Liversedge, 28th Regiment, Fifth Division, USMC, was handed his orders at dawn. They read very simply: "Capture Mount Suribachi." You have seen the picture—at the end. The 28th carried the volcano, but it carried home, also, its dead.

Marine General Holland M. Smith wrote that he was standing down on the beach with Secretary of Navy Forrestal when "the tiny speck of red, white and blue broke and fluttered on the gaunt crest of the volcano. Turning to me, Secretary Forrestal said gravely: 'Holland, the raising of that flag on Suribachi means a Marine Corps for the next 500 years.' "

Obviously Forrestal, who later was to become the first Secretary of Defense, neglected to take into consideration the forgetfulness of the politicians and the bureaucrats. Within the NEXT 500 DAYS the Marine Corps was fighting for its life—not on Mount Suribachi, Iwo Jima—but on Capitol Hill, Washington, D.C. The wounds the corps has received in the corridors of the Capitol are far

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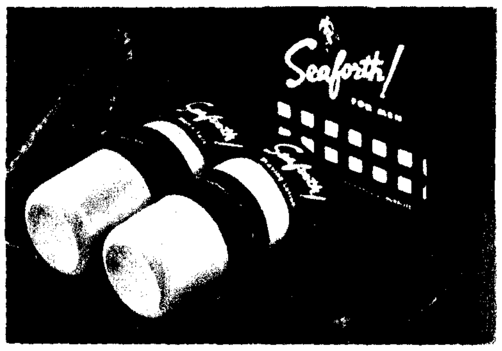

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more grievous than those the enemy delivered from the foxholes. The Japs killed only their bodies. It remained for American bureaucracy to stab the spirit of the Marine Corps in the heart—from the back—with the poison dagger of brutal ingratitude.

The Department of Defense in an off-the-record statement during the last week in April indicated that the Marines would no longer have an air arm. This is the 20th-century equivalent of saying that, henceforth, beachhead Marines would fight without rifles. Twenty-four hours later the report was denied. It was discovered that the American people had a longer memory than Washington desk men. Much to their own surprise the Marines found that being first in battle had left them first in the affections of the American people.

Even more to their surprise, they found that this was one battle which they wouldn't have to fight—for the good and simple reason that the American people were going to fight it for them.

Too Much Power for One Man

The politician who introduces any bill to abolish the U.S. Marines will have dropped into the hopper his own political death warrant. Yet the Secretary of Defense can emasculate the Marine Corps with a sheet of paper, an administrative order, any time he pleases. No single man should have this power. If the Republic's battle flags must be folded, let it be done in the open, by the will of the people, and where, at least, our colors can be paid the final and full honors of war.

Secretary of Defense Johnson is not only in charge of the nation's safety—he now has the power of life and death over its traditions. If the Marine Corps is to pass into history, this nation and the world will be less a great fighting spirit and a magnificent personality. One thing is certain: Bureaucracy is not going to kill the Marine Corps by a scratch of the pen, at least not publicly. If "taps" are ever blown over the bloodstained flag of the corps it will be because the bureaucrats have thwarted the will of the American people—in the dark.

Your correspondent believes in a 70-group Air Force. In carrying that fight to the people this reporter mentioned the fine integrity of Air Force General Carl A. "Tooey" Spaatz, who resigned rather than take the responsibility for the safety of our cities without adequate air weapons to defend them. Congress passed the 70-group bill, and since then the Administration has given a gigantic example of executive sabotage—the kind we must protect ourselves from in the Department of Defense. The executive branch refuses to enforce the measure, though the President's own committee reported it was the minimum necessary, not for war, but for defense.

Following that fight there occurred one of the most desolating experiences which this reporter has ever faced as a citizen. The 70-group Air Force Bill was hailed as an Air Force victory over the United States Navy! This reporter crusaded for the 70 groups as a necessary weapon against all possible enemies of our country—not as a triumph of one service over another. That the outcome of any issue can be construed as a victory of one American service over another belies every tradition of the past co-operation of those forces. It is sickening to think of the implications.

There are no degrees of supreme devotion to duty. Two men typically prove it: Army Air Force General Jimmy Doolittle, who took off for Tokyo from the deck of a Navy carrier with the odds at 10 to 1 against his return, and Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, an old-school sea dog who believed that the gun turret was more important than the aircraft carrier. The weight of authority branded him wrong in that, but Dan Callaghan was the rightest man in the world at the Battle of Guadalcanal. Had he not been there, there would be 18,000 more white crosses in Solomon Islands cemeteries.

The White House lights burned late the night of November 12, 1942. They knew in the War Room that a much more powerful Japanese task force than Admiral Dan had was in Indispensable Strait to wipe out the First Marine Division, thinly spread out on Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Gavutu and Tanambogo. They knew also that Admiral Callaghan, U.S.S. San Francisco, was on his way up the "slot" to grapple with the giant. They told F.D.R. that his old aide had accepted battle—with nothing more formidable than a puny cruiser-led task force, and a theory. Callaghan did the incredible. He drove right through the two battle lines of the enemy fleet.

"It turned out to be quite an evening. He took me to a night baseball game and the lighting system failed"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

Victory Flag at Half Mast

The next morning they told the President that Dan had won. The man with the wrong theory had held the "slot." The cruiser San Francisco came through with colors flying, but at half mast, for Admiral Dan Callaghan, Congressional Medal of Honor, posthumous, was dead on his bridge. Loyalty and devotion to this country is no monopoly of any one branch of our armed forces. The acid test of true loyalty to this nation on the part of the various services is to concede that there is equal devotion to the flag in each of the other fighting arms.

The admirals have issued a warning on sea transportation. They declare they cannot accept that responsibility unless they directly command a covering air arm of their own. Yet, merely because the warplane carries wheels instead of pontoons, it must come under Air Force command as of this writing.

Thus, for practical purposes, this achieves the damaging result of splitting the command—not unifying it. For a fleet to have insufficient carrier planes in the 20th century is the equivalent of an army with insufficient cavalry in the 19th century. It is just as ridiculous as to suppose that Grant could have landed the Army of the Potomac while Sheridan's cavalry was under the command of Admiral Porter. For the historians, an examination will reveal that General George Washington lost the Battle of Brooklyn Heights because, though he commanded the right and center of his battle line, the left was under the direct and conflicting orders of a Continental committee.

What the Tydings and Vinson bills are supposed to do and what they would do are two different things. These bills have already, in peace, divided the morale of our armed forces. If in war they would divide the theaters of command, then they are indeed the blueprint for disaster.

The admirals have issued their warning, a warning just as portentous as the Air Force's. The time to fix the responsibility is now. If the sea around and the sky above our task forces and convoys are not the Navy's theater of command, what is? No officer in his right mind can take the full responsibility without absolute command. A sinking transport in the raging North Atlantic, with thousands of G.I.s in the water, is a terrifying picture—enough to give pause to a Congress which legislates, but does not fight, a war. Congress is certainly entitled to hear every viewpoint of the admirals. But it cannot get them unless they are first approved by the Secretary of Defense.

The Tydings and Vinson bills do not purport to solve any tactical problems. They do attempt to establish the chain of command. That's excellent—IF they achieve their objective. Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once observed that a page of experience was worth ten volumes of logic. The whole experience of government is that the man who votes for the law is quite secondary, ultimately, to the man who enforces it.

Vast sums will be voted for the Defense Department—but will there be a legislative check on its expenditures? Indeed, the Secretary of Defense can forbid an officer to tell Congress HOW an appropriation is being expended. (Just how important this checkup on the executive branch is, in practice, can be estimated from the fact that President Truman established his prestige as Presidential timber from the manner in which Senator Truman conducted his Senatorial Investigation Committee—a checkup on the war effort itself.)

Danger in Lack of Criticism

Thus the checkrein of the appropriating power dies with the killing of the right to obtain information. The constitutional safeguards of the Right of Freedom of Speech—so valuable in civilian life—are now excised from the military phases of our national existence. The Secretary of Defense is insulated from the criticism of his subordinates; his superiors are isolated from the facts on the manner in which he is conducting his office. These are powers which the head of any large corporation would shun as the very formula for general catastrophe. The wisdom of the Bill of Rights is more than the right of the citizen to be heard. It is also to guarantee the official the benefit of criticism.

Thus, my great objection to these bills —which purport to establish the armed forces chain of command—is that they are breaking the first great constitutional order of responsibility: that the executive shall be responsible to the Congress and the Congress shall be responsible to the people.

The Congress has already allowed that power to slip from its grasp even before the bills have become law.

I repeat: It is beyond the constitutional authority of the Secretary of Defense to effect—and beyond the constitutional power of congressmen to permit—the wresting away of Congress' investigatory, its appropriative and its legislative functions. The question and the crisis have now come before the final judges—the American people.

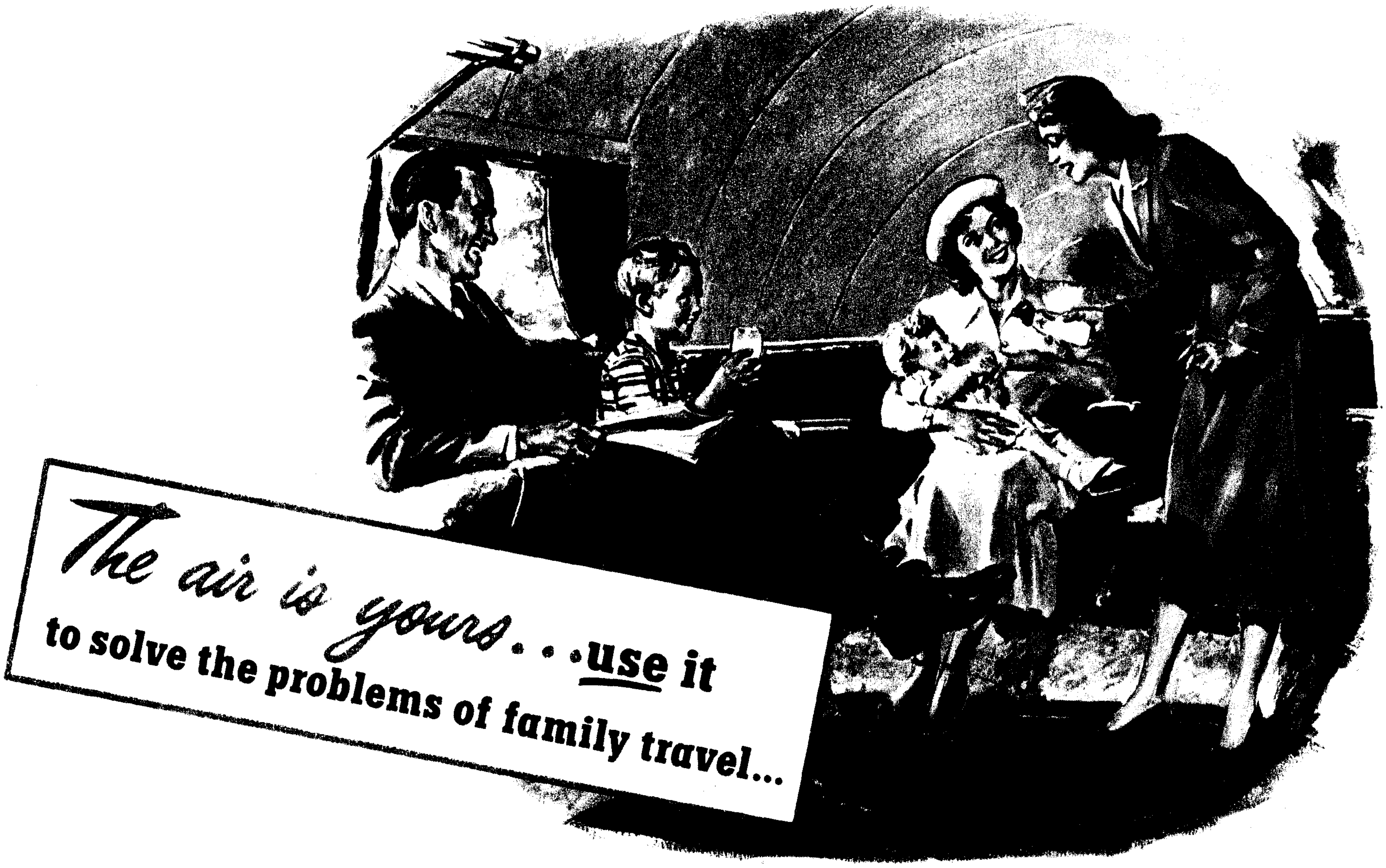
Intrinsically these unification bills may be good—or they may be bad—but the extralegal usurpation of authority by the Defense Department under the color of law is absolutely unconstitutional. Candidates for political office are sometimes picked in smoke-filled rooms; but the Constitution lives by the light of day. There was no back door to Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in 1776; there is no place for trap doors in the ramparts of national defense today. Before any department is given sweeping powers to act it must first satisfy the fundamental constitutional rights of the American people—the right to know, to approve, and to reject.

The Germans and Italians voted away their liberties—and the jagged wrecks of their public buildings are now monuments to that sorry day in their respective histories. It is because there is such a great danger to our own country that I wrote this article. The proceeds from it will go to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer. But its results, I hope, will be your letters to your congressmen and senators. The vast powers about to be delegated in these two unification bills, unless they have constitutional safeguards, will represent not the will of the American people—but, instead, the Last Will and Testament of the American Republic.

THE END

Next Week

The Fantastic Story of the Tucker Car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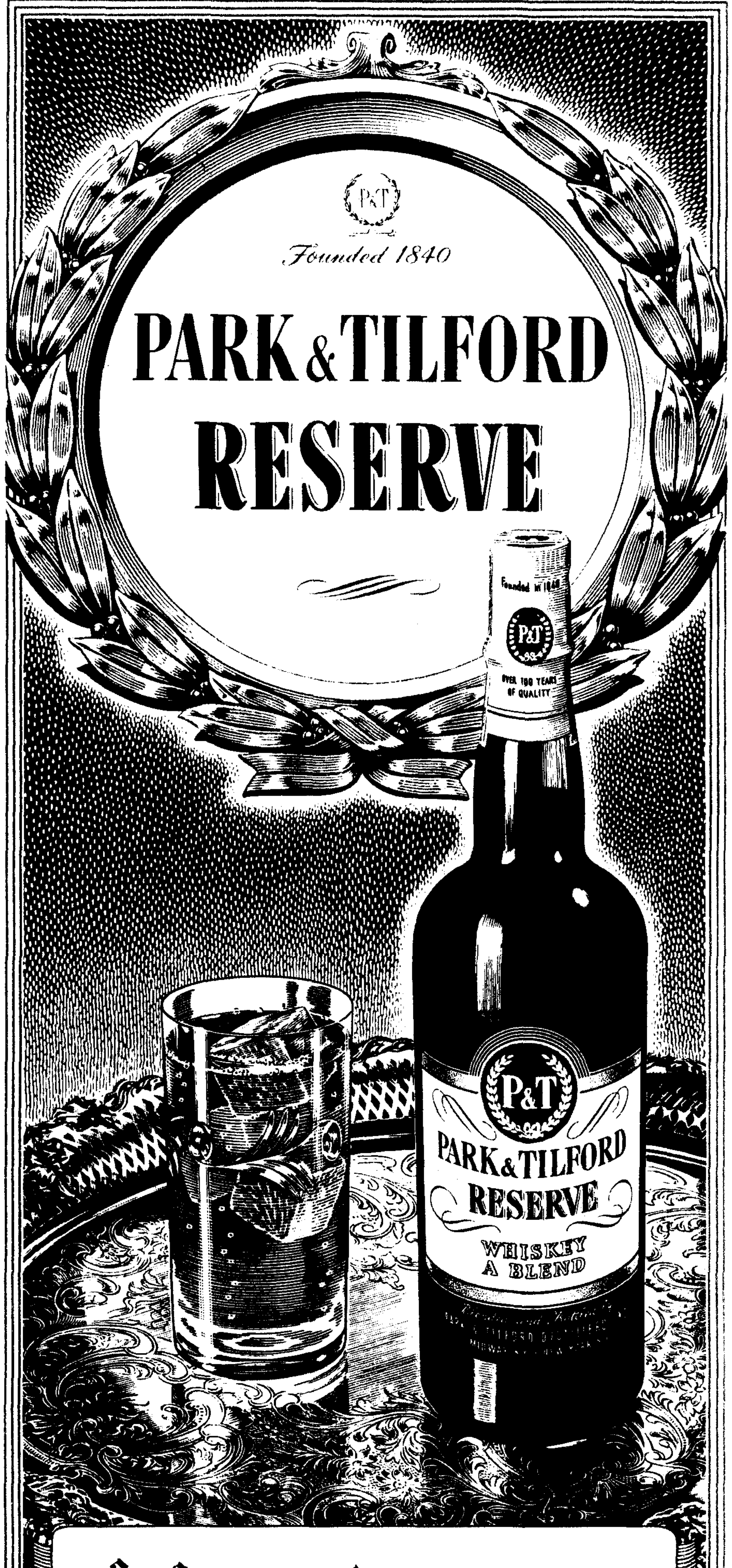

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THE FARMER TAKES A CHANCE

Continued from page 21

summer. You were hunting *Woody* a place, remember?"

Dad pushed his coffee cup away and leaned on the table and looked at the sugar bowl, scowling. "Now listen to me, both of you," he said to the sugar bowl. "It's done. I bought a farm thirty miles the other side of Eagle Bluff. It's pretty country. It's a hundred and sixty acres of good valley land, a lot of timber and grazing land." He stopped and scowled at us, but we didn't have anything to say so he went on: "I'm tired of the oil-well tool business. I am sick unto death of living in a city and having to fight traffic and noise, and never seeing the seasons changing. I am sick of having seventy thousand people living practically in my lap."

Mom made a noise, and he looked at her and then looked at the sugar bowl again. "All the years I chased over the Southwest every time a new field opened up, freezing in winter and frying in summer, breaking my back as a roughneck and later as a tool dresser, I kept thinking someday I'd have enough money to buy a farm and grow things with my own two hands. I took this job in the tool business because it was more money, and meant a farm that much sooner."

He looked at Mom, and when he spoke again his voice was kind of husky; "Helen, this shouldn't come as a surprise to you. I've talked of wanting a farm someday ever since we were first married, haven't I?"

Mom sighed. "I know," she said wearily, "but I always supposed it was just talk. I gave you credit for having too much sense to give up a—"

Dad banged the table so hard the sugar bowl jumped. "I am forty-seven years old," he shouted. "I want something permanent before I die, something I can look at and say: 'This is mine.' And dammit all, I'm moving to the farm—and I expect to live there the rest of my life. Is that perfectly clear to you both?"

"You needn't shout, Owen," Mom said quietly.

"I'm not shouting," my father shouted. "I just want it clear, that's all."

"It's clear," Mom said. And it was right then they started acting like strangers to each other. "Pete, eat your grapefruit," Mom said. "You'll be late to school."

ALL that seemed a long time ago, but it wasn't. One thing about Dad: When he makes up his mind to do something, he doesn't waste no time. And now here I was, far from the city, laying in bed looking at the curtain blowing in the moonlight and listening to whippoorwills and stuff. I could hear old Drum sighing in his sleep. I sighed with him; and after a while I went to sleep too.

The next morning was Sunday, but you wouldn't know it the way Mom and Dad acted. Even on Sunday morning they didn't know each other. It was, "More coffee?" and "No, thank you," and stuff like that. A pair of sad sacks, and I was as sad as the next one. After breakfast, Dad and I went out to walk our fence and see if it needed fixing, with old Drum loping along after us.

It was really a swell morning—I guess. The timber back of our house, and down along the creek, looked kind of lacy-green and pretty. I was thinking about farming. Dad said we'd raise some corn and fatten up a few hogs, besides raising green beans and stuff for the Eagle Bluff cannery. I wondered what time you had to get up to fatten a hog.

Dad kept shaking posts as we walked along, and finally he said, "Pete, I can't figure out why all these posts should be so loose." Then a little farther along he started swearing. "Pete," he said, "this fence has been moved. What kind of damfool would do a thing like that?"

He leaned on a post and looked across the next field to a run-down house under some cottonwoods by the creek, where we'd seen the light the night before. It was a couple of hundred yards away, and we could see a woman under the trees, washing clothes or something. Dad climbed through the fence and walked out into the field and stopped, looking at the ground. "Here's where the fence used to be," he said. "The old postholes haven't even been filled in." He scratched his head. "It doesn't make sense, Pete. I'd better go see what this guy West has to say about it." He started off across the field, and I followed him.

THE woman was thin and tired-looking. Her hair needed combing. A couple of dirty little kids, maybe three or four years old, were making mud pies on the ground. When Dad said hello, a big mean-looking dog came out from under the house, bristling.

"I'm your new neighbor," Dad said. "Is your husband home, ma'am?"

The woman pointed toward the house, and when we turned around there was a big, tall, dirty man standing in the door. He needed a shave, and he had mean, puffy, kind of red-rimmed eyes.

Dad started toward the porch and the dog growled at him, so he stopped. I looked around to see about Drum, and he was laying out in the field. He was using his head.

"He won't bite you," the big man said. "Lessen I tell him to." He growled, too.

"My name's Harris," Dad said. "I bought the Tucker place. There's something very peculiar about that fence yonder. Looks like somebody requisitioned some of my land."

The tall dirty man stepped out on the rickety porch and pulled a big knife out of his pocket and pretended to be cleaning his fingernails. They probably needed it, but he wasn't really cleaning his nails. He was trying to scare somebody. I figured he had the wrong man in Dad. But he had the right kid. He scared me, all right.

"Git back on your side of the fence, feller," the man said.

"All right, West," Dad said. "But I'll be moving that fence back."

West sort of balanced the big knife on his palm and narrowed his eyes. "That fence was moved afore you bought Tucker out," he said. "So it b'longs right whar it is. And if you come huntin' trouble, you shore come to the right place, feller."

Dad acted disgusted. "West," he said, "you and I are going to have to neighbor here. I'd like to get along, but I don't like intimidation. We'll take this matter up again—sooner than you think." Then he turned around and started back across the field, and you could tell he was plenty sore. I looked back at the big man, and he was running his thumb along the knife blade, watching Dad and scowling.

"Oh, fine," Dad said. "This is all I needed, a troublesome neighbor." . . .

After dinner we got in the truck and went about a half mile down the valley to see a man named Webber about a team of horses. I sat in the truck and waited while Dad got out and talked to the man, and I was just sitting there feeling bored when I noticed the three dogs tied up in the yard. They were sad-looking dogs with long, floppy ears, and I thought it was funny the way they were tied, quite a ways apart and on short ropes. It didn't worry me none, but I couldn't help being curious about it.

Pretty soon Dad and the man came out to the truck. "Well, thanks," Dad said, "and I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Webber." Mr. Webber nodded. He was an old sort of man—skinny and bent a little, with bushy gray hair and whiskers and big hands. "Come see us," he said, spitting tobacco juice. "Bring your woman."

Dad nodded and started the truck, but then he turned off the key.

"Those look like good hounds," he said. "Don't suppose you'd sell one of them, would you?"

Mr. Webber looked at the dogs and shook his head sadly. "You wouldn't want one of them animals," he said. "They all three got mad-dog bit yestiddy."

Dad whistled with surprise. "Mad dog this early in the spring?" he asked.

"Oh, it ain't onusual," Mr. Webber told him. "We get two-three mad dogs through here ever spring about this time. Don't rightly know why, but I figure they get it from skunks or foxes that's got the hyderphoby. Them's valuable hounds, good coon and possum dogs, but I'm goin' to have to let Jack West kill 'em fer me, I reckon."

Dad started the truck again and let the motor idle.

"I had a run in with West this morning," he said, and grinned. "The man seemed downright unneighborly."

Mr. Webber shook his head and looked off down the valley somewhere. It was warm and nice, and I was lazily watching a hawk wheeling around up above the timber, and Mr. Webber spit tobacco juice and wiped his beard and said, "West is a bad 'un, Harris. Folks say he done time once for cuttin' up a feller afore he moved here. Don't know if he did or didn't, but he's not much account. Jist a plain, shiftless scamp."

DAD said, "That's how I sized him up. If you don't mind my asking, why are you having him kill your hounds, instead of doing it yourself?"

"Killin' dogs is a job I don't cotton to," Mr. Webber said. "Don't reckon any man likes to shoot his own dogs—leastaways not when he can git a feller like West to do it fer two bits a head." He bit off some tobacco from a twist and squinted at Dad. "Folks here in the valley are great hands for dogs, Harris, and it don't set well with none of us to shoot a dog—even if hit's been bit by a mad dog."

"I can understand that feeling," Dad said. "Where was the mad dog killed?"

Mr. Webber scratched his beard. "Why, I cain't rightly say, Harris. We was in town yestiddy, and fust we knowed of it was when West come down yestiddy evenin'. Said the dog took a run at his woman, and he follered it clean down to the Hicks place afore he lost track of it. Said it was a big black dog, strange to the neighborhood."

"It's a darn' shame," Dad said. "Well, thanks and so long, Mr. Webber." He turned the truck around and we started on down the valley road.

"Where to now, Pop?" I asked him.

"A man named Morton lives down here a whoop and a holler," Dad said. "Old Webber thinks he's got a team he'll sell. Pete, that mad dog must have come right past our place. Didn't happen to notice any strange black dogs yesterday, did you?"

"I was busy helping Mom," I said. "I was in the house most of the time."

"That's right," he said. "And I was in town all afternoon. Here's Morton's place."

MR. MORTON turned out to be a big man with a red face. I got out of the truck and went along to look at the horses, and on the way we passed a corncrib and there was a big spotted hound in it. He was wagging his tail and acting friendly, so I stuck my hand through the slats to pet him.

"Here, lad," Mr. Morton said. "That hound was bit by a mad dog yesterday. I don't suppose he's dangerous this soon, but no use taking chances."

"Webber's hounds were bitten, too," Dad said.

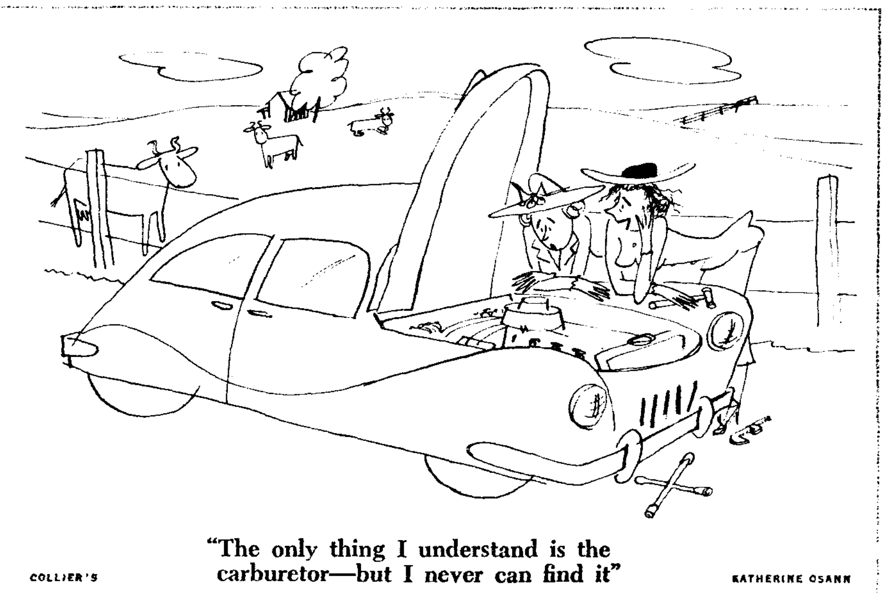
Mr. Morton shook his head. "Webber's hounds, too, eh? They're expensive hounds, clean breeds. Old Snort there is a duke's mixture, but one of the best tree dogs you ever saw. I'd take him to Eagle Bluff and see if the vet could save him, but I'm as busy as a tick in a cowshed. Hate to do it but I guess I'll have to let West earn himself two bits. I've got a little toddler up at the house, and I can't afford to take chances. Mighty scary thing, hydrophobia."

Dad gave Mr. Morton a sort of funny look. "Did you see the mad dog?" he asked.

"No, we went to town yesterday, bein' it was Saturday," Morton said. "I don't guess I'd of known a thing about it if West hadn't seen the dog and followed it. You can see where it chewed old Snort's ear there." He looked at Dad and grinned. "Speaking of Jack West," he said, "I guess you know he run off the man you bought from."

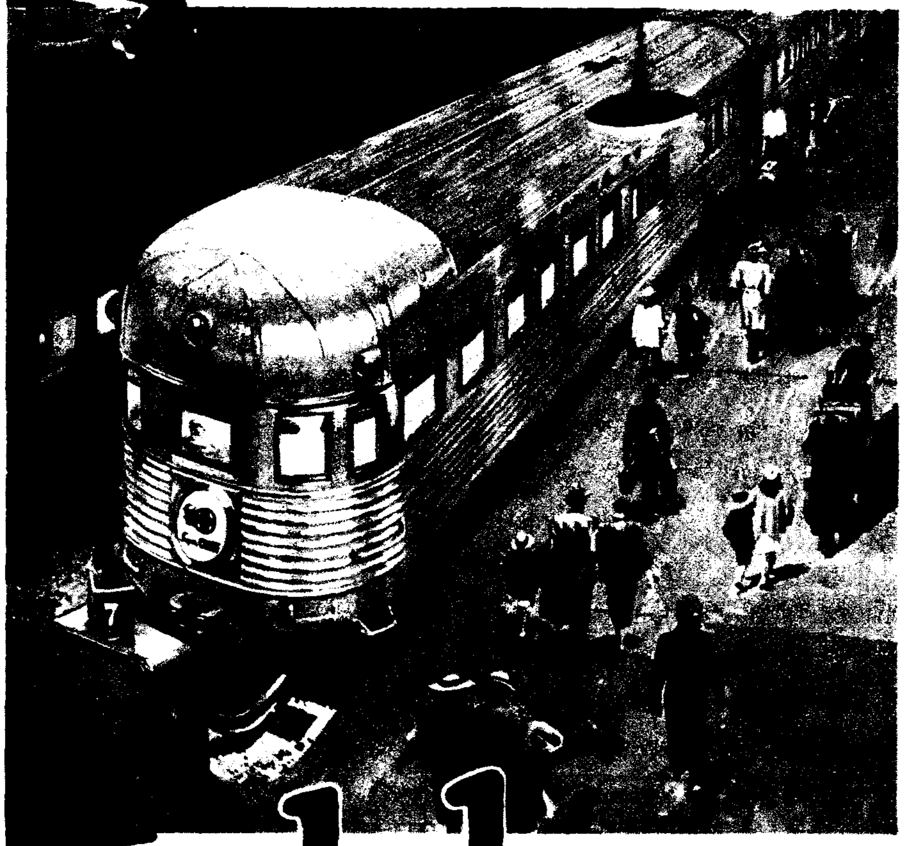
Dad pushed back his hat and scratched his head. "How do you mean, ran him off?"

"Why, they had trouble from the first day West hit these parts. Then the law stumbled onto West's moonshine still back in the woods and broke it up, and West must of figured Silas Tucker had turned him in. Anyway, he set out to make life miserable for Silas. Even went so far as to move some fence one night, and then dared Tucker to do anything about it. That was just recent. A couple of times he took after Tucker with a knife. Silas finally gave up and moved out. Said it was either move or kill West, and he didn't want blood on his hands. Now me, I reckon I'd of shot first and



"The only thing I understand is the carburetor—but I never can find it"

COLLIER'S KATHERINE OSANN



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rassled with my conscience afterward."

Dad whistled softly. "West cuts a pretty wide swath around here, I'd say."

Mr. Morton nodded. "You understand, Harris, he doesn't get out of line with me, or Webber, or Hicks, or any of the bigger landowners around here. Probably he figures if he ever got us good and riled it wouldn't be healthy for him in the valley any longer. And I don't mind saying it *wouldn't* be healthy for him, either."

After that they talked about horses. It was finally agreed that we'd come down the next day and Mr. Morton would have the team fresh shod and ready for us. When we were on the way home I said, "Pop, we ought to have a rifle. We need one out here. You know, to shoot mad dogs, and stuff like that."

"We'll talk about it later," Dad said. "Bring the subject up again about October."

"You reckon we'll still be here in October?" I said, thinking of West.

Dad gave me a hard look. "We'll be here," he said.

THAT night Dad had to go to Sycamore Creek, so I helped Mom with the dishes. "In the morning," she said, "you start back to school, Pete."

"Mom," I said, "I can't start back tomorrow. I've got to help Dad get the team. It may be two or three days before I can start back to school. The way I feel, I don't care much whether I ever start back again or not. Who ever heard of Sycamore Creek?"

Mom stopped washing dishes and looked at me. "Pete," she said, "if you thought that would get an argument out of me, think again. I really don't suppose it matters greatly whether you finish high school or not. You don't need a high-school education to be a musclehead like your father. You stay home and become a self-made moron, like Owen J. Harris."

I looked at her, grinning. "Is that how you feel about it, Mom?"

"Pete," she said, not grinning, "that is exactly how I feel about it." . . .

Dad let me drive the truck when we went after the horses the next morning. At the Morton place Dad turned it around for me and told me to drive it home, and for Heaven's sake take it easy. Then he went to get the horses, which he was going to bring home afoot.

I got a big charge out of driving the truck by myself. I was almost home when I passed an old beat-up coupé rebuilt into a pickup. There were some dogs in the back of it, and Jack West was driving. I thought about the knife and felt creepy again.

When Dad got home, he harnessed the team and took the plow across the road into our nearest field. "Watch closely, Pete," he said. "You'll be doing this yourself by the time you're six months older." I watched him plow a few rounds. It didn't look very interesting. Then he sent me to the house after a sack of seed potatoes, and while he went on plowing I cut up the potatoes the way he said to do it. After he got a wide strip plowed and leveled down, he started making rows and I started planting potatoes. We planted a dozen rows before Dad said it was time for some chow.

"This is the life, Pete," he said, unhitching the team. There must be better ways to knock yourself out, I thought. After chow we went right back in the old rut. It was pretty late before we quit.

I didn't waste any time listening to whippoorwills that night, because I was tired. But not as tired as I got the next morning, when we started planting beans. I got a good sunburn, but I was glad when Dad said it was time for chow. One thing about hard work, it gives you an appetite—if that's any excuse for it. But it makes you want to lay down and rest for a few hours, too. And that was one day I wasn't fixing to get any rest.

Halfway through dinner, old Drum started raising the dickens outside. When I went to the door to see what he was yelling about, he was coming up the driveway barking and looking back up the road. I thought he'd gone crazy. But then I saw the big yellow dog.

"Dad!" I yelled. I stood there in the door, looking at it, and I felt cold all over. Dad came up beside me, looked, and gripped my arm so tight it hurt. "Open the screen door, quick," he said. I opened the door and Drum came tearing into the house, into my room, and under the bed. I didn't blame him—just looking at the big yellow dog gave me the willies.

It came up our driveway, trotting along with its head down and its eyes staring straight ahead and its jaws open like it had something clamped in its teeth. Once a piece of paper blew in the wind, and the dog snapped at it. He kept coming until he rammed into our fence, missing the gate which was open. He bit at the fence two or three times, and then veered off at an angle, disappearing over the bank onto the road.

"I'd better follow it," Dad said. "Maybe I can warn people out of its way."

We stepped out on the porch and saw it again, suddenly. It ran down the road, going under the barbed-wire fence into the field, headed toward West's house. And we could see the two little kids playing under the cottonwoods.

"Great God!" Dad said and went off the porch. He hit the ground running, made a grab for a hoe I'd left leaning there, missed, and kept going. And then I was running after him, scared to death. I got the hoe, and I went after Dad.

Dad was forty-seven years old, but he cleared the barbed-wire fence like it wasn't there and by the time I crawled through it he was halfway across the field. The big yellow dog had veered to miss the house, but now he swung back, like he'd just noticed the two little kids under the cottonwoods. Dad let out a yell you could of heard in Eagle Bluff. I am no slouch as a sprint man, but I couldn't catch him. For a second I lost sight of the dog because of the tree trunks, but then I saw it again, headed right for the little kids.

Afterward I remembered seeing West's dog stick his tail between his legs and head for the timber in high gear, but right then I was only noticing that Dad was going to get to the kids first. He kicked that old yellow dog clear across the yard. I saw an ax sticking in a stump, and dropped the hoe to get the ax. Then Dad was swinging the dog by its hind legs, slamming it against a cottonwood tree. It was all over before I even got there.

DAD sat down against a tree, holding his stomach, and I flopped on the ground and stared at the yellow dog, and at the skinny woman who had grabbed up the two kids. "Well," Dad said after a while, "we made it, Pete. I didn't know I had it in me."

Pretty soon Dad got a shovel, and we buried the yellow dog down the creek about fifty yards. When we came back Mrs. West kept trying to say something, but it was like she lost her voice. Dad patted her shoulder and said, "It's all over, ma'am. It's all right now." He looked around and scratched his head. "Where's your husband, ma'am?"

She found her voice then. "Down the creek about a quarter mile," she said. "Where he's been keepin' them dogs. He's aimin' to haul 'em away this afternoon, I reckon." Dad nodded, told her good day, ma'am, and we started home. And she said, "God bless you, Mister. God bless you to your dyin' day, Mister Harris." . . .

When we got home Mom was about to have a fit. She grabbed Dad and pounded him on the chest, looking funny at both of us, and she said in a shaky voice, "Don't you *ever* do anything like that again, you hear me." She looked like she was about to cry.

"Amen," Dad said, sort of smiling at her. "Once is enough, eh, Pete?"

"You can say that again," I said. "If we'd had a gun we wouldn't of had to do so much running, Dad. We could of shot it and saved our wind."

"If I had a gun," Mom said, "I could quite cheerfully shoot you both."

I sat down on a chair, feeling pooped. "I wonder what the guys back at old North High are doing this fine spring day," I said.

And Mom said, "Pete, let's you and me go find out. When does the next stagecoach leave for civilization?"

WHEN she said it Dad stopped grinning and turned around to look out the door. "Pete can't go for a while yet," he said. "We've still got a few beans to plant." Then he took a deep breath. "There goes West now, with his old jalopy loaded down with dogs." Suddenly he looked at me and sort of squinted. "Wait a minute," he said. "*His* mad dog was *black*. This one was *yellow*. And since when does a man wear a white shirt, and shave, when he's going to haul some dogs off and kill them?"

I started to say I didn't know, but he suddenly grabbed his hat and said, "Come on, Pete, let's take a ride."

I looked at Mom, and she just shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she said as the truck motor roared outside. "I don't *want* to know." I tore out of the house and got in the truck. I didn't know either, but I wanted to.

All the way to Webber's I tried to figure out what was going on, but it was no soap. Even after Mr. Webber came back out with Dad and got in the truck, I couldn't figure out what was cooking.

"I might be wrong," Dad said.

"Yep," Mr. Webber said. "Then again, you might be right. Wish I had a gun."

"Where would you sell a dog, if you had a dog to sell?" Dad asked, and Mr. Webber scratched his beard and said, "Why dern near any place where the dog wasn't known."

I looked at the speedometer as we passed our house, and it was crowding fifty. Nobody said anything for a while, and then Dad let out his breath and started slowing down. "Caught him sooner than I expected," he said. Up ahead was West's old car by the side of the road, and West had his head under the hood. "Looks like he's got engine trouble," Dad said, and swung the truck around in front of West's car and stopped.

We got out, and when West saw who it was he straightened up and put his hand in his pocket. "Watch him," Mr. Webber whispered to Dad. Then he said to West, "What you all dressed up for, Jack? Figurin' on goin' to town, mebby?"

"Yeah, soon as I kill them dogs," West said. I looked at Dad, and nearly fell over with surprise, because he was holding a jack handle behind his back.

"Them critters would die pert near anywhere, Jack," Mr. Webber said, spitting tobacco juice in the road. "Can't see no sense in givin' them a car ride first." West just scowled at him. Mr. Webber said, "You got some valuable animals there, Jack. Come you was to sell all them dogs, you'd be right smart ahead on the deal. You ain't low enough to sell dogs that's been mad-dog bit, are you?"

West got kind of red in the face. "I don't like that kind of talk, Mr. Webber," he said. "If you want your dogs back, go ahead and git 'em. They're yourn."

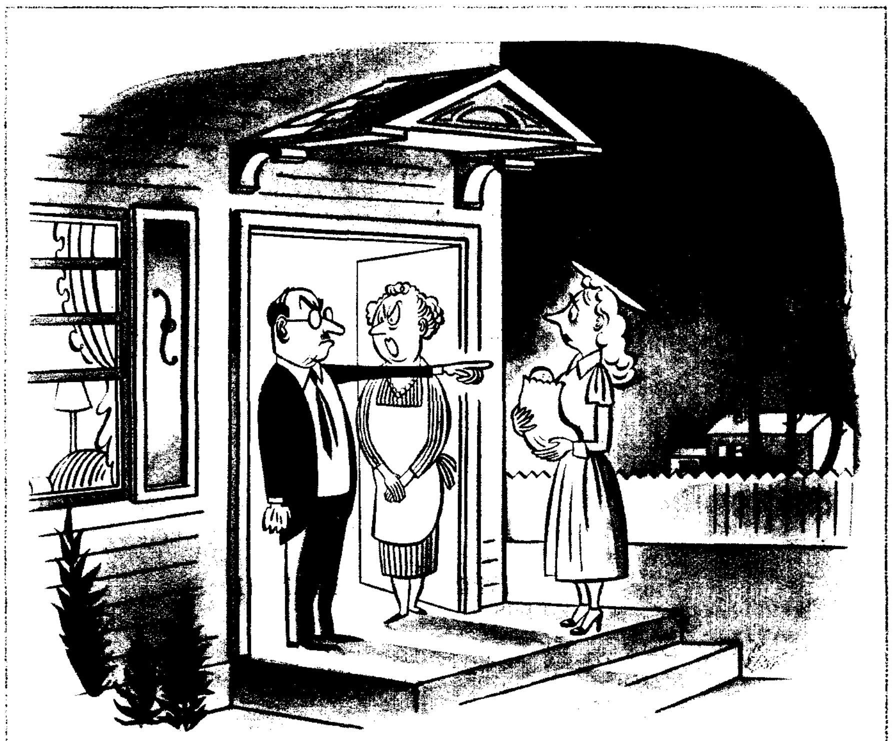
Then Dad stepped over in front of West, holding the jack handle behind him. "As for me," he said, "I believe I'll just take the rest of the dogs, West. And I'm moving that fence back in the morning. You want to argue about it?"

IT HAPPENED fast. West pulled out his knife, flipped open the blade and jumped at Dad—and Dad slammed the jack handle down across his wrist and the knife went bouncing along in the dust. Mr. Webber picked it up, and Jack West stood there holding his arm and cussing. He said a lot of stuff I never heard before, and don't forget, I've been around a lot of oil-field men. He was taller and bigger and younger than Dad, and he looked plenty tough, but Dad dropped the jack handle and just stood there.

"You wait, feller," West said through his teeth. "I'll get you for this."

"Get me now," Dad said, and hit him in the face with his fist. West sat down on the ground. Dad said, "Get up, you phony," and when he did get up Dad knocked him down again. "Once more, to make it convincing," Dad said, grabbing him by the shirt and yanking him to his feet. This time when Dad hit him, West bounced off the car and slid down to the ground with his arms over his face. "Do you need any more convincing, West?" Dad said, and the guy shook his head and stayed down.

"Jack," Mr. Webber said, "none of



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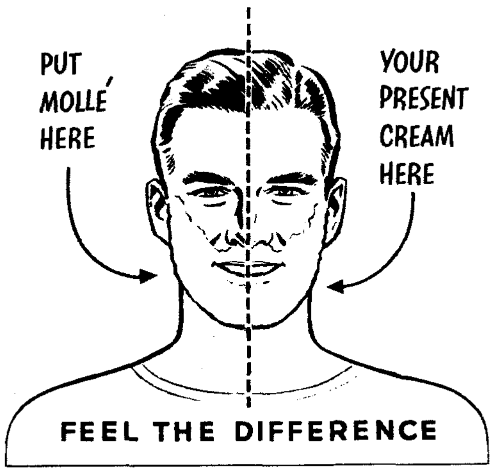

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them dogs was mad-dog bit, was they?"

He wasn't going to answer, but Dad got him by the shirt again and started to yank him to his feet, and he said, "No, don't—none of them was mad-dog bit. Don't hit me again, feller." Dad shoved him away, like he was sick of looking at him.

"There wasn't any mad dog Satiddy, was they, Jack?" Mr. Webber went on.

"If they was, I never seen it," West said, real sullen.

"You was aimin' to sell all them dogs, wasn't you, Jack?" Mr. Webber said, and he sounded dangerous. West just nodded, watching Dad's feet, and Dad said, "That's all we need to know. Let's load them into the truck, Pete." We put the dogs, seven of them, into our truck, tying them so they couldn't jump out. Then we got in and started back down the valley, leaving West sitting there on his running board.

"Well, sir," Mr. Webber said, chuckling in his beard, "I wouldn'ta missed that fer a mess of fresh-killed side meat. How come you got onto Jack's game?"

"Too many mad dogs in too few days, for one thing," Dad said. "Then the way both our dog and West's ran from this monster today made me wonder how the other one could have had such a high batting average. Also the fact nobody was home Saturday—that made it a little too pat. And West's clean white shirt was the tip-off today. But what made me start suspecting was the fact that all the dogs had been bitten around the ears, and I don't give mad dogs credit for being that particular where they bite. West sicked his dog onto all the victims so they'd be marked."

"And not a danged one of us suspicioned a thing," Mr. Webber said, shaking his head. "We never would of thought another thing about it. I'm mighty obligated." He slapped me on the knee. "You kin have your pick of my three hounds for your boy here," he said. "Boy needs a tree dog around here. Two things any boy needs is a good tree dog and a good gun. I'll keep the critter tied up a few days, and then if everything turns out all right, I'll bring him up and hand him over to you."

"Gee, a *tree* dog," I said. "All we got now is a *house* dog." I felt Dad's eyes on me, but I wouldn't look at him. I thought: *I got to wait until next fall to even mention guns again.*

DAD let me off in front of our house, so I knew he was sore because I was fresh with Mr. Webber. I went in and told Mom what had happened. She threw up her hands and rolled her eyes. "Never a dull moment," she said. I felt a little guilty about how I'd acted when somebody tried to give me a good hunting dog, so I went out and spaded up flower beds, and then when Dad came home from delivering all the dogs I was busy whitewashing the chicken house for the chickens we didn't have yet. And then I cleaned out the cowshed for the cow I was going to have to milk someday. By the time I went to bed, I kissed my chances of getting a rifle goodbye.

We started moving the fence bright and early. I guess we'd been at it an hour when Jack West came across the field. Dad put down his posthole digger and picked up a claw hammer and waited. But West wasn't looking for trouble.

"Figured you could use some help," he said, and picked up the posthole digger and started to work. And for a while we just worked, ignoring the fact that West had a black eye and lumps on his face. Pretty soon he stopped and leaned on the digger and said, "My woman told what happened yesterday," he said. "I never knowed about it till last night." He kicked the ground and stared off across the valley, and then he started rolling a cigarette. "Mr. Harris, I'm thinking I need a change of climate, iffen I can sell my place. Don't seem too healthy around here no more." He grinned at Dad, and Dad grinned back.

"How much do you want for the place, West?" Dad said.

West studied about it. "Buildings ain't much, but I got forty acres of good plowland," he said. "Reckon I'd have to git about fifteen hundred."

Dad looked over at West's place. "One thousand even," he said, "and I'll move you as far as Eagle Bluff in my truck. How soon will you be ready?"

West sort of hesitated, and then slapped his leg. "It's a deal," he said. "And I'm right nigh ready to move this minute. Ain't got much to load. We could git goin' in a couple hours. I'm kinda in a hurry." He grinned again, and Dad grinned too.

"Go start moving the furniture out of your house," Dad said. "I'll get my truck and start loading. I've got a boy coming out of the Army in July, and he wants a little farm. This should fill the bill. It couldn't be more convenient."

"You bought yourself a farm," West said. "We can change the title in Eagle Bluff." He started back across the field.

WE STOOD there watching him go. Then Dad looked at me and grinned and pushed his fist against my chin. "Pete," he said, "you get to work and finish moving these posts back. When you get it done, your mother will need some help, probably. I won't be back until late."

"Is that the way it is?" I said.

He laughed. "Pete, that's exactly the way it is," he said. "Turn to, farm boy."

I worked hard all the rest of the day, but I was getting used to it now. I made a kind of game out of it, pretending it was just exercising to build me up for football and stuff. Then I chopped wood for Mom, and while I was splitting kindling I heard her singing in the kitchen. It took me a couple minutes to figure out why that was anything to be surprised about—she hadn't been singing since we moved, like she used to do all the time. Now she was singing.

I was in bed, lying there awake listening to hoot owls and tree toads, and dogs baying way off down the valley, when Dad came home. I was thinking: One of those dogs may be the one Mr. Webber is giving me. I didn't mind the hoot owls, either. I was used to them. I was getting so I kind of liked hearing them. And Dad came home.

And I heard Mom say, "Well, killer, did you decide to come home?"

"Why, Mommie," Dad said. "I thought you were mad at me. I thought you hated me for making you live out in the wilderness."

"I do," Mom said. "I detest you, Owen J. Harris, but I happen to have married you, for some reason no longer clear to me, and women are supposed to go where their menfolk go. Remember, I followed you to Kansas one winter and we lived in a shack?"

"How could I forget it?" Dad said. "Woody was born out there."

"This isn't a shack," Mom said. Then she laughed a little, like she was laughing at herself. "I was crying wolf before I was hurt, honey. The last couple of days I have discovered that it doesn't really matter where we live, so long as we stick together. And I think I'm going to like being a farmer's wife. What in the world is that under your arm?"

"A rifle for Pete," Dad said. "And a box of candy for my best girl."

"Aw, shucks," Mom said. "You shouldn't of done that, Paw, honey."

And all of a sudden I knew it was going to be okay. I shut my eyes and listened to the hoot owls and whippoorwills and the other things that sing at night in the country, and I thought: I wonder what the guys at North High are doing about now? "Pete," I said to myself, "who cares?" THE END

"There is nothing better in the Market."

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THE COOL ONE

Continued from page 22

John Craig did not permit himself to smile. "Feet."

"Oh. I didn't know. This *is* my first flight. My wife has been down in Coral Gables all winter. I'm flying down to spend my vacation with her and the kids. We'll all come back together in May. My name's Flackerman. Paper containers."

"Mine's Johnson," Craig said. "Real estate."

He had picked real estate because it wasn't technical. Anybody could talk real estate. For fifteen or twenty minutes they talked real estate—prices would never recede to 1940 levels—and then Flackerman's head nodded, and he fell asleep. John Craig did not sleep. He reviewed the night, and the past, to make certain that everything had gone according to plan.

FOR seven years, ever since the boy died, he had been thinking of doing something about Laura. The boy had been defective, and this must have been her fault, like the failure of their marriage, and her inability to produce another child. All his friends recognized that she was unstable, while he was perfectly normal.

After the boy died she had let herself go to fat. She drank in what she thought was secrecy. Once he had followed a dropped coin under her dressing table, and behind the crisp muslin discovered a cache of gin bottles. He had uncovered empties beneath her lingerie, and behind the dusty sets of Milton and Longfellow in the big bookcase. When he spoke of other women, or suggested divorce, Laura only stared at him without speaking. He couldn't stand her terrified, cowlike eyes, and that was one of the reasons he had killed her.

Another reason was Vergila. When you had a girl like Vergila in Miami you couldn't also support a wife, a big home, three servants and two cars on Long Island—not with taxes the way they were. It was impossible to make that much money.

The final reason he killed her was because he could get away with it. The idea was born in a newspaper advertisement. "Back to Manhattan? Fly on the new, faster Connies—3 hours, 40 minutes. Modern speed of travel was a great thing. You could leave Miami in the evening, kill your wife on Long Island, and be back in Miami before dawn. It could all be done in the darkness hours, your friends in Miami would swear you had never left the city, and anyway no one would suspect you. No cop could imagine you traveling two thousand-odd miles between darkness and dawn. It wasn't reasonable, and cops are reasonable.

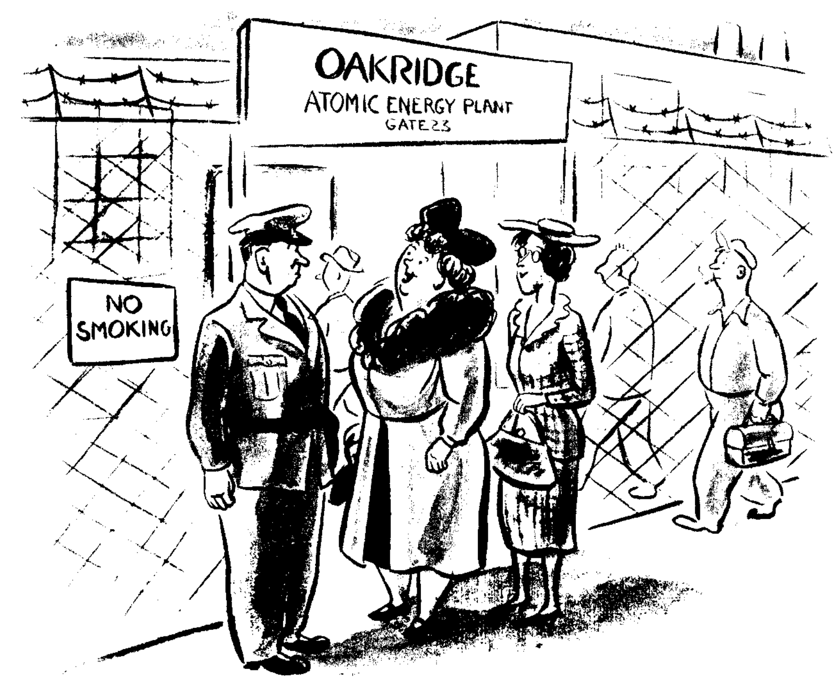
Of course it required advance planning, attention to detail, and rigid self-discipline. At six in the evening he had called Vergila, and told her he had a business appointment, and would drop in and see her if it was over before midnight. At six fifteen he was seen taking a dip on the Flamingo Plaza's private beach. He'd waved to friends, then hurried to his cabin, and changed in five minutes. The little automatic was already in the attaché case, loaded and with a shell in the chamber. He drove his own car up Thirty-fourth street, parked and locked it, and then hurried to the cab rank on the corner. From there it was seven minutes to the airport, and he made it with minutes to spare. He picked up the ticket reserved for "Mr. Jones." It was easy to remember—Jones going up, Johnson coming back.

The Connie had landed at La Guardia at ten forty, on schedule. He had lost himself from his fellow passengers in the air terminal's shifting, ordered confusion, then darted to the reservation counter, and bought a ticket for Miami on the one-o'clock. There were plenty of seats, as he knew there would be.

Then he had caught a taxi to Flushing station, and changed to another which dropped him at Francis Lewis Boulevard. Three blocks away his Georgian home stood aloof on its five acres. The lights were on in her bedroom, the rest of the house dark. As usual the careless Laura had left the back door unlocked.

When he entered her bedroom she was sitting up in bed, reading. She wore a baby-pink negligee. The radio was going, and there was a half-empty gin bottle, and a water flask, on the night table. She looked up in alarm, and then her first fright vanished and she moved forward in a clumsy attempt to shield the bottle.

"What's the idea, sneaking up on me like this?" Laura demanded. "What's the idea not calling?"



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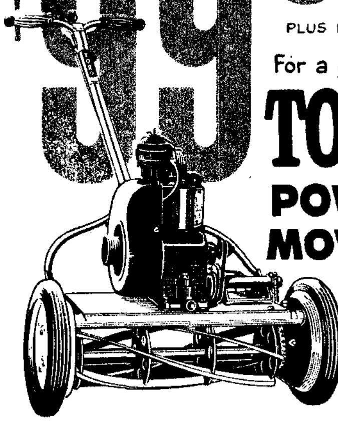

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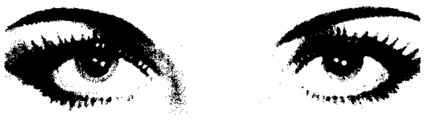

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All he said was, "All the servants gone?"

"Sure. Hours ago. I had a cold, and I was just taking a little—"

He saw that a window was open. The little automatic wasn't noisy, but there wasn't any use taking chances. "You shouldn't leave the window open when you've got a cold," he said, and shut it.

He had laid the case on a chair, turned his back to her, and looked at his watch. Until this moment he could turn back. The watch said eleven fifteen. He was 15 minutes ahead of schedule.

He had found the gun under the pajamas, slipped off the safety catch, and turned on her. Before he fired he laughed at her wide, astonished eyes. He fired twice, and then he made sure.

He had repacked the gun, turned off the lights, and closed the bedroom door behind him. In the morning the servants would think Mrs. Craig was sleeping late, as usual. They wouldn't knock until ten or eleven, and then—

He had unhurriedly returned to La Guardia, with a change of taxis at a Flushing tavern. There had been no hitch. Nobody would remember him. He had reached the airport with time enough to skim through The Herald Tribune before Flight 609 was called.

NOW he found he was tired, but still too tense to sleep. The plane lurched once. Air pocket, he thought. Then the sign flashed on above the door separating the control room from the cabin. PLEASE FASTEN SEAT BELTS. The hostess was moving up the aisle, awakening the passengers.

When she came to him, Craig's belt was already fastened. She touched Flackerman's shoulder, and he awoke instantly. "Please fasten your seat belt," she told Flackerman. "We're going through a little weather."

Flackerman had trouble with his belt. He couldn't seem to control his fingers. John Craig helped him. "Thanks," Flackerman said. "Say, what's going on? What's this about weather?"

"It can't be much," Craig said. "I checked before I left"— he almost said Miami—"La Guardia. Everything's clear except scattered thundershowers over the Carolinas."

"Thunderstorms are pretty dangerous, aren't they?" Flackerman asked.

"They are if you go straight through a thunderhead, but the pilots can see them, and avoid them."

"I see," said Flackerman. The plane jumped like a canoe going through rapids, and Flackerman's hands gripped the sides of his seat. After a time he said, "I think I'm going to be sick."

Craig said, "Try to control it. We'll be through this in a minute. You shouldn't worry. These planes are built to stand ten times a beating like this."

"Never again!" Flackerman said. "From now on it's the ground for me!"

"Don't worry," Craig soothed him, and then he heard a new note in the engines, and his own stomach grew tight. He said nothing, but he knew that something was wrong. For a second he thought that God had been watching, and was out to destroy him, but then he decided that such thoughts were silly.

Suddenly the plane was through the storm, and out in the moonlight again. Craig looked out of the window. The inboard propeller wasn't moving. It was feathered.

Now the captain moved up the aisle. When he reached their seat he leaned over and said, "One of the oil lines clogged, and we had to feather a prop. Nothing to worry about."

"Sure. I know," Craig said. He lighted a cigarette, and the captain nodded and walked on. . . .

Their landing at Miami was beautiful. Craig took a taxi, got out two blocks from where his car was parked, and was back in his cottage in another ten minutes. He undressed quickly, put on his pajamas, got into bed and tossed about until it was authentically rumpled. Then he got up and put on his swimming trunks. He dropped the automatic into a bathing cap, and walked down to the beach. The sun was booming out of the horizon now. There were a few other prebreakfast swimmers. He recognized Jed Collins, the broker, and waved.

He walked out into the surf—out until the water lapped at his neck—and then he swam out even farther. Finally he shook the gun out of the cap, into the sea.

He felt wonderfully free, and no longer tired. It seemed the water bathed all his inner fears away. From now on, his life would be different.

Back in the cottage, he marveled that he was not sleepy. At eight o'clock he ordered breakfast sent in. He ate it all. At eleven he had cocktails at the pool, and swam again. He lunched in the hotel dining room.

At two in the afternoon came the call he was expecting. "Mr. Craig? This is Randolph. Daily News. Is your wife named Laura Craig?"

"Why, yes," Craig said, in the puzzled tone he had practiced. "Certainly. Why?"

"I know this is going to shock you, Mr. Craig. She's dead. She was found—"

Craig got a reservation on the streamliner that was leaving that night. Vergila wondered why he didn't take a plane. He said he didn't like to fly.

Laura's picture was on the front page of the afternoon editions. So was his.

He was packing his two-suiter when there was a knock on his cabin door. He opened it, and there were two men there, and he could see they were detectives. He hadn't expected the Miami police would be interested, but if they were, he was ready for them.

"I know this is silly, and I hate to bother you at this time," one of the men said, "but, Mr. Craig, were you by any chance on Flight 609 from New York last night?"

"Why, of course not!" Craig said.

"Well, I didn't think so, but I guess we'll have to go through with it anyway," said the detective. He called over his shoulder, "All right, Mr. Flackerman, come in."

FLACKERMAN came in, looking more frightened, if possible, than he had on the plane. He said, "Yes, this is Mr. Johnson, who was on the plane with me." Then he added, apologetically, "I'm sorry about this, Mr. Johnson. I know there's some mistake. All that happened was I saw that picture in the paper at my hotel and mentioned that I'd flown down with you, and that your name wasn't Craig at all, but Johnson, and somebody overheard me and called the police."

"I don't know who this man is," Craig said calmly.

"Why, Mr. Johnson!" Flackerman said.

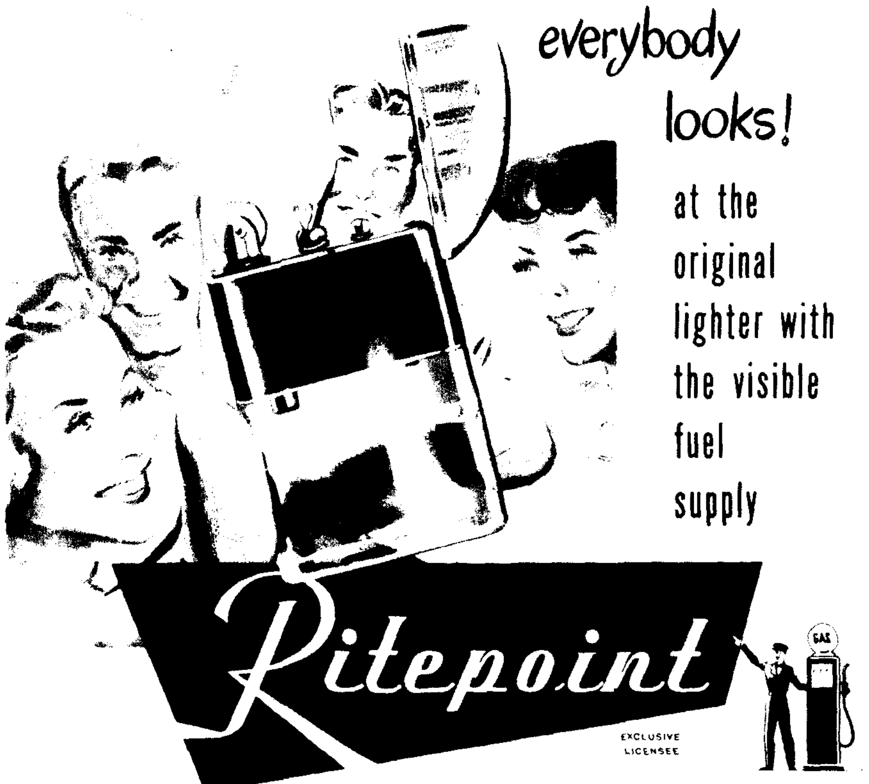
"Are you absolutely positive this is the man who was on the plane?" the detective demanded.

"I'll never forget it!" Flackerman said. "I'll remember him as long as I live. I've never been so scared in my life, but he was so calm."

"This is ridiculous," Craig said. "Everybody knows I was here last night."

"Maybe," said the detective. He went outside, and brought in a girl whom Craig did not at first recognize, because she was not in uniform. "Yes, this is Mr. Johnson," the girl said. "Usually I never remember any of the passengers, but I remember him. When our ship ran through that storm, and then an engine conked out, he was the only one aboard who wasn't scared out of his wits. He was real cool. When you find our captain, he'll remember him too."

The detective looked at Craig. "Bud," he said, "keep right on packin'." THE END



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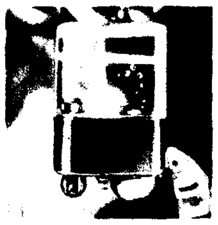

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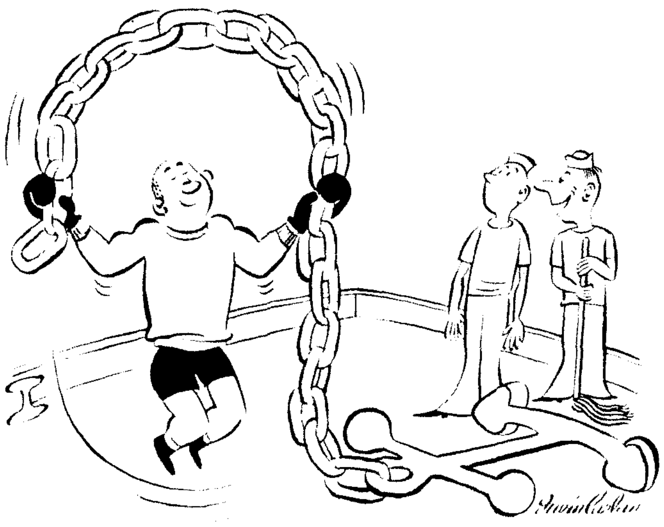

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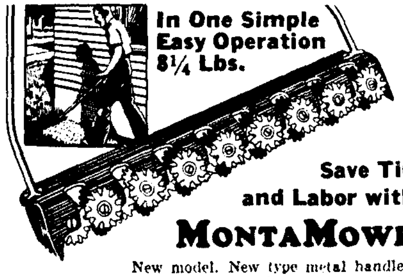

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ERMINE IS FOR BATHROBES

Continued from page 29

infinitely smarter than most of the more youthful models on other pages.

Incorrigibly optimistic, Valentina extracts much joy from life.

"I have no time to get fat or sick," she says. "I never theenk of myself—I theenk only of theengs. I am so happy theenking of theengs. When I look at a chair, it weenks at me."

Valentina is always in character—always her glittering, poised self whether she is in her shop or not. She stands out as one of the few designers alive who can outglamorize both her customers and her fabulous creations. It is said in Manhattan that a hostess who has shelled out $500 for a Valentina gown has only one richer experience in store for her, and that is an acceptance by Valentina herself of an invitation to the party.

Always her own best advertisement, Valentina's entrances at theater and opera *premières*—for many of which she has created the costumes—are as dramatic as anything that will be produced on the other side of the footlights that evening.

She will sweep down the aisle in her latest creation, commanding everyone's attention. Her attire may be a cloud of chiffon veils, topped by an incredible hat, but whatever it is, scouts from the garment district will be furiously at work over their notebooks, trying to pin down the details of her gown in hasty sketches.

Once in her seat Valentina will wave busily to friends who seem to fill the theater. This done, she will produce a platinum comb from her bag and run it through her eyebrows. She will dominate the lobby scene during intermissions, speaking in husky tones with animation and punctuating her vivid conversation with wide gestures. She uses her hands a lot when she talks, and is constantly waving a cigarette holder.

Altogether she gives such an impressive performance that Lynn Fontanne, playing the Russian adventuress in Idiot's Delight, displayed not only Valentina's clothes but Valentina's accent and mannerisms as well.

Dramatic Value in Costumes

Because of their high theatricality, her gowns are excellent for the stage and usually she designs the dresses for the top Broadway plays of each season. On such occasions critics treat her costumes as seriously as they do the performance of the actors. "Valentina has designed clothes that act before a line is spoken," wrote Brooks Atkinson in one of his reviews.

"My house and my shop are like a clinic where I treat patients for bad taste," Valentina states frequently. "I train them to know what to wear and how to wear it."

Most of the women gowned by Valentina are ecstatically happy to pay out at least $50,000 a year for the privilege. Since Valentina knows socially only people able to spend such amounts, this allows her to run a highly lucrative business much like a perpetual party for friends. Those who buy Valentina gowns are chiefly such fashionable people as the Astors, Vanderbilts and Whitneys, and top-drawer theater, film, and opera personalities like Lily Pons, Katharine Hepburn, Mary Martin, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Paulette Goddard and Lilli Palmer

The price of a single Valentina creation is seldom less than $500. There is more than snob appeal to her gowns, however. Serious critics of design are impressed by her, and some have said that she is to clothes what Dali is to painting. "She has bestowed on fashion in this country a brand-new vitality," a women's magazine recently stated. She is credited not only with designing some of the world's most stunning gowns, but with such much-copied innovations as dolman sleeves, boleros, trouser-pleated and peasant skirts, aprons for decorative purposes, scarf handkerchiefs, hoods, snoods and huge fur hats.

Because of her fondness for emeralds—she wears them on her bathing suits—Valentina introduced jewels hung in the center of feminine foreheads. Also, because she seldom appears without her favorite emerald-and-diamond Maltese cross, she originated the use of designs based on military orders.

She is mad about color and uses it lavishly to design clothes that stimulate the eye. She feels that color should never be obvious, static or flat.

Lily Pons, a client and an ardent admirer, telephones Valentina for a new dress before important functions, then relaxes, knowing the dress will knock everyone's eye out.

Of Miss Pons, Valentina says, "Combinations of four decided tones of pink or blue do wonders for Leely."

Considering herself an architect of dress whose ideas stem from Greek architecture, Valentina creates most of her gowns along simple, Grecian lines. A fanatic on the "line" of dresses—or, more simply, the way they hang—she can create clothes that make the wearer more beautiful.

"I have an athletic figure," explains Gladys Swarthout, a Valentina regular, "with a long waist and broad shoulders. My arms aren't nearly long enough. My neck is thick—a singer's neck. My legs are much too short."

To overcome these faults and emphasize Miss Swarthout's beauty, Valentina, the architect of fine apparel, cuts dresses that make the singer's arms seem longer. A trick of building high hats is used to give her neck the appearance of slimness. The line of the skirt begins high, making the waist seem shorter and giving the illusion that Miss Swarthout's legs are longer.

"Every dress I make is an illusion. That is why they cannot be copied. You cannot copy an illusion, only create one," Valentina explains.

Dresses Should Impart Ease

She believes that, first of all, a dress should give its wearer assurance and she advises women never to buy gowns in which they do not immediately feel at ease. She has no use for women who cannot be at ease in dresses that are striking on them. Modeling a gown in her shop, she once paused to say significantly, "This is for women who want to look pretty—some women, do, you know."

Valentina was born Valentina Nicholaevna Sanina in Russia on May 1, 1904. Fourteen at the time of the Russian Revolution, she was cowering in the embattled Sevastopol' railroad station, clutching the family jewels, when a young man spoke to her.

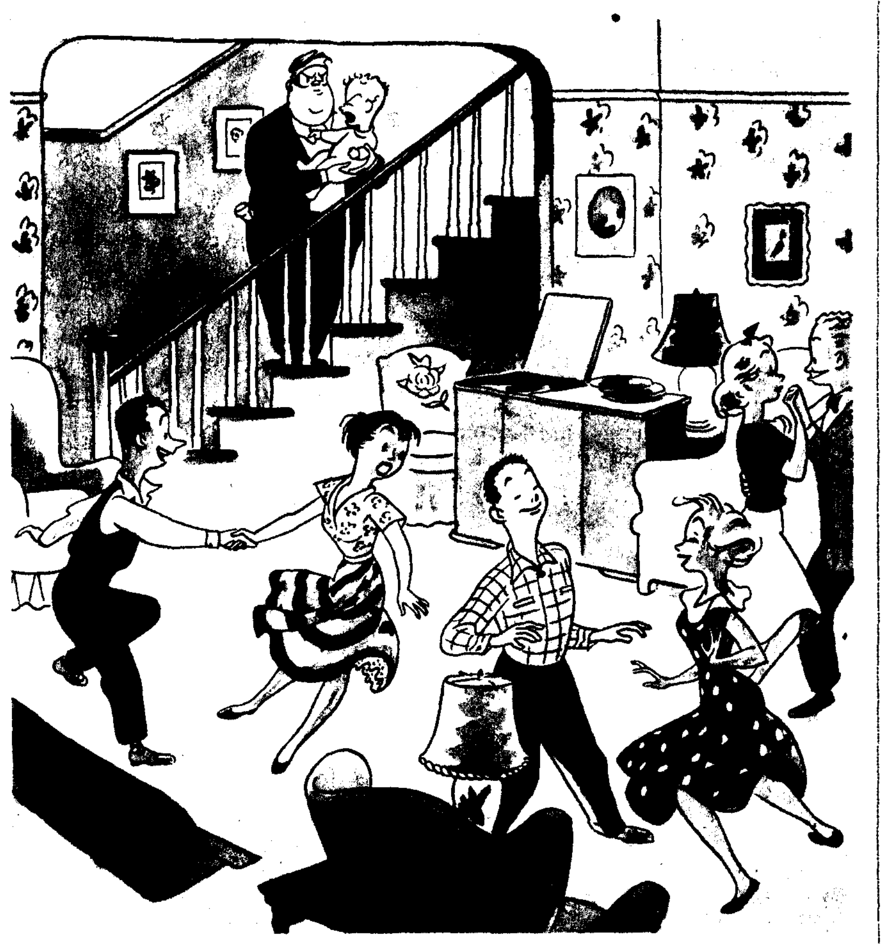
"Have you anyone to take care of you?" he asked.

Valentina told him she had not, and he appointed himself her protector. Three years later they were married. The young man was George Schlee (pronounced Schlay), son of one of the richest families in the Crimea.

Today he is still Valentina's husband, and the business mind behind Valentina Gowns, Inc.

Fleeing Russia, the couple went to Greece where Schlee, a shrewd, elegant man, made the first of the fortunes he

BUTCH



"Hey, Cynthia, some guy wants to speak to the sitter right away"

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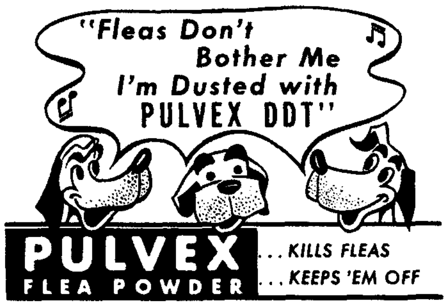
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accumulated and lost in the early years of their marriage. Between fortunes the Schlees, in Valentina's phrase, "ate their diamonds." In 1923 they arrived in New York. Lavishly equipped with charm, they quickly became popular in social circles.

Valentina, who had begun to design her own clothes, made an impression on New York café life that was nothing short of sensational. At a time when women wore knee-length skirts, even at night, she appeared in evening dresses that swept the ground.

"It was terrifying to be with her," Schlee recalls. "At the theater she would be ahead of me. I would hear people say, 'Look at that crazy woman!'"

It soon became apparent that Valentina, although wearing the exact opposite of the current fashion, was easily the best-dressed woman at any gathering. In theater lobbies and powder rooms, women demanded the name of her designer. At one party, to which she wore a high-necked, long-sleeved evening dress while others wore low-cut gowns, an English lady of title offered to finance a dress shop if Valentina would design.

The idea terrified Valentina, but Schlee liked it and they opened a shop on Madison Avenue. It flourished until the lady of title unceremoniously departed. Only temporarily stopped, the Schlees opened their own shop in 1928, showing dresses from Valentina's personal wardrobe. In the first two hours they took in $1,400. The first year they made $90,000. Encouraged by her success, Valentina, who still called herself an amateur, journeyed to Paris to learn how clothes were made by professionals. When she returned she was more of an individualist than ever. "I learned only one thing, and that was—never copy," she says.

Today, Valentina Gowns, Inc., which has a staff of 65, shows by appointment only to one customer at a time, usually at intervals of an hour. Her own best saleswoman and model, Valentina whirls through these appointments tossing off observations like, "Sequins! Zay can only ruin a dress. Zay can never beautify it." Or she will say, "A woman needs only three dresses to be well dressed, but zay muzz be perfect."

This Argument Got Nowhere

Occasionally, at these showings, Valentina spouts inspired remarks which because of her accent are slightly bewildering to her customers. "This dress, it will have fur from skink," she once informed Lynn Fontanne.

"You mean skunk," corrected Miss Fontanne.

"Skink," Valentina insisted.

"No—skunk," said Miss Fontanne.

Valentina's arched eyebrows shot up. "Skunk?" she asked.

By this time Miss Fontanne was thoroughly confused. "No," she answered, "skink."

The first rough sketch of a dress idea is made in Valentina's workroom at home. When the design is worked out to her satisfaction she brings it to the shop and begins to drape it on a dummy. She uses a male figure because she believes its proportions are superior for this function. She uses pins, screaming temperamentally at those around her.

Many of the details of her original idea are lost or discarded in the frenzy of new inspiration with which she works. The finished product seldom resembles her rough sketch. But no matter how extreme the design, it will be as simple as she can make it. Simplicity is a byword with Valentina. When she has finished she will stand back and say, "I am not asking myself what I can add to it. I am asking myself what I can take away."

Valentina creates two basic collections a year. Each consists of 17 gowns, and she carefully alters her creations for the women who buy them. She is a perfectionist, recently insisting on sewing Paulette Goddard into a new costume just a few seconds before it was to be worn.

Since she began her business 20 years ago, Valentina has designed for no more than 2,000 women. The number of dresses she conceives annually has remained unchanged. Only prices have risen, this being the best method that Schlee, who refers to his wife's high-toned patrons as "the girls," can devise for maintaining an exclusive clientele.

Such an Artistic Brush-off

The Schlees never advertise or seek to attract new customers and those who just walk in are likely to receive a cold reception. Strangers sometimes demand to see Valentina immediately even though asked to make an appointment ahead. If the would-be customer is sufficiently insistent this is sometimes permitted, whereupon Valentina sizes her up in a critical, detached manner. "Madam," she may say finally, "you weel not like my clothes. I am certain they are not for you."

To those she considers her own breed, however, Valentina is friendlier. Greeting Katharine Hepburn for the first time, she intoned, "The wind, the stars—the soil." It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The Schlees, who live a life as elegant as anything under the czars and possess their own chef, give some of Manhattan's most sumptuous dinner parties in their apartment high above the East River. Undisputed high spot of the New York social season is their Russian Easter party, which is adorned by 80 to 100 gilded folk. Some celebrated people have tried crashing these gatherings, only to be unceremoniously heaved out. Among those officially invited are likely to be Vincent Astor, the Lunts, Prince Serge Obolensky, Gertrude Lawrence, Clifton Webb, Noel Coward and other guests from upper-crust society.

At this gathering, guests feast on a huge suckling pig, which is brought in wearing a headdress designed by Valentina, cold *filet mignon,* lobster *à la russe,* frankfurters à la Valentina, and an abundance of other delicacies washed down by champagne and vodka.

No less an authority than gourmet Lucius Beebe has characterized the fare at Valentina's parties as "unbelievable grub."

Because she is seldom seen in action by anyone below the rank of Cole Porter, Valentina might be called the celebrity's celebrity. In this role she uttered the line which may someday rank with Marie Antoinette's "Let them eat cake." Today it is the cornerstone of the growing Valentina legend. While attempting to sell a $35,000 sable coat, she was informed that the customer did not need sables, since she already had a perfectly good mink.

"Meenk," screamed Valentina, in high contempt. "Meenk is for football."

After this remark had achieved fame, she was dared to equal it with an evaluation of ermine.

Unhesitatingly Valentina rose to the challenge. "Ermine," she stated, "is for bat'robes."

But whatever the personal point of view behind such remarks, Valentina the designer possesses a philosophy of clothes that in no way differs from the popular one. "When a man sees a woman wearing a Valentina gown," she says, "he does not only theenk: That is a beautiful dress. When he sees my dress, he also walks across the room and says hello."

And that, according to a vast number of women besides Valentina Schlee, is precisely what beautiful dresses are made for.

THE END

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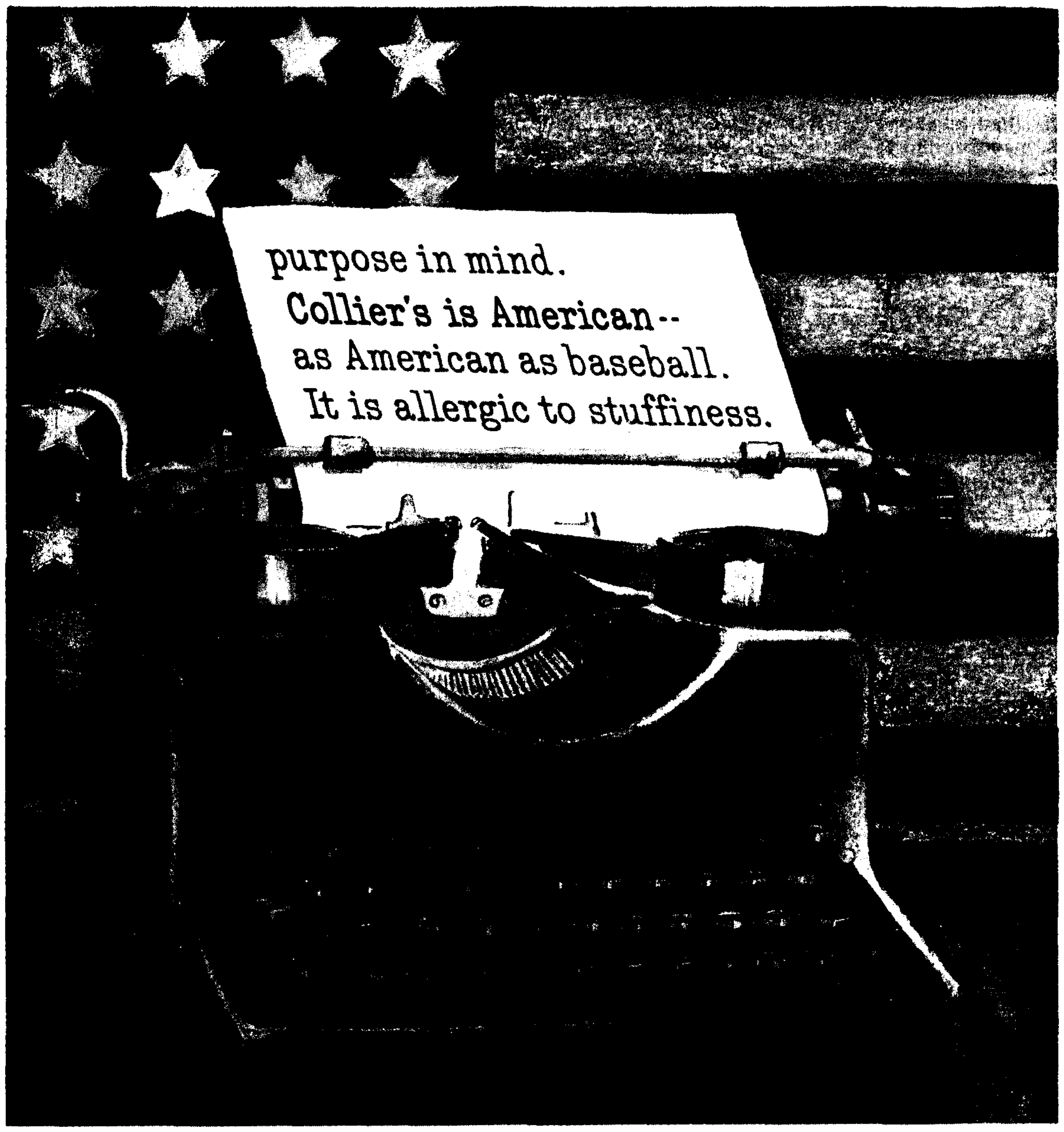

purpose in mind.
Collier's is American--
as American as baseball.
It is allergic to stuffiness.

CARL ROSE

WHAT COLLIER'S STANDS FOR

COLLIER'S HAS received a letter from a thoughtful reader. It asks certain questions—What is Collier's policy? What are Collier's aims? We think those are fair questions for any reader to ask, and that all our readers are entitled to know the answers. So here goes:

Collier's is a popular magazine, first and last, and it means to remain one. It knows that a major function of a popular magazine is to entertain. All of us have to have some escape in these troubled times.

But we must also face up to the facts.

Collier's intends always to face the facts and to state the problems that confront us, even if it doesn't have all the answers. It is not interested in sensation for sensation's sake, but it will tackle an explosive job any time it thinks that such a job will serve the country's best interests.

Collier's believes in change, but only within the framework of American institutions and traditions. It believes that our democracy can only be kept alive and strong so long as we look and move forward. It also believes that it is possible to be progressive without insisting that everything is wrong and rotten and must be changed.

Collier's is not buying any new political systems. It has no sympathy or respect for people who go around trying to peddle utopias.

Collier's considers that the American people are an intelligent people, capable of solving their problems through their collective wisdom. It wants to help Americans think through those problems, and it publishes a magazine with that purpose in mind.

Collier's is American—as American as baseball. It is allergic to stuffiness. It does not think that it is necessary to be ponderous in order to be serious. It believes that there are times when kidding can be more effective than crusading.

Collier's recognizes that there is no such thing as a perfect government, any more than there is such a thing as a perfect magazine or a perfect anything else where people are involved. Mistakes and errors and human frailty are bound to be present. They have to be expected. Sometimes they have to be overlooked. But they are no excuse for mediocrity.

Collier's is convinced that it is just as important to appreciate and perpetuate all that is good in our national life as it is to correct what is wrong. It has faith in our national and individual decencies. It recognizes that the American heritage is a challenge as well as a legacy. And it knows that we cannot enjoy the blessings of our democracy unless we work for them.

That Collier's intends to do unceasingly.

Labor Should Clean House

HOW DID Communism ever get its toe in labor's door with the line of goods it's selling?

That is one of the great mysteries of our generation. And it is doubly puzzling because there is nothing mysterious about the line of goods. In a showdown the only thing that Communism's salesmen can offer the American worker is trade-unionism, Soviet style. And what is that?

Well, the Russian unions must accept the production rates and wages assigned them. They cannot bargain. They cannot strike. They cannot indulge in politics beyond the priceless Soviet privilege of voting "Yes."

That is the prize package in the American Communist's sample bag. Our unions have known what the package contains for a long time. And yet these unions, particularly the C.I.O., have tolerated the Communists for years.

The Communists have taken full advantage of this tolerance by working tirelessly, boring diligently from within, entrenching themselves solidly. Labor executives who hate everything they stand for have feared to offend them or to denounce them openly.

They have made no bones about advancing their own political interests at the expense of the workers' welfare. And those interests, if realized, would destroy all the strength and rights that American trade-unionism has so painfully built up. Yet it is only recently that any big-scale "shift to the right" in C.I.O. union leadership has taken place. And the swing is not yet complete.

Such an ardent anti-Red as Walter Reuther still sounds at times like an exasperated but indulgent parent. As one of the C.I.O.'s headmen he warned the Communists in that organization not long ago that patience toward them was fast running out. He told them that "they had better look at the record of sin they are piling up and repent before the rank and file demand that we clean them out."

Well, maybe you have to give the Communists a little grudging credit, at that. It's doubtful that anybody in the history of American salesmanship ever got so far with such a shoddy line of goods.

But their enterprise can't be admired when their goods are not only inferior but highly injurious. It's about time that the overtolerant customers in our labor unions gave the salesmen the bum's rush and then locked the door.

And Chandler, Too

THE LATEST encumbrance to the game of baseball is U.S. Patent 2,461,836. It covers an arrangement of poles, swinging rods, crossarms and electrical connections which, when set up on a foul line, indicates by lights whether a ball is fair or otherwise.

But will the fans yell that it is blind? Will some Durocher come storming out of the dugout to dispute its decision? Will anybody heave a pop bottle at it when it rules that a cinch home run curved foul by inches at the last minute?

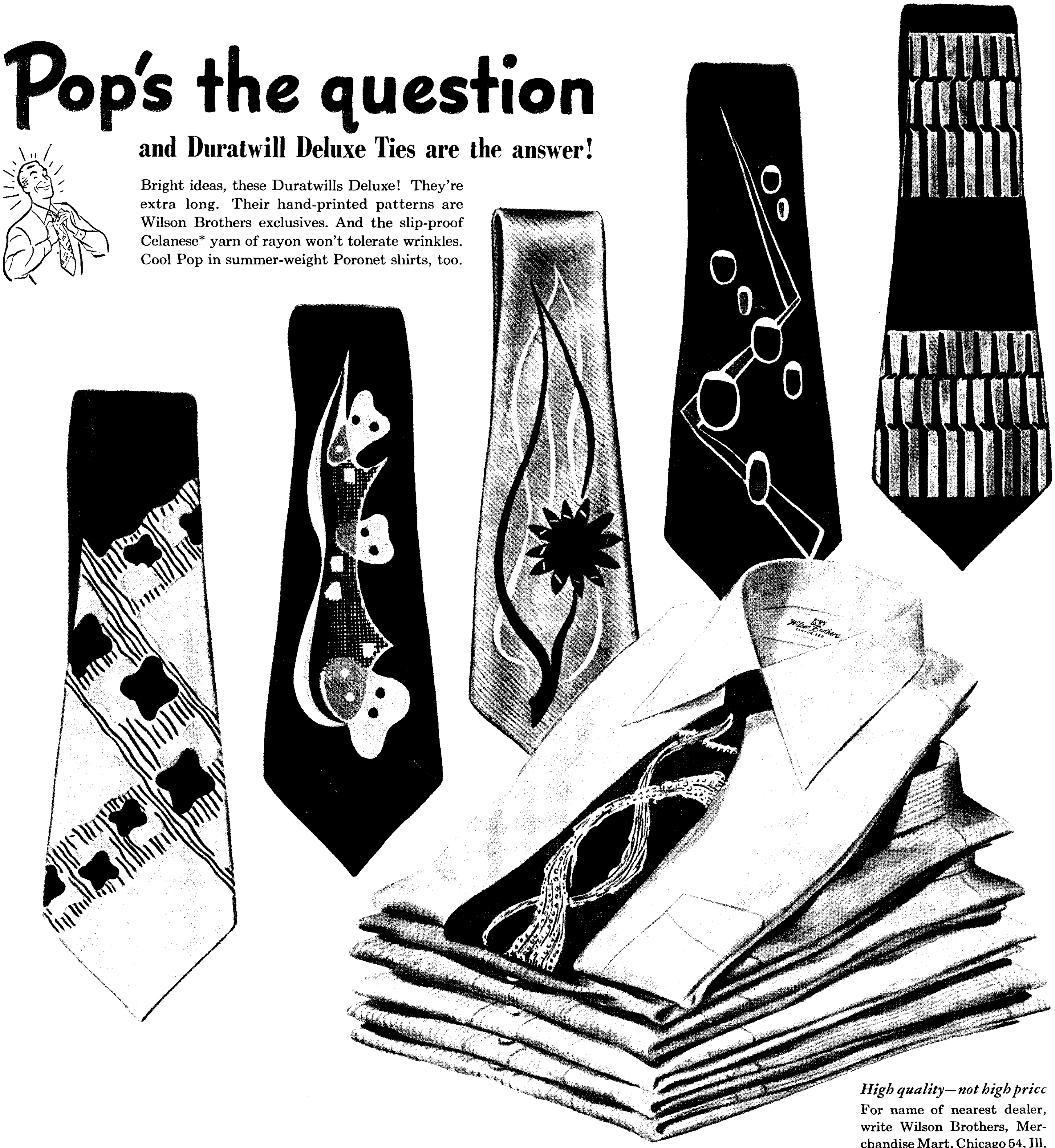
Certainly not. For this automatic umpire will be beyond goading or baiting. No flush of rage will ever creep up the back of its neck. It will be aloof, impassive and accurate. It will take a lot of guesswork and second-guesswork out of baseball, and with them will go a lot of baseball's fun.

In short, you can have it.

Pop's the question

and Duratwill Deluxe Ties are the answer!

Bright ideas, these Duratwills Deluxe! They're extra long. Their hand-printed patterns are Wilson Brothers exclusives. And the slip-proof Celanese* yarn of rayon won't tolerate wrinkles. Cool Pop in summer-weight Poronet shirts, too.



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Yes, smoke Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the best cigarette you've ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and you will receive its full purchase price, plus postage! *(Signed)* R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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